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Devoted to Literature, History, and State Progress.

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VOLUME XI (OLD SERIES).



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Faithfully Yours
Ossian Ray

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A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1888.

No. I.

HON. OSSIAN RAY.*

Ossian Ray was born December 13, 1835, in Hinesburg, Vt. He is the oldest son of George and Hannah (Greene) Ray, who were married in Waterbury, Vt., October 2, 1834. They lived in Hinesburg until about March, 1836, removing then to Waterbury, and remaining there until the fall of that year, when they went to reside on a farm which they had purchased in Irasburg. The mother died at Irasburg in 1847; the father remained on the same farm until about 1855, when he removed to Hinesburg, where he is still living, at the age of eighty-three years. George Ray was the son of William and Abigail (Wyman) Ray, and was born in Hinesburg, the eighth of ten children. William Ray came from Hartford, Washington county, N. Y., to Hinesburg, about 1800, and was married to Abigail Wyman, his second wife, after coming to Vermont. Hannah (Greene) Ray, born September 1, 1809, died July 2, 1847, was the fourth child of Capt. James

Greene, who was born in Claremont, N. H., and afterwards moved to Waterbury, Vt., serving in the war 1812, being appointed captain in the 11th U. S. Infantry, July 25, 1814. He was severely wounded in a skirmish with the British troops at a place called "Stone Mills" (or "Cole Mills"), near Plattsburg, N. Y., suffered amputation of a leg, and died from the effects of his wound February 17, 1817. He was married in Waterbury about 1802, to Merey, daughter of Moses Nelson, of Croydon, N. H. The subject of this sketch has one brother, Orman P., of Burlington, Vt., and three sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Bridges and Mrs. Amelia C. Corrigan, of Ogden, Utah, and Mrs. Hannah E. Baker, of Waterbury, Vt.

Ossian Ray's boyhood and youth were passed in Irasburg, where he built up a vigorous constitution by healthful out-door work during the brief summers, and disciplined his mind during the long New England

*Prepared by the editor for Fergusson & Co.'s History of Coös County, and published by permission.

winters at the little district school-house, intent upon solving the riddle of life, and acquiring the knowledge and experience of others by studying the printed page. His formative education and character at the district school were under the direction of several able and enthusiastic teachers, among whom may be named the late Henry H. Frost, Esq., of Coventry, the late Timothy Mansfield, of Barton, the late Miss Olive H. Webster, of Irasburg, and Miss Harriet Webster, now of Boston. Young Ray also attended several terms at the Irasburg academy, two of which were taught by Rev. Charles W. Cushing, D. D., now of Rochester, N. Y., and widely known as one of the foremost educators in the country. While at the academy his evenings and odd hours were devoted to the study of history, rhetoric, and public speaking. The country around was interested in these schools and the progress of the scholars, and flocked to the public exercises from the neighboring towns. Triumphs won in that forum were never forgotten; applause from rustic friends stimulated to renewed efforts. The closing exercises were often held in the court-house, and the day was great in the lives of many students. Ossian Ray finished his academical studies at Derby, Vt., where among his fellow-students were the late Hon. Benjamin H. Steele, judge of the supreme court of Vermont; Rev. George I. Bard, of Orford, N. H.; David M. Camp, editor of the Newport (Vt.) *Express*; and Rt. Rev. W. W. Niles, D. D., bishop of the Diocese of New Hampshire. At the age of sixteen he gave promise of more than ordinary ability,

and attracted the attention of Jesse Cooper, Esq., a lawyer of Irasburg. The youth was fitted for college in all save Greek and mathematics at that age, and strongly desired to complete his education by a college course, but lack of means forbade. Irasburg was the county seat, where the courts were holden and where lawyers were held in high esteem. At the Orleans county bar were then practising Jesse Cooper and John H. Prentiss, of Irasburg; William M. Dickerman, of Coventry; John L. Edwards, of Derby; John H. Kimball and Samuel A. Willard, of Barton; Samuel Sumner and Norman Boardman, of Troy; Benjamin H. Smalley and Chief-Justice Homer E. Royce, of Franklin county; Judge Luke P. Poland, of Lamoille county; Judge Timothy P. Redfield and Stoddard B. Colby, of Montpelier; Thomas Bartlett and George C. Cahoon, of Caledonia county; and others, whose scholarly minds and rhetorical abilities, as displayed in many a hard-fought legal battle, deeply impressed the youth, and stimulated his ambition to become a leader of men in the forensic arena.

By the advice of Mr. Cooper, and with the assent of his father, young Ray relinquished his college aspirations, entered immediately upon the study of his chosen profession in the office of Mr. Cooper, and became a member of his family. His patron was of great assistance to young Ray, guiding his legal studies, allowing him to try justice causes, encouraging him to manage cases in which he was sometimes the opposing counsel, and largely leaving to him the preparation of his briefs. Two of these

early efforts may be found in the cases of *Webster v. Dennison*, Vermont Reports, vol. xxv, 495, 496, and *Cooper v. Parker*, *ibid.* 504. From early friends, who then formed life-long attachments, we learn that Ossian Ray was a good scholar, with a natural aptitude for public speaking, popular with his schoolmates, and evincing a strong character.

In March, 1854, he came to Lancaster, N. H., at the request of the late Saunders W. Cooper, Esq., a brother of Mr. Cooper of Irasburg, to assist in closing up his law business, his health having failed. Until the following December he remained in Lancaster, attending to Mr. Cooper's affairs, forming acquaintances, and becoming attached to the people. That winter he taught school in Canaan, Vt., bought law books, pursued his studies evenings, and on Saturdays when school did not keep, and during the holidays, engaged in the trial of justice cases, to the improvement of his legal experience and the condition of his finances. Thus, by teaching and practising, he maintained himself, and pursued his studies until September 1, 1856, when he returned to Lancaster. January 1, 1857, at the age of twenty-one years, he formed a law partnership with Hon. Jacob Benton, of Lancaster, and during the same month was admitted to the bar at Guildhall, Essex county, Vt., at a term of the court over which the late Chief-Justice Luke P. Poland presided, and soon after he was admitted to the Coös county bar, at Lancaster. He has since been admitted to practice in the United States courts, and was admitted to the bar

of the supreme court of the United States, January 25, 1872.

Mr. Ray's success at the bar was assured from the first. He brought to the profession an active mind carefully cultured, great natural abilities balanced by good judgment, indomitable perseverance and love for his profession, and a strong and unflinching character inherited from his ancestors. As a lawyer, he has built his fame on an enduring foundation. His preparation of cases has employed his best efforts, his management of them has absorbed him. From the minutest detail to the great law points involved he has been ready; and, ever on the aggressive, his opponents have never found him sleeping.

In 1867 Mr. Benton was elected to congress, and withdrew from the firm. In September Mr. Ray formed a partnership with Hon. William S. Ladd, of Colebrook, which continued until Mr. Ladd was appointed judge of the supreme court, in October, 1870. January 1, 1872, Mr. Ray took into partnership Hon. Irving W. Drew, who had pursued his legal studies in Mr. Ray's office. From 1873 to 1876 Hon. William Heywood was a member of the firm, when he was succeeded by Hon. Chester B. Jordan, a student in the office of the firm. January 1, 1882, Philip Carpenter, of Bath, was admitted, and the law firm of Ray, Drew, Jordan & Carpenter was established, from which Mr. Ray withdrew January 1, 1883, and, with the exception of one year from July 1, 1885, when Mr. Geo. W. Patterson, of Hanover, was associated with him, he has since had no partner in the practise of his profession.

Since 1860 Mr. Ray has been retained in nearly every important lawsuit in Coös and Essex counties, his practice extending into other counties, and to the federal courts of New Hampshire and Vermont, and to cases before the supreme court of the United States. From 1869 to the death of the late John E. Lyon, president of the Boston, Concord & Montreal and White Mountains Railroad, he was counsel for him and for that corporation. Before 1872 he was employed in suits in New Hampshire and Vermont against the Grand Trunk Railway, of Canada. Since that date he has always been retained by that company. His work before the full bench of the New Hampshire supreme court may be traced in nearly every volume of the reports, from the 36th, containing cases heard in July, 1857, to the 64th, now in press.

Mr. Ray was a representative from Lancaster in the state legislature in 1868 and 1869, the former year serving as chairman of the committee on elections, and in the latter as chairman of the committee on judiciary: was solicitor of Coös county from 1862 to 1872; was delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia in June, 1872; was United States attorney for the district of New Hampshire, by appointment of President Hayes, from February 22, 1879, to December 23, 1880, when he resigned, upon his nomination as a candidate for congress.

At the death of Hon. Evarts W. Farr, November 30, 1880, Mr. Ray was elected to fill the vacancy for the unexpired term, and to succeed himself from March 4, 1881, to March 4,

1883, as a Republican representative from the third congressional district of New Hampshire, by over five thousand majority. He was reëlected in 1882 as representative from the second congressional district, the state having been redistricted during his term of office. In the house of representatives Mr. Ray served on the committees of invalid pensions and claims, the duties of which are always onerous and exacting. His services on the former committee will long be remembered by many a veteran, and soldier's widow or children, for no appeal in their behalf ever went unheard, no just cause unespoused. During his brief service in the 46th congress he was largely instrumental in securing the passage of an act removing the terms of the United States courts, formerly held at Exeter, to Concord, thereby convening the northern and western portions of the state. In the 47th congress he aided in securing an appropriation of \$200,000 for a United States courthouse and post-office building at Concord, an elegant structure, now practically completed. In the 48th congress, it is safe to say that had it not been for his persistent work and personal influence among his fellow-members, an appropriation of \$200,000 for a similar building at Manchester would have failed. He was a strong advocate of the abolition of the duty on sugar, although in favor of a protective tariff when necessary for the benefit of American manufacturers and producers. He also earnestly favored legislation authorizing the government to establish and operate telegraph lines in connection with the postal service of the country.

Mr. Ray has been eminently the architect of his own fortunes. He possesses wonderful energy, industry, perseverance, enthusiasm, and zeal. His great vital force renders him unconscious of obstacles and difficulties; he has confidence in himself and in his case, and is a formidable opponent. His language is clear, incisive, forcible, effective, and often eloquent. He is especially powerful on law points before the full bench of the supreme court; he is always quick to think and quick to act. Mr. Ray is not infallible; his impulse sometimes leads him astray, but his reason quickly sets him right. Once having seriously decided upon a course of action, he is hard to swerve from his purpose. Mr. Ray has always been an assiduous reader, student, and lover of books. His private library is very rich and extensive, books being gathered in nearly every room in his house. Returning from a journey he has generally a new lot to add to his collection. These books on history, logic, philosophy, statistics, science, poetry, travel, biography, art, and on every subject of interest and value to the human family, he eagerly devours. His law library is one of the most extensive in the state. He is a man of wonderful memory. Facts and incidents once in his mind are always accessible and available, and he will readily take from his shelves a volume and refer to the page bearing upon or illustrating any fact or theory he has ever read. In this respect he constantly displays to his friends capability and resource unexpected and extraordinary. In the most trying situations he has control of his temper; he is

entirely without envy or jealousy, and rejoices heartily in the success of his friends and acquaintances; he is considerate toward young attorneys. All his friends, and they are many, are tenacious in their attachment to him.

In private life Mr. Ray is affable, genial, sincere, and warm-hearted. Since his residence in Lancaster he has done much to improve the appearance of the village, entering heartily into every project for the betterment of the place. He is public spirited, charitable, liberal, and always to be depended upon for his share in the public burdens. He attends the Congregational church, but gives with a generous hand to the support of all denominations in the town. His means and labor are freely given to render neat and attractive the appearance of his buildings, land, and the adjoining highways. Physically he is robust, and possessed of an iron constitution. His face is lighted up with intelligence, good-will, and a happy nature.

Mr. Ray has been very fortunate in his marital relations. His first wife, whom he married March 2, 1856, was Alice A. Fling, daughter of Henry Fling, at that time a citizen of West Stewartstown, and afterwards of Portland, Maine. She was a woman of lovely character, wonderfully kind-hearted, caring for those in need, devoted to her husband and family. She bore him two children, and died April 15, 1871. He married, second, October 16, 1872, Mrs. Sallie Emery (Small) Burnside, a lady of rare qualities of mind and great strength of character, possessing fine judgment, an

amiable disposition, genial and affable manners, and entering quietly but heartily into Mr. Ray's plans and aspirations, guiding with her counsel and strengthening with her love.

His children are,—Edward, born October 18, 1858, married, lives in Jefferson; Alice, born April 4, 1866; Helen, born November 17, 1873; Ossian, Jr., born January 4, 1878.

THE BULOW PLANTATION.

The name of Florida, given in 1512 by the old Spanish discoverer, Juan Ponce de Leon, to the peninsula which separates the Gulf of Mexico from the Atlantic ocean, arouses a memory of flowers and balmy weather in the mind of every traveller who has visited that favored region. With many vicissitudes of fortune, Florida remained in the hands of the Spaniards till 1763, when it was ceded to the British government. In 1783, by the treaty of Paris, Florida was ceded back to Spain by Great Britain. In 1819 negotiations were commenced between the United States and Spain for the cession of Florida to the former, and a treaty to that effect was entered into. This treaty was ratified by Spain in October, 1820, and by the United States in February, 1821; and in the following July Florida was finally taken possession of by General Andrew Jackson, by order of the government. The Indian policy, so long maintained by the authorities at Washington, soon led to the usual results of an Indian war, with all its alarms and atrocities.

CHAPTER I.

In the latter part of December, 1835, near the close of one of the shortest days of the year, two horsemen might have been seen galloping

briskly along side by side over the old King's Road, some miles south of St. Augustine. The sun had long been hidden by dense banks of clouds in the west; and the breeze, moaning and sighing in fitful gusts through the tall, palm-like pines, indicated the approach of a rain-deluge, so well known in Florida.

"I fear we left St. Augustine too late, Antonio, to arrive at Col. Bulow's by daylight."

"Yes, sir, I know it; but if we can cross Pellicer creek before that shower strikes us, and it gets to be very dark, we shall do well enough, for this broad, straight road runs close by the plantation," replied Antonio.

"What have we to fear at Pellicer creek?"

"There is a rumor in town that the bridge has been carried away. I had no time to verify the report, but I think it very probable; for we have had very heavy rains this fall."

"What shall we do in that case? Can we not ford the stream?"

"We can swim across, if we have daylight, Captain Homer."

"There is the fifteenth mile-post. How much farther is the creek, Antonio?"

"It is just beyond the twenty-third mile-post, if I remember rightly."

“Then we would better try the full speed of our horses ;” and giving rein to their willing steeds, they urged them to greater speed.

Their way was in a south-easterly direction, along the King’s Road.

The King’s Road is an object of interest to this day to the natives of Florida, as well as to the thousands from distant states who seek the genial climate of the favored peninsula for pleasure or health. As the old fort, cathedral, gateway, and numerous old buildings of St. Augustine, preserved for their antiquity, are monuments of the occupation by the Spaniards, so this road remains to commemorate the industry of the Britons.

During the brief occupation by the English in the middle and latter part of the eighteenth century, the country had taken great strides toward civilization. With their departure at the close of the Revolution, and the retrocession of the province to its old masters, the Spaniards, most of the signs of their late possessions were obliterated. The indolent Southrons knew and appreciated the value of a good road, and, although unwilling to exert themselves to build or even repair the needed thoroughfares, were by no means averse to using them. This road had been laid out by engineers in long, straight reaches through the interminable pine barrens, rounded over and ditched, and across the swamps had been protected from the action of the wind and rain by rows of pines thickly planted on either side. Such is the stability of the soil, that to this day, a century after its completion, it is as perfect through the pine barrens as when it was first opened.

As the horsemen gallop along in the fast disappearing twilight, a few words may be said, in introduction of two who will occupy prominent positions in this narrative. Charance Homer, a graduate of West Point, had been zealous for active service, and, at the first threatening of war in the newly acquired territory of Florida with the war-like and treacherous Seminoles, had hastened to exchange from the engineer corps to a cavalry regiment under marching orders to the scene of possible disturbance. His rank had been advanced from lieutenant to captain, but the prospect of dangers from the jungles and Indians more than compensated for the increase in rank. The captain was a tall, soldierly gentleman, with the blonde hair and whiskers characteristic of Anglo Saxon descent, dark blue eyes, indicative of their owner’s energy and bravery, and with a frame which, although well developed, had yet a vast store of latent power for endurance as well as fatigue. His features were pleasing to all, if not positively handsome and regular; and his worst enemy could not but acknowledge him to be an honest and honorable man. His twenty-sixth year found him unsullied by the world, “heart whole and fancy free.”

Antonio Hernandez, his companion, was a native of St. Augustine, of Spanish descent, who had become so attached to his beautiful home that he preferred to remain and become an American citizen to exiling himself, with many of his compatriots, to uncongenial shores. His age was about twenty-five, his form lithe, sinewy, and powerful; of average height among Americans, very tall

compared with his own countrymen, with the straight black hair and sharp coal-black eyes characteristic of his race; a face with great power to express the feelings of the heart within, or, at will, to completely mask every inward sentiment. His acquaintance with Captain Homer had been of only a few weeks' duration, but his character for integrity with the officers of the garrison at St. Augustine had given the latter the utmost confidence in him. His education, too, made him congenial, for he had spent several years with Catholic clergymen in South Carolina, and spoke the English language with the fidelity so remarkable in educated foreigners.

The American was dressed in a close-fitting jacket of heavy blue cloth, ornamented with the regulation gilt buttons, tight-fitting pantaloons which were protected to the knee by top-boots, and a broad-brimmed felt hat. Around his waist was a leathern belt, from which his sword and scabbard were suspended. His saddle and bridle were of the plainest but most serviceable kind. Attached to the saddle were holsters, each with a heavy pistol; while behind the rider was a knapsack containing a Mexican blanket and personal luggage; and before him, resting on the pommel, was a short carbine. The plainness of his dress and accoutrements, compared with those of his companion, was more than offset by the grace and beauty of the thoroughbred English hunter which he bestrode.

The Spaniard's horse was smaller than his companion's, and showed some trace of Arabian lineage. His bridle and saddle were elaborately ornamented with solid gold and silver

trimmings. The rider wore low shoes, pantaloons bell-shaped at the bottom, richly embroidered, as was his short jacket. His sombrero would have seemed heavy to one unused to it, so decked was it with ornaments. He was armed like his companion, for already was there rumor of an Indian uprising; and a lonely ride through the forests of Florida would always render advisable the carrying of arms offensive and defensive.

"We shall catch it before long," cried Captain Homer, still urging his horse onward. "We have more than a mile to go, and it is sprinkling already."

"And we know what a shower is in Florida, captain," replied Antonio.

"And this, I suppose, is the creek you wished to pass," said Homer, as their horses slackened their pace at the edge of the heavy timber which bordered Pellicer creek.

"Yes, sir, and we have only a bridle path winding down this side of the ravine and up on the other; for here the King's Road is lost for half a mile in the most tangled jungle of Florida," replied Antonio.

"Can you guide me through?" asked Homer.

"I will try," said Antonio briefly; and urging his horse in advance he entered a narrow, tortuous path under the grand old live oaks. The branches hung low, festooned with the trailing moss, so dense overhead that twilight was found beneath its shadows with a mid-day sun. On either hand the luxuriant undergrowth of tropical climes made an impassable barrier for horsemen. Slowly they descended the winding path to the banks of the stream, with

their hands well protected in riding-gloves, constantly occupied with warding off the hanging and trailing vines which would bar their progress.

"What is the trouble now?" asked Homer, as Antonio came to a dead pause.

"Can you not see?" replied his companion. "The bridge has been swept away; the run is very full, and I cannot catch a glimpse of the opening on the other side."

"But let us try some way to cross over," urged Homer.

"Captain Homer, you know I would not hesitate except in the face of a terrible danger, if only for the inconvenience we must endure. We might possibly escape if we missed the opening on the other side, but what would become of our horses?"

"Why, are they in danger?"

"If we had more light, captain, you would realize the peril better. The stream is swollen by the fall rains, and is now a deep, swift torrent. In any case we should have to swim for it; but to be swept in among fallen trees and clinging vines in the dark, with no certain goal in view, would bewilder both us and our horses; and if we miss the narrow opening on the other side, we may wait until morning, perhaps, on some log, and be very lucky to find our way back here."

"What would we better do, Antonio?"

"I think it better to pick our way back to the top of the ravine and bivouac until morning."

"Why need we go back?"

"We can gather some pitchwood in the edge of the pines and build a fire under one of the great oaks,"

replied Antonio, "and make ourselves comparatively comfortable for the night."

So for a few minutes they retraced their steps, and came at last to the open pine barren. The rain had been falling gently for some minutes before, but now it came down in great sheets. The thunder, which had been rolling in the distance like a park of artillery, suddenly burst overhead and all around, and echoed and re-echoed through the forest, while the vivid flashes came almost continually, now and again splitting down the towering stem of some swaying pine tree. The travellers had dismounted, and, leading their horses beneath a heavy branched old oak, stood in the lee of the massive trunk to seek shelter from the wind and rain.

"We are not alone in this wilderness," said Antonio, who had been looking out from the bushes.

"Who can possibly be in this neighborhood?" asked the captain.

"We shall know shortly, for they are coming directly towards us on foot at full speed."

They both felt for their trusty pistols, to be prepared for the strangers in case their intentions were hostile.

"All right, captain," said Antonio, "they are friends;" and as he spoke five dripping men came under the same tree where our friends had found shelter.

"Hullo," said the foremost, "who have we here?"

"Friends, Sergeant Jones!" said Captain Homer.

Instantly, almost instinctively, the sergeant came to a stand-still, and gave the military salute.

This being acknowledged by the

officer, he asked,—“What brings you here, sergeant? I thought you were stationed at the old Spanish fort at Matanzas Inlet.”

“So we are, sir, but Lieut. Barnes gave us leave to-day to corral some fresh meat,” replied the sergeant. “We have been hunting since early morning, and have brought in two fine deer. Here, Private Smith, lay down the result of your shot for inspection.”

Private Smith did as requested, and one of his companions followed his example, glad to be relieved for a moment of his load.

“What do you propose to do, Sergeant Jones? I see you are in the same predicament that I am,” inquired Captain Homer.

“We propose to wait until this shower has passed over, and then to go to our quarters, sir,” replied Jones.

“If we should go with you, could Lieutenant Barnes provide for my companion and myself?” asked the captain.

“Lieutenant Barnes would be delighted to see you, I have no doubt,” replied Sergeant Jones. “He is the only commissioned officer at the post, and has been very anxious to hear from St. Augustine for a long time. He will no doubt welcome you with joy.”

While they were talking the thunder had been growing more and more distant, and the gusts of rain came more fitfully, while the flashes of lightning became much less vivid.

“We have a shed on the edge of the palmettos, where you can leave your horses in safety for the night,” said Jones, as the party prepared to leave the shelter of the oak.

“Will they be perfectly safe from the cats in the neighborhood?” asked Antonio. For the dreaded American lion is known by the name of “cat” to all the inhabitants of our Southern country.

“We have made express provision against all animals, as you shall see,” was answered.

The little party now left the shelter of the timber, and, following the lead of Sergeant Jones, took a path parallel with the run leading in an easterly direction toward the ocean. The stars came out and gave enough light to guide them on their way, especially as the path led along the border of the timber. The deer were thrown across the saddles, and our two friends followed the soldiers as they filed along the paths. They met with no adventure on their way, and arrived at the palmetto border of the marsh after a brisk walk of a mile or more. The horses were safely left in a rude hut built of palmettos, and the party defiled over the marsh by a well beaten path towards the celebrated fort.

This fort was built in the earliest times, on an island commanding the narrow entrance of Matanzas Inlet. It consisted of a massive turreted tower, with the addition of a water-battery to the south to command more effectually the entrance. At the cession of Florida to the United States, some years before our story begins, this inlet had harbored a gang of wreckers, or, rather, pirates, who had been winked at or connived at by the Spanish authorities as long as their avocation interfered only with American and English shipping. To break up this nefarious business, a small

force had been detailed to guard this port, and instead of camping out they had made the old fort habitable, and found therein a pleasant and still impregnable fortress. A detachment of twenty men, including the officer in command, was at this time in garrison.

After a walk of a third of a mile over the hard marsh, the party came to the banks of the creek, and unloosing a flat-boat from its mooring went paddling towards the island fort.

“Who comes there?” rang out on the night air.

“Sergeant Jones and party,” was the reply.

“Advance, Sergeant Jones, and give the countersign,” was the direction of the watchful sentinel.

The garrison was small, but kept up the discipline necessary in an unknown or an enemy’s country.

This formality being attended to, the party ran the boat into a little creek in the island, sprang ashore, and approached the fort.

A narrow entrance in the wall of the water battery was unbarred, and one by one the party ascended, and passing along a passage, descended by stone steps to the interior of the battery. A bright scene here met their view. In a large open fire-place burned great sticks of mesquite, which threw out into the large apartment light and heat. The soldiers were scattered about in groups, employed in various ways, but having thrown aside all care and trouble.

Lieutenant Barnes now appeared from the open door communicating with the tower, and advancing towards Captain Homer with extended

hand, cried in welcome, “You are a God-send, indeed, captain—I am delighted to see you; and you too, Antonio;—you both are most welcome to this old fort.”

“And we are very glad, lieutenant, to accept of your hospitality, for we should have had the cold comfort of bivouacking under the trees near Pellicer creek had we not fortunately met Sergeant Jones during the late heavy shower,” replied Homer.

“Shall we not be discommoding you greatly by accepting your hospitality?” asked Antonio.

“You must be prepared for some of the hardships of a soldier’s life, Antonio,” replied Barnes, “but up in my quarters I can do something towards making you comfortable.”

Leading the way, he passed through the tower doorway, which was guarded by a heavy iron-studded oak door, and leading them through the basement, well supplied with provisions in case of a siege, passed up a second staircase to the chamber of the tower.

“Here you see me at home, gentlemen,” said Barnes, “and I welcome you to my den.”

“Why, you have made a palace of it, Barnes. How have you managed to furnish it so handsomely?” asked Homer.

“It is all home-made—every comfort, every luxury—except my spring-bed and mattress. Let me explain how I have given a homelike appearance to the place. In my mess kit I carry all necessary tools; and the wrecks along this coast, or lost deck-loads, have strewn the beach for miles with stray boards. Some of them have been collected, and you

see the result in my table, bedstead-wardrobe, bookcase, mantel, and hanging shelves."

"But where did you obtain these antique easy chairs?" asked Homer, sitting back in one before an open fire.

"The buckskin came from an animal we shot on the marsh. This is simply stretched over a log until the inner surface is hard and dry, being thus naturally tanned. The swamps in this vicinity abound in red cedar. Choosing an old dead tree in the edge of one of the hummocks, I cut the branches with about the right curves and made my framework; over this the skin is stretched for a bottom and back—and there you have my easy chair."

"But you have everything here, almost, for comfort, lieutenant. I almost envy you your quarters," said Homer.

"I pay the men for saving all the hides of animals taken, and have induced the hermit hunter below here to exchange his plunder for commissary stores," continued Barnes. "That bear-skin and that cat-skin, which make cosy rugs, he brought to me lately to exchange for coffee. These otter furs were captured up Pepito Run by Sergeant Jones, who is a skilful trapper as well as hunter; they make nice camp-stool covers, but the strength is in the canvass covering beneath. Most of the plumes you see against the white walls are the result of my prowess. I shall send them to my sister in Boston one of these days, when the opportunity offers. Now they please the eye, and to me

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"Ah! lieutenant, a fertile brain is after all a man's best companion. Many of our men would have occupied these quarters for months, and been as uncomfortable the day of leaving as on their arrival. You have made this barren ruin as home-like and comfortable as a house in Charleston. What a charming idea, that of adorning your walls with cotton tapestry!"

"Yes, I claim that as my idea. There is always a demand for cotton cloth; and here I keep it hung up about these cold stone walls, to be used at any time when needed for more urgent necessities."

While they had been conversing the lieutenant's steward had been preparing the table for supper for the strangers; and now he addressed Barnes, and intimated that the repast was waiting their convenience.

"Come, gentlemen, draw up to the board, and after you have satisfied your hunger we can have a quiet smoke and chat," said Barnes, taking his place.

And such a dinner! Oysters in soup came first; then a course of salt water trout, very much resembling the mackerel taken off the northern coast; this was followed by roast venison and wild ducks. Among the vegetables was the palmetto cabbage. Afterwards came the cracker pudding, and a large basket of the rich, juicy oranges of Florida, since then so justly celebrated over the whole country.

"I will not offer you wine after your coffee, gentlemen," said Barnes, "but I will offer you some lemonade that will put in the shade anything in that line you ever tasted, probably.

The lemons, as well as the oranges, came from my plantation."

"How is that, Mr. Barnes?" inquired Antonio, who, after satisfying a by no means small appetite, sat rolling his tobacco into cigarettes preparing for an after-dinner smoke.

"Why, I was wandering on the main about a mile north of here when I sighted a beautiful paroquet in the laurel bushes in the pine barren, who got the start of me before I could cover him, and flew into a great hummock, apparently of live oak. Knowing the bird frequented dry places, I ventured cautiously after it, and passing a deep, heavy border of tangled underbrush and round-leaf timber, I came into a grove of small trees very closely packed together. My way was impeded by long thorns that would stick into me and would not be turned aside. I gave up in despair, and, taking a last look for the paroquet, saw myriads of these beautiful oranges and lemons glistening like gold in the tops of the trees. I thought first of climbing for them, and then of whittling one of the trees down with my dirk; but both of these schemes required more determination than mine, so I turned away regretfully to await some more fitting opportunity. Then the thought struck me of my boyish rogueries in a neighbor's orchard, when I had permission to pick the windfalls. I immediately marched to a good-sized tree, and firmly grasping it, careful withal to avoid those aggressive spines, I gave one vigorous shake. I did not repeat the operation again that day. For a half minute it rained oranges, great yellow ones like these on the side-board; and since then I call it

my grove or plantation, for I not only discovered it, but the way also of availing myself of the fruits of my discovery."

"And I think your claim would be allowed before any tribunal," said Antonio. "Some old settler, probably, chose the locality for an orange grove, as best adapted for the purpose from the fringe of timber already there, and long since his descendants, driven from their farms to the town, have forgotten it."

"Now, captain, I know you are rested and your appetite is appeased! Can you keep me longer in suspense in regard to garrison news, gossip, and plans from St. Augustine? It has been a month since I heard from head-quarters," said Barnes.

"There is a good prospect for some warm work, Barnes, I assure you. The Indians have left their reservations, and have already come in contact with the settlers. In October Major Llewellyn Williams and six of his neighbors discovered a party of Indians near the Canna-pa-ha pond butchering a beeve. As the Indians were a long distance outside of their boundaries, the white party disarmed them and flogged some of them; but one escaped, and two Indian hunters coming up fired on the party of Major Williams. A skirmish ensued, in which two of the Indians were killed and three of the white men wounded, one mortally. About the same time the express-rider from Tampa Bay to Fort King was murdered by the Indians. Charley Emathila had commenced his preparations for removal, and gathered his cattle for appraisalment and sale. Osceola, at the head of a party of Miccosukies, met the old

chief on the trail to his village, in the latter part of November, and shot him down. Gen. Thompson should either not have humiliated this daring and impetuous chief, or should have confined him permanently at Fort Marion. Rumor comes in every day that the Indians are on the war-path, and there is no knowing where the first blow will be struck."

"Then there is a speedy prospect of my being ordered away from this isolated post?" inquired Barnes.

"I do not know for certain the general's plans; but I know we are daily receiving recruits from the north, and already St. Augustine is being filled by people from the near neighborhood who seem paralyzed by terror. The negroes, I think, are inclined to exaggerate, and nearly all the rumors come from that source."

"But may I ask why you and Antonio are thus riding without an escort, captain?" queried Barnes.

"Oh! yes. You may have heard that Antonio's brother, Signor Tristan Hernandez, who owned a large tract of land at the head-waters of Halifax river, has for several years been seeking a purchaser for his beautiful plantation, with all its improvements and slaves. My uncle, Col. John Bulow, has made the purchase, paying fifty thousand dollars in gold for the whole, including two hundred Africans, six thousand acres of most fertile land, one thousand of which are under cultivation, a beautiful villa, and a sugar-house which alone I am told cost your father, Antonio, Gen. Hernandez, more than the whole amount of the purchase-money."

"Ah, that is so, gentlemen, but what can he do? The blacks are

attached to the soil. You may remember my place some ten miles below here at the head of Mala Cerafua Creek. In 1821 my uncle and guardian attempted to move my servants to St. Augustine when this province was ceded to the United States, thinking it would be for my advantage to dispose of this part of my property in a more settled community. By some means known only to themselves, they got an inkling of what was in prospect, and that night my house and sugar-house were burned, and the negroes left in a body down the King's Road driving and carrying with them all they could of any possible value to them; and by morning they were safe from pursuit, and no doubt are now ingrafted into some of the Seminole families. At first we hardly knew who to look to for redress. Tristan has been far wiser than I. Although the purchase has been made, they are ignorant at the quarters of any change of owners; and Col. Bulow and daughter are treated by my brother and his servants as honored guests."

"And it is for their sakes, you see, lieutenant, I am making this journey. Of course I anticipate no immediate danger, but I want them to be fully warned and prepared if the tide of war rolls this way," said Homer.

"Osceola is a terribly active, malignant savage," said Barnes, "and there is no knowing where he will strike first."

"That is my dread," said Homer; "for you must know that I am very fond of my stately Cousin Helen, and would sooner have my own scalp dangling at some Seminole's belt than her beautiful long hair."

"I think I can appreciate your feelings," returned Barnes.

"Yes," said Homer, dreamily, "she is my only sister, for I have no other. We were reared under the same roof. Uncle John is the only father I ever remember. My own fell at New Orleans at the post of duty, cheering on his company to repulse the English."

A pause in the conversation followed these words, while each vied with the others in sending forth smoke-wreaths. At last Antonio said,—

"I could not trust anybody to guide Captain Homer to the old plantation save myself; but you know," addressing Homer, "that I urged on you the necessity of passing the Run before dark."

"That is so, *mio amigo*," replied Homer. "I thought I never should get away from head-quarters. I believe they were almost averse to my leaving without an escort."

"I am very glad I came with you," continued Antonio, "for I shall not only see my brother, but I have seen Mr. Barnes, and can now better appreciate the saying, 'He can make the wilderness smile!'"

"When you are weary, gentlemen, I will order up your beds," said Barnes, after a bow of acknowledg-

ment to Antonio for his compliment. "Smith, my master-mechanic and general factotum, received an order on your arrival to knock together a bed for you, and you may be curious to know how I have been obeyed."

Touching his call-bell he directed his steward, who responded, to bring up the beds as soon as ready; and a few moments later the steward came in with a box-bed made on very simple principles. Boards about a foot wide were made into a frame, four by seven feet. The four corners were secured more firmly by small joists, which reached a foot below the frame and answered for legs. This frame was covered by canvas from some condemned tent-fly, securely tacked to the top of the frame. The mate to this soon followed, and a bale of army blankets.

"Ah, what luxury!" cried Captain Homer. "Many a time in the next year I shall look back to this bed with the most tender recollection, I fear."

"I know every soldier will have many hardships to encounter before the Seminoles leave for the setting sun," said Barnes.

In a short time after, the party turned in for the night, secure in the strict watch of the pacing sentinels beneath.

[To be continued.]

A DREAM.

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

'T was midnight, and the city's maddening din
Awhile was hushed, inviting to repose ;
But I was ill and restless, and my heart
Hungered for scenes which to my memory rose,—
The fields, so verdant, I in childhood knew,—
My happy childhood, now so far away.
Ah ! how I prayed that I again might be
Where once I knew nor lone nor wearying day.

And then I must have dreamed, for I was poised
Above a waste of waters, dark and drear ;
I knew not how, nor what upheld me there,
But far beyond the stars were shimmering clear.
I woke within my happy English home,
Upon my cosy little cottage bed ;
My pains were gone, and sweet was my repose,
And all the sorrowing years between were dead.

The small-paned window, with curtains drawn aside,
Was open to admit the fragrant air ;
The nightingales were singing in the fields,
And all appeared to me surpassing fair.
I lay and watched the moonlight sifting through
The interlacing network of the leaves,
While soft and low the bud-shields of the trees,
Like pattering rain-drops, fell upon the eaves.

The south-wind that o'er beds of violets swept,
In languor all my tired soul was steeping ;
I felt as free from care as though I were
An infant on its mother's bosom sleeping.
And then a blessed vision came to me,—
My angel mother, all in gleaming white :
She laid her hand in blessing on my head,
And pressed my lips once more, and breathed "Good-night."

My burdens now I bear with greater ease,
For life seems brighter for that happy dream ;
I'll strive to see my troubles as they're meant,
And not to murmur that they wearying seem.

THE IRISH-SCOTS AND THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

BY HON. JOHN C. LINEHAN.

A study of peculiar interest to all of New Hampshire birth and origin is the early history of those people, who, differing from the settlers around them, were first called Irish by their English neighbors, "Scotch-Irish" by their descendants, and later on Scotch by writers like Mr. Morrison of Windham. According to the latter, "The ignorance of other classes in relation to them and their history was unbounded." "They were called Irish, when not a drop of Irish blood flowed in their veins." "They were of Scotch blood, pure and simple; the blood of Erin did *not* flow commingled in the veins of the hardy exiles, who, one hundred and sixty and more years ago, struck for a settlement and a home in this wintry land." "Then let every descendant of the first settlers distinctly remember that his ancestors were Scotch, that he is of Scotch descent, and that the terms 'Scotch-Irish' and 'Scotch-English,' so far as they imply a different than Scotch origin and descent, are a perversion of truth and false to history." Many have heard of what the old lady said, "That's where Paul and I differ," and, like that argumentative, kind old soul, there is where Mr. Morrison and history differ. The American of English origin, who is fortunate in tracing his lineage to the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock, is not content to stop there. He goes back to Britain, and even then is not satisfied until he goes to the cradle of his race in Germany, the home of the Saxon: so would the true Scot go

back to the Highlands, and from thence across to the home of *his* race, Ireland, the true Scotia of history, the source of his language, his customs, manners, laws, name, and religion. That this is not more generally known is not the fault of history but of prejudice, and after all not surprising, for where among modern nations can be found a people more vilified and more persecuted, and whose early history has been more misrepresented or studiously avoided than that of the ancient Irish and their descendants. A criticism of the *London Times*, within a year, on a work on Ireland by a young English student, was very severe because the writer went back of the Norman invasion, which the *Times* said was of no possible interest to Englishmen. It is not uncommon to find occasionally a child ashamed to own its parent, but that does not by any means sever the relationship; and writers like those mentioned, so proud of their Scotch origin, cannot, even if they would, rob Erin of her ancient name and appropriate it to themselves without giving credit where it is due. As well might the people of New England attempt to take to themselves the name, fame, and glory of the older England. Cochrane, in his "History of Antrim," speaks in glowing terms of his Highland ancestors—of their unconquerable, haughty natures, of their bravery to the foe, and their kindness to the poor, but repudiates the idea of their Irish origin; but a standard Scotch work, the writers in which

being on the ground ought to know whereof they speak, tells the story as follows (vol. ii, p. 333 Chambers's *Encyclopædia*): "The 'Scots' were the Celtic tribes in Scotland, dwelling in the western and more mountainous districts north of the Forth and the Clyde, who, when it became necessary to distinguish them from the Teutonic inhabitants of the low country, received the names of the 'Wild Scots,' 'The Irishry of Scotland,' and more recently the 'Scotch Highlanders.' 'St. Bridget,'" it also mentions, "was held in great reverence in Scotland, and was regarded by the Douglasses as their tutelary saint."

In their respect for St. Patrick, also, the Scots of the Highlands were not a whit behind their kindred in Ireland, as the frequent mention of the name proves.

There was so much prejudice shown towards the Londonderry settlers by the English of the adjoining towns, that Rev. Mr. McGregore, their pastor, according to Belknap or Barstow, wrote Governor Shute complaining because they were called Irish Catholics when they had been loyal to the British Empire and fought against the papists; but it is recorded also that he wrote to the French governor of Canada that his people were from Ireland, and craved his good graces with the Indians; and in this he was more successful than in the former, for while the hostility of the English settlers lasted for years, the Londonderry people were not molested by the Indians, who made havoc with their neighbors all around them.

St. Donatus, or Donough, Bishop of Fiesole, in the seventh century, one

of the band of Scottish missionaries, whose names are found all over the continent of Europe, describes his country as follows:

"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By nature blessed, and Scotia is her name
Enrolled in books,—exhaustless in her store
Of veiny silver and of golden ore.
Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth,
With gems her waters, and her air with health;
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow;
Her waving furrows float with bearded corn,
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn;
No savage bear with lawless fury roves,
Nor ravenous lion through the peaceful groves;
No poison there infects, no scaly snake
Creeps through the grass, nor frog annoys the lake—
An island worthy of her pious race.
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace."

"Conradus, a Monte Puellarum, who wrote about 1340, states that men illustrious for sanctity flourished in Ireland, which was called Scotia Major; and Grester, Canisius, Cæsarius, Marianus Scotus. Orosius, Isidorus, and Venerable Bede, with a train of other learned writers, who flourished from the sixth until the fourteenth century, designate Ireland by the appellation of Scotia;" and the Breviary of Aberdeen in Scotland shows, beyond all controversy, that there was a Scotia Minor as well as a Scotia Major. In this ancient Breviary it is mentioned that "St. Winnius, born in a province of Scotia from the illustrious Neillian monarchs, was by a prosperous and propitious gale wafted to Scotia Minor."

Two Scoto-Irish saints, according to Chambers, vol. iv, p. 324, "have left their mark on the topography of Ireland and Scotland—St. Fillian the Leper and St. Fillian the Abbot." The former had a church on Loch Erne in Perthshire, Scotland, and another in Ballyheyland, Ireland. The latter had a church in Westmeath,

Ireland, and in the upper part of Glendochart, Perthshire, Scotland, which takes from him the name of Strathfillian. St. Fillian's well takes its name from the former. A relic of St. Fillian the Abbot has been preserved to our time, the silver head of his Crosier or pastoral staff now in possession of a member of the family, Alexander Davar, a farmer in Canada, whose ancestors have been the hereditary and legal custodians of the relic since the thirteenth century. A full description of it, "the Quigrich or Crosier of St. Fillian," will be found in the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, Edin., 1861.

Of the language—Gaelic—Mr. Richard Garnett, one of the most learned of English philologists, writes.—"That Irish is the parent tongue; that Scottish Gaelic is Irish stripped of a few inflections; and that the language of the Highlands does not differ in any essential point from that of the opposite coast of Leinster or Ulster, bearing in fact a closer resemblance than low German does to high German, or Danish to Swedish." Mr. W. F. Skene, one of the best informed of Scotch writers on the Gaelic language, although laboring hard to find a native origin for it, has to admit that the north of Ireland, the Scottish Highlands, and west islands were, at an early age, peopled by the same race; and further admits, that from the middle of the twelfth century to about the middle of the sixteenth century, Ireland exercised a powerful literary influence on the Scottish Highlands; that the Irish sennachies and bards were heads of a school which included the west Highlands;

that the Highland sennachies were either of Irish descent, or, if they were of native origin, resorted to the schools in Ireland for instruction in the language; that in this way the language and literature of the Scottish Highlands must have become more and more assimilated to the language and literature of Ireland; and that it may well be doubted whether, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, there existed in the Scottish Highlands the means of acquiring the art of writing the language except in Ireland, or the conception of a written and cultivated literature which was not identified with the language of that island."

The first printed books, from 1567 to 1690, for the use of the Scottish Highlanders, were all in the Irish orthography and Irish dialect,—a translation of the Bible in 1690 being simply a reprint of Bishop Bedel's Irish version of the same. Here, then, is proof sufficient that from the middle of the sixteenth century, back to the dawn of modern history, Ireland and Scotland, the mother and daughter, were closely connected—one in blood, language, and religion. The Reformation brought about a change of faith, but that would not transform the blood. The Scots from Argyllshire, who went to Ireland under James the First in 1612-'20, were the ancestors of the "Scotch Irish" of New Hampshire; and it will be hard for writers like Mr. Cochrane or Mr. Morrison to prove that "the blood of Erin did *not* flow commingled in their veins," for the writings of Skene and other Scotchmen admit the close connection almost down to the departure of the Argyle emigrants for Ulster; and the

names borne by the greater part of the settlers were those peculiar to the Highlands and to Ireland.

“Buckle’s History of Civilization,” speaking of Scotland, says,—“It is at this point—the withdrawal of the Romans—that we begin to discern the physical and geographical peculiarities of Scotland. The Romans gradually losing ground, the proximity of Ireland caused repeated attacks from that fertile island, whose rich soil and great natural advantages gave rise to an exuberant, and therefore restless, population. An overflow which in civilized times is an emigration, is in barbarous times an invasion. Hence the Irish, or Scotti as they were termed, established themselves by force of arms in the west of Scotland, and came into collision with the Picts, who occupied the eastern part. A deadly struggle ensued, which lasted four centuries after the withdrawal of the Romans, and plunged the country into the greatest confusion. At length, in the middle of the ninth century, Kenneth McAlpin, king of the Scotti, gained the upper hand, and reduced the Picts to complete subjection. The country was then united under one rule, and the conquerors, slowly absorbing the conquered, gave their name to the whole, which in the tenth century received the appellation of Scotland.”

Pinkerton, in his “Ancient Lives of Scottish Saints,” speaking of the Picts, says that “Pictavia is spoken of by the chronicles long after the accession of Kenneth McAlpin, and long before Scotia became identified with northern Britain, or ceased to be the ordinary name of Ireland.” Again

he writes,—“The Picts, supposed by some to be the Caledonians of the Roman writers, when first known under that name, occupied the whole territory north of the Firth of Forth except the western portion, which had been colonized or subdued by the Scots, another Celtic nation, whose chief seat was in Ireland,—*the proper and ancient Scotland*.” “The Southern Picts were converted to Christianity by St. Ninnian, and the Northern Picts by St. Columba,” two of the most celebrated of the Irish missionaries of the sixth century.

Fergus, son of Ere. Moc Fergus—from whence the Fergusons take their name—the first king of the British Scots, was supposed to be a close connection of St. Columb-cille. For his coronation the stone of destiny (in Ireland known as the “Lia Fail,” in Scotland “The Stone of Scone”) was brought to the Highlands from Ireland, but not returned according to promise, and for years was kept in the Church of Scone, where the Scottish sovereigns were crowned, down to the time of Edward I, king of England, who captured and conveyed it to England, where it now forms part of the coronation chair of the sovereigns of the United Kingdom in Westminster Abbey. From Edward to Victoria every ruler of Britain has been crowned on the stone. Even Cromwell the Puritan, too democratic to go into the abbey, had the chair brought out into the hall, and on it took the oath of office as “Lord Protector” of England.

Of the absurdity of the statement that the blood of any nation is pure, “free from commingling,” a writer in Chambers, vol. xi, p. 382, says,—

“It is unreasonable to suppose that the Anglo-Saxon invaders exterminated the native Celtic population (of Britain), or even drove more than a tithe of them into the Highlands. The mass undoubtedly remained as subject serfs, learned the language and customs of their masters, and gradually amalgamated with them, so that perhaps, in point of blood, the English are as much Celtic as Teutonic.” The invasion of England later by the Norman French proves the theory of this writer. The Saxons were enslaved by their masters, and in time amalgamated with them, so that to-day the language as well as the blood shows the mixture. In fact, there are more French than Saxon words in the former; and writers of Alfred’s period would esteem themselves, in the England of to-day, so far as the mother tongue is concerned, strangers in a strange land.

Green, in his last work, “The Making of England,” a most admirable book, confines himself to the period between the landing of Henghist and Horsa, in 449, to the union of all England under Alfred, about 850. From the Angles, Saxons, Danes, and Jutes, mixed with a remnant of the ancient Britons, and from the Norman-French, who invaded England in 1040 under William the Conqueror, are descended the English people. The language, on account of the mixture of races, is to-day, according to Max Müller, the most composite of any spoken on the globe, the number of words in Webster’s and standard English dictionaries derived from the Latin or French being in the proportion of two to one from the Saxon.

Now the man who *is* to write the “Making of Scotland,” following the plan of Green, will find, according to the testimony of that writer, who derived his knowledge from Gildas, the last British historian, and from various other authorities whom he quotes, that the coast of Britain, under the Roman power, was continually raided by the Scots of Ireland; that they had established colonies on various points, north and south; that between the second and third centuries the kingdom of Dalriada was founded by them in what was then called Caledonia; that in company with the Piets, the aborigines of Scotland, they used to pour down on the Romans from the Highlands; that to keep them out the Emperor Severus built the great Roman wall; that on the decline of the Roman power, and after being driven out of Dalriada, the Scots again passed over from Ireland, under Fergus, son of Ere, who was crowned first king of the British Scots in 503.

From this time up to about the date of the accession of Alfred, the condition of Caledonia was similar to that of England, continual warfare between the Scots and Piets ending in the complete subjection of the latter in the eighth century, and the crowning of Kenneth McAlpin as the first king of Scotland. The Piets disappear from the pages of history: no trace of language or custom remains. From Ireland the Scots took their traditions, manners, religion, laws, customs, language, and name.

Chambers’s Encyclopædia, vol. ii, p. 712, says of the Caledonians,—“Whether of the Cymric or Erse branch of the Celts is unknown, they

disappear in the third century. The same doubt exists in regard to the Picts, but the Scots were emigrants from Ireland, both Scots and Gael being common names of the old Irish." Again, speaking of Scotland, vol. 7, p. 555: "The original Scotia or Scotland was Ireland, and the Scoti or Scots, the people of Ireland, a Celtic race." For many years, owing to the confusion incidental to the two kindred peoples, their nations were known to continental writers as Scotia Major and Scotia Minor. The exact period when the name ceased to be applied to Ireland is unknown, but is supposed to be about the twelfth century. From the Irish people, according to Chambers, "the Anglo-Saxons received their knowledge of religion mainly, and of letters entirely." Green gives credit to the same source, and wrote that "it was the fashion in Europe in the ninth century to go to Ireland for piety and learning." Scottish scholars and ecclesiastics from Ireland not only flooded pagan England, but spread all over Europe. A Saxon raid on the coast of Ireland in the eighth century, according to Green, was looked upon as a sacrilege by the English people, an outrage on the land from which came their teachers and benefactors. Columb-kill at Iona, Columban in France and Lombardy, Gall in Switzerland, and hundreds of their associate Scots, carried the gospel of Christ and a knowledge of the classics to the then pagan countries of northern Europe and the older nations of the south, whose faith had been corrupted and whose knowledge of learning impaired by the repeated inroads of the barbarians.

The language of the England of to-day was not that of the Angles, who were entirely ignorant of letters. The blood of the modern Anglo-Saxon is not as clear as that of his ancestors of the fifth century. The names of the people are not the same as those in use a thousand years ago, but, according to all English writers, they are the same people, and on that question no issue is desired. But apply the same rule to the Scotch, the language of the Highlands is the same Gaelic, without corruption or mixture, that their ancestors used when they left Ireland. It is the same tongue used in Ireland to-day where Irish is spoken. Their family names are those largely used in Ireland before the Anglo-Saxons had acquired a knowledge of the alphabet, or knew how to make the sign of the cross, both of which were taught them by the Scottish missionaries. The Mac is known only in Ireland and Scotland, or in countries peopled by those nations. The connection between the people of both countries was close, down to the Reformation. On Ireland the British Scots had to depend for education. They had no schools of their own; the seats of learning were all in the old land, at Armagh, Bangor, Derry, Cashel, and other places of note in those days; and even as late as the sixteenth century the Highland harpers went to Ireland to get a musical education.

When the Scots emigrated from Ireland, the memory of St. Patrick was fresh in their minds; the precepts he taught were what they practised. His name, with that of Bridget, was loved and honored in Scotland, and revered in Ireland. The Saxons even

loved the name of Bridget, which was borne by one of Cromwell's daughters, and it will also be found on the tombstones of the Walker family in Concord, in the old cemetery.

In no part of the world was the Celtic blood more vigorous than in the Highlands, where, in Argylshire, as late as 1851, with a population of about 90,000, mostly all used the Gaelic tongue. The Scotch are then more truly Celtic than the English are Saxon; and it is unfair, in the light of history, to draw a line between them and their kindred of Ireland.

It is the fashion now to do this, and among the number who wish to cut off the connection, if such a thing were possible, are the offspring of many whose ancestors never saw the hills of Scotland, but who would fain enroll themselves in the ranks of the "Scotch-Irish."

From Ireland to Ardh-Gaehdal (Argyle) the Scots went in 503. To Ireland from Argyle returned the Scots in 1620; and to America their descendants sailed away in 1719. Call them Scotch-Irish, or Scotch, as you will, this is their record. If it is wrong, then the writers in Chambers—all Scotch—are mistaken, and Green's works full of errors. That the people of the Lowlands are mixed will make no difference. Apply the same rule to both countries, and Scotland is more Celtic than England is Saxon. Another fact in connection with this point is of interest. Cochrane, in his history of Antrim, alluding to the "Massacre" of 1641, states that but comparatively few of the Scotch were killed by the Irish, whose hatred was more directly against the English, and also wrote

that while the English settlements were repeatedly attacked by the French and Indians in New Hampshire, the "Scotch-Irish" were not molested, and that there was a supposition that they had been instructed to that effect by the Jesuit priests in Canada: rather suggestive.

The "Massacre" of 1641 has been for years a terrible weapon in the hands of those who hate the Irish Catholics; but it has been treated on so often by Irish Protestants who love the truth and the good name of their countrymen, that a word from one whose ancestors have been so foully slandered for two hundred years is not heeded. The "History of Ireland," by Prof. Taylor, of Trinity college, Dublin, published by Harper Brothers; "Vindiciæ Hiberniæ," by Mathew Carey, father of the great writer on political economy, Henry C. Carey; and the "Cromwellian Settlement," by John P. Pendergast,—all treat exhaustively on the subject.

For over eighty years, under the reigns of the two Jameses, Cromwell, the two Charleses, and William the Third, the "Scotch-Irish" had been the willing instruments in the hands of English rulers and English parliaments to uphold the English power and the English church. Presbyterians themselves, they fought willingly against their Catholic kindred for their share of the land of Ireland. And no matter what was the religion professed by their masters, or the form of government,—monarchy or republic, king or protector, Episcopal or Puritan,—they did their full part; but the day of reckoning came, and bitterly did they reap the fruit of

their labors and sacrifices. The surrender of Limerick ended the terrible struggle so far as the Irish Catholics were concerned. William was firmly seated on the throne, the Irish for the first time completely subjugated, their lands in the possession of the "Scotch-Irish," the troopers of Cromwell and of William, and their persons were at the mercy of all who hated them.

The French Protestants, who fought for William with his Dutch auxiliaries, had settled in Ireland; many of them were skilled artisans. Manufactures sprang up; the war was over, and the arts of peace followed; the herds of cattle, sheep, and horses increased. The lot of the poor Irish people was growing better; their services—their labor—were required; and it seemed after all as if the country was going to see peace and prosperity restored, although confined mainly to the strangers. But, lo and behold! the people of England awoke one morning and found a new competitor crowding them in their own markets. They had been accustomed to supply the Irish people; but the tables were turned, and England was flooded with Irish cattle, Irish wool, and Irish woollens. That would never do. Parliament was appealed to; the prayers of the English merchants were granted; the exportation of cattle and manufactured goods from Ireland was forbidden; and the great British nation was once more saved. This was a hard blow to the loyal Protestants, in whose hands and by whose exertions Ireland in so short a time had proved to be so formidable a rival. Ireland—Protestant Ireland—sank under it.

Then, again, the government, finding the Presbyterians independent and stiff-necked, and having for the time being effectually settled the Catholic question, exporting to the West India islands and to New England over ten thousand boys and girls, young men and women, and scattering over Europe, from Italy to Poland, additional thousands of exiles,—soldiers, priests, and laymen,—turned its paternal eyes on the "Scotch-Irish," and it took but a few years for them to learn,—after restrictions placed on their religion, petty persecution of their pastors, the increase of their rents on leases expiring, and the entire destruction of their manufacturing industries,—that it made but little difference with the English government what people it was that inhabited Hibernia,—the old Irish, the "Norman-Irish," the "Anglo-Saxon-Irish," or the "Scotch-Irish." Their mission in life was to work for the profit of the English people, to fight, and, if necessary, to die for the English government, and to worship God in conformity with the English church. What was the result? Why, those people whose ancestors left Scotland one hundred years before turned their backs on Ireland, and in thousands emigrated to America, accompanied by fully as many of the old race, whose homes are scattered all over the original thirteen colonies, and whose names—the McNeils, McLeans, Lanahans, Carrols, Lynches, McMurphys, McGregors, Barrys, Sullivans, McCormicks, McDuffys, O'Briens, Manahans, O'Neils, O'Donnells, Brannans, Pollocks, Buchanans, Morrisons, McClintocks, Mc-

Guires, McCarthys, Jacksons, Coffees, Groghans, McGradys, Clarkes, Harneys, McDonoughs, Porters, McMillans, Montgomerys, Shutes, O'Harras, McAffees, McGinnises, McGowans, Butlers, Fitzgeralds, Mooneys, Kellys, Kennys, Moores, Gilmores, McAdoos, Kearneys, Haleys, McClarys, Pendergasts, Sheas, Roaches, McCombs, McCalls, McGills, McRaes, Kanes, Flynns, O'Connors, McClellans, McClanahans, McGees, O'Keefes, O'Rourke, O'Reillys, McConihes, McDongals, McDowell, etc., etc., etc.—are found to-day all over the country. Many immortalized themselves by deeds of daring in the service of the colonies or the republic, on land and on sea.

Lord Fitzwilliam estimated the number of operatives who left Ireland at one hundred thousand. Dobbs's "History of Irish Trade," Dublin, 1727, said that three thousand males left Ulster yearly for the colonies. Philadelphia alone, for the year 1729, shows a record of 5,655 Irish emigrants, against English and Welsh 267, Scotch 43, Germans 343.

They left Ireland with the most intense hatred of England. That hatred was religiously transmitted to their children, which England found to her cost in the war of the Revolution, the close of which found Moylan the commander of the dragoons, and Hand the adjutant-general of the army—both natives of Ireland. Among those of their kindred who remained at home this intensity of feeling found vent in the institution of the order of "United Irishmen," first like the Irish Charitable Society of Boston, founded in 1737, all Protestants, afterwards assimilating with

those of the Catholic faith, and culminating in the Rebellion of 1798, when for the first time in the history of Ireland the Catholic and Protestant Celts fought on the same side, and the Catholic priest and Presbyterian elder were hanged on the same tree. This is so well known that no authorities need be quoted.

The "Scotch-Irish" loved Ireland. Their action in 1798 proved that they did not hate her sons; and they emigrated to America, not as some writers would have the world believe, on account of dislike to the Irish people, but because they could not live under the English government in Ireland.

The affinity between the kindred races is treated lightly by modern writers, especially in New Hampshire, and the saying of Bayard Taylor, in "Picturesque Europe," that "they [the Irish] were the true Scots of history," would no doubt be exceedingly distasteful to them; but it will be very hard to find a Teutonic origin for the gallant and stubborn race which has never learned to bend the knee or bow the head to tyrants, either in Ireland or in Scotland—a race to which Europe owes a debt it can never repay. For from the teachings of the Scots, at a time when Rome and Greece were overrun by barbaric hosts, she learned her duty to the true God as taught by the gospel of His divine Son, and acquired a knowledge of letters which, owing to the overthrow of Rome, was fast dying out.

Cochrane in the History of Antrim, and Morrison in the History of Windham and the History of the Morrison Family, allude to the theory of the Irish origin of the

Scotch, but do not consider it credible. A study, however, of the origin of the names of persons and places in Ireland and Scotland would disclose the relationship. The prefixes *Kin*, *Kil*, and *Dun*, in the names of places, are as frequent in one country as in the other, and the prefixes *Mac* and *Kil* to the names of persons are common to both. *Mac* simply means son,—*MacShane*, son of John; *MacDonough*, son of Dennis; *MacGregor*, son of Gregory; *MacDermot* or *MacDiarmid*, son of Jeremiah; *MacDonald*, son of Daniel; *MacPhadrig*, son of Patrick; *MacTeague*, son of Timothy; *MacBride*, son of Bridget; *MacMurrrough*, son of Murrrough, etc.

The prefix *Kil*, so often seen in Irish names of persons and places, and also peculiar to Scotland, is not as sanguinary as it appears. It is the Celtic pronunciation of *cell*—the *c* being hard in Gaelic, and the word being pronounced as if spelled *kel*. So comes the name *Kilpatrick* or cell of Patrick, *Kilmichael*, *Kildare*, etc.

The ancient name of Edinburgh was *Dun-Eidan*. *Dunmore*, *Dunluce*, and *Dungiven* in Ireland, will be matched by *Dunbarton*, *Dundonald*, and *Dundee* in Scotland.

The prefix and affix *Ross* is also peculiar to both countries. *Melross* (*Melrose*) Abbey in Scotland and *Muckross* Abbey in Ireland show the relation: it means headland.

In Ireland a lake is called a lough—*Lough Erne*; in Scotland, a loch—*Loch Lomond*;—so with the names of mountains, etc., etc. A slight knowledge of the Gaelic language would be of inestimable value, especially to Mr. Morrison, who would not then be

obliged to draw such heavy drafts on his imagination in seeking for the origin of the Morrison family; for certainly, before the Teutonic Mohrs, from which he fondly hopes he has sprung, left their native wilds of Germania, or before the blessed Virgin found followers in Ireland or in the Highlands of Scotland so devoted as to style themselves sons of Mary—*Marysons*, sons of Mohr, *Mohrsons*—the *MacMurrroughs* of Leinster (son of Murrrough, or Murrroughson) broke many a shillalagh at Dounybrook or in some other historic festive locality. One thing is certain, and it is this, to the unprejudiced reader: it does not appear from a perusal of colonial documents that these people who settled in Londonderry and other towns in New Hampshire were so much ashamed of being called Irish as the writings of some of their descendants indicate. There were scattered among them many bearing names peculiar to the east, west, and south of Ireland, like *Flynn*, *Lanahan*, *O'Brien*, *Manahan*, *Sullivan*, *Lynch*, *Connor*, and *Mooney*, a sprinkling of the Norman-Irish names of *Burke* and *Fitzgerald*, as well as some of the well known north of Ireland names of *O'Neal*, *McMahon*, and *O'Donnell*. In addition, the settlers of Scotch origin were largely the descendants of those who had settled in Ireland in 1620, one hundred years before the emigration to America, and intermarriages had taken place between them and their ancient relatives. It was not then surprising that their newly settled towns were named after the dear old homes, not in Scotland, but in Ireland; that the society organized in Boston in 1737 was called the Irish Charita-

ble Society instead of the Scotch; that the second Masonic lodge in this state was named St. Patrick's Lodge, and instituted on St. Patrick's Day, about 1770 or 1780, and that the first grand master of the order in the state was John Sullivan; and that some of the most eminent men in the land sprung from this noted stock. As there was also considerable emigration direct from Scotland to America, and as the greater part of our noted men claim affinity, not directly with the Scotch, but rather with the "Scotch Irish," it must be granted that the sojourn of a hundred years in Ireland, and the intermarriages with the people of that country, produced a superior race, which should be called, according to the rule laid down by Gov. Ames of Massachusetts, at the last banquet of the "Irish Charitable Society," "The improved order of Scotchmen," as he styled them—the members of the Charitable Society—"The improved order of Irishmen." But to be serious, as history has been written about the so-called "Scotch-Irish" here in New Hampshire, an Irishman who loves the traditions and good name of his race has ample reason to find fault, for not only is every allusion to the people of Ireland very offensive, but all emigrants from that country to this, prior to the Revolution, no matter of what branch of the race, Irish or Scotch, are claimed by and credited to the latter. "In morals, blood, language, and religion," they, the Scotch-Irish, were different from the Irish, it is said. The intelligent reader can see for himself how true this statement is, so far as the blood and language are concerned; and as for the morals

of the Irish people, let an unprejudiced writer decide. Sir Henry Maine, in his "History of Institutions," "Brehon Laws," page 80, says,—"At the present moment Ireland is probably that one of all western countries in which the relations of the sexes are most nearly on the footing required by the Christian theory. Nor is there any reasonable doubt that this result has been brought about in the main by the Roman Catholic clergy." So much for the morals of the Irish people in 1875; and in this they are in accord with those of their ancestors at the period written of by Morrison and Cochrane, according to the testimony of Lecky on "European Morals." If the morals of the Scotch colonists in Ireland in 1620 differed from those of their Irish cousins, it would not be to the discredit of the latter.

A short study of the work of Maine quoted will satisfy the writers mentioned of the origin of the Scots, as he constantly alludes to the Celts of Ireland and of the Scottish Highlands, to the "Newer Scotia" and to the "Scots of Ireland." On page 80 he says,—"It cannot be doubted, I think, that the primitive notion of kinship, as the cement binding communities together, survived longer among the Celts of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands than in any western society." Prejudice has for centuries prevented English scholars from studying the early history of Ireland, but, thanks to the efforts of writers like Maine, this is now being done. He alludes to this prejudice when he writes,—"There was no set of communities, which, until recently, supplied us with information less in

amount and apparent value concerning the early history of law than those of Celtic origin. This was the more remarkable because one particular group of small Celtic societies, which have engrossed more than their share of the interest of the country—the clans of the Scottish Highlands—had admittedly retained many of the characteristics, and in particular the political characteristics, of a more ancient condition of the world almost down to our own day. But the explanation is that all Celtic societies were, until recently, seen by those competent to observe them through a peculiarly deceptive medium. A thick mist of feudal law hid the ancient constitution of Irish society from English observation. “The group of Irish scholars, distinguished by a remarkable sobriety of thought, which has succeeded a school almost infamous for the unchastened license of its speculations on history and philology, has pointed out many things in Irish custom which connected it with the Archaic practices known to be still followed or to have been followed by the Germanic races.”

Of the piety of the Irish people of the fourteenth century, the following from Maine, page 17, bears proof: “One MS., the ‘*Senachus Mor*,’ or the great Book of Laws, known to be as old at least as the fourteenth century, has written on it a touching note by a member of the family to whom it belonged: ‘One thousand three hundred two and forty years from the birth of Christ till this night; and this is the second year since the coming of the plague into Ireland. I have written this in the twentieth year of my age. I am Hugh, son of

Conor McEgan, and whoever reads it let him offer a prayer of mercy for my soul. This is Christmas night, and on this night I place myself under the protection of the King of Heaven and Earth, beseeching that he will bring me and my friends safe through the plague.’” Hugh wrote this in his own father’s book in the year of the great plague. Again, on page 237, he speaks of “Iona or Hy as the religious house founded by St. Columba near the coast of the ‘newer Scotia.’”

The failings of the “Scotch-Irish,” in the way of a love of whiskey, festivities at weddings, the observance of wakes, and an occasional bout with the shillalagh, are charged to their Irish neighbors, from whom they contracted these bad habits. The love for the ardent is still a Scotch failing; its praises have been sung by “Bobbie” Burns and Sir Walter Scott, both of whom dearly loved the “Mountain Dew,” and the refrain has been chanted in our own day by no less a person than Professor Blackie; but in view of the fact that all in those times “took their tod”—Catholic, Puritan, or Presbyterian—whiskey, New England rum, or hard cider, according to their liking—it would be a waste of time to endeavor to refute such charges, especially when history informs us that neither church, school-house, nor barn, in New Hampshire, could be raised or dedicated without a liberal supply of New England rum. Instead of casting reflections, one ought to be thankful that such things would be simply impossible in our own day, and that the fault was not of the people, but of the times in which they lived

This fear on the part of so many, who pride themselves on their descent from the settlers of Londonderry, of being confounded with the modern Irish, can easily be inferred. The migration of the latter, mainly of the Catholic faith, and principally from the south, east, and west of Ireland, began about the year 1840. They were poor, ignorant of letters as a rule, and their manners, customs, and speech strange to those to "the manner born." Thousands came here without mothers, wives, or sisters, and with no chance to practise their religion, or, at least, to have an opportunity to have its tenets expounded. It was no wonder that, deprived of the wholesome influence of home and of religious instruction, they fell into habits that neither the stern discipline of war nor its most severe rules could restrain in the army, as many who served through the Rebellion can truthfully testify to, when thousands of the strictest life at home gave way before the temptations of the camp and the field, and, deprived of the aid rendered by the agencies mentioned, went to dishonored graves, or came back miserable wrecks, destitute alike of honor and of manhood.

For their lack of education they were not responsible, nor for their poverty;—the former they were deprived of for 150 years by legal enactment; the latter was the natural effect of the laws under which the settlers of Londonderry could not live, and from which they fled 121 years before. But these modern Celts brought with them what the country needed,—strong, muscular bodies, clear heads, willing hands to work, clean hearts, and honest pur-

poses; and when the hour finally arrived, and their wives and children were gathered around them, new homes and new firesides were founded, the "Soggarth aroon" followed, and the modest little chapel arose, crowned with the sacred symbol of Calvary—the cross—to be followed by the many beautiful churches and stately cathedrals, tributes to their piety, devotion, and self-sacrifice. And when the world had seen the tireless labor bestowed on the railroads, on the canals, on the wharves, and in the mines, their stern loyalty and unflinching bravery on the battle-fields of the War for the Union, and of the steady advance in all the walks of life,—commercial and mercantile, the army and navy, the law and the church,—of those of the first generation following, their most bitter enemies were compelled to acknowledge that they were true descendants of the Scots whose piety and learning astonished Europe from the sixth to the tenth centuries, and gallant kindred of the heroes who made the Irish brigade of France a terror to its enemies and a glory to the race from which it sprang.

It was then but natural that the descendants of those whom tyranny had driven from Ireland 148 years ago, educated by their surroundings, and prejudiced against them through their teachings, should regard the new comers with aversion, and dread to own them as kindred. But the advance made by those emigrants and their children in our own day, and a knowledge of the early history of the race, will remove this prejudice, and in time make them as proud of their origin as those who have sprung

direct from the cradle of the Scots—Ireland, the Scotland of history.

It is the supposition of many writers that all of the old Irish are Catholic, and the later stock Protestant. While this may be true in the main, there are, nevertheless, good sized minorities of the former Protestant, and the latter Catholic, as their names indicate. The founders of Methodism in America came here direct from Ireland, and while Philip Embury may have been of German origin, among the pioneers the names of John Finnegan, Joseph Mitchel, Henry Ryan, and Peter Moriarty, which appear on the pages of Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens's "Memorials of the Introduction of Methodism in the Eastern States," about the period of 1790, are fully as Irish in appearance as the names of Chaplain McCabe or Bishop John Lanahan of the Methodist Church South in our own day. A study of modern Irish history would verify this statement. The lineal descendant of the hero of Clontarf, Brian Boru, is an Episcopalian,—O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin; and a direct shoot of Dermot MacMurrough, of infamous memory, is one of the staunchest supporters of the same church. Both are as anti-Irish as the most belligerent Englishman, while, on the other hand, some of the purest patriots and most devout Catholics were of English or German stock.

Of the ancient art and learning of Ireland, English and Scotch bear witness. Pinkerton, a noted Scottish writer, who has already been quoted, speaks of the life of St. Columbkille "as being the most complete piece of ancient biography that all Europe

can boast of." It was written by St. Adamnanus, Abbot of Iona, who died in 703. Like Columba, he was an Irishman, and a successor of the saint as Abbot of Hy. This opinion of Pinkerton's is endorsed by David McPherson's "Annals of Commerce," Edin., 1805. This gentleman made copious extracts from the works of Adamnanus, all of which show the high state of Irish civilization as early as the fifth and sixth centuries, facts which will stagger the belief of our modern defamers.

From Adamnanus Mr. McPherson proves "that the arts, conducive not only to the conveniences but to the luxury of life, were known and practised to an excess in Ireland in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries; that the luxury of riding in chariots was common; that the bodies of the dead, at least those of eminent rank, were enveloped in fine linen; that though ale was a common beverage, wine was also used; that in churches bells were used; that they had long vessels in which they performed extended voyages of fourteen days into the Northern ocean; that they had instruments, and trinkets of gold, belonging to ages antecedent to authentic history. As civilized countries do not carry the precious metals into countries in an inferior state of civilization, it seems more probable, says Mr. McPherson, that the gold was found in mines, of which there are still many traces in Ireland, than that it was imported there. We should suppose, with Tacitus, that Ireland had a greater foreign trade than Great Britain."

"The first mention of Ireland in ancient times occurs in a poem by

Orpheus, where he speaks of it as Iernis, 500 years before Christ. To the Romans it was known as Hibernia, and to the Greeks as Ivernia and Ierne. Aristotle speaks of two islands 'situated in the ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules, called *Britannia Albion* and *Ierne*, beyond the *Celtae*.' Pomponius Mela, with quite an Irish warmth of eulogy, declares the herbage to be so luxuriant that the cattle who feed on it sometimes burst.' Pliny repeats this statement, and adds 'that the Hibernian mother trains her child from the first to eat food from the point of a sword.' But the most important of all is Ptolemy, who describes the country, and gives the names of the principal rivers, promontories, sea-ports, and inland towns. Diodorus Siculus mentions it, and wrote 'that the Phœnicians, from the very remotest times, made repeated voyages for commerce.'"

The writer of the article in Rees's *Cyclopedia* on Ireland says,—“It does not appear improbable, much less absurd, to suppose that the Phœnicians might have colonized Ireland at an early period, and introduced their laws, customs, and knowledge, with a comparatively high state of civilization.” Tacitus, referring to a proposed invasion of Ireland under the direction of Agricola, says,—“In the fifth year of these expeditions, Agricola, passing over in the first ship, subdued in frequent victories nations hitherto unknown. He stationed troops along that part of Britain which looks to Ireland, more on account of hope than fear, since Ire-

land, from its situation between Britain and Spain, and opening to the Gallic sea, might well connect the most powerful parts of the empire with reciprocal advantage. Its extent, compared with Britain, is narrower, but exceeds that of any islands in our sea. The genius and habits of the people, and the soil and climate, do not differ much from those of Britain. Its channels and ports are better known to commerce and merchants. Agricola gave his protection to one of its petty kings, who had been expelled by faction, and with a show of friendship retained him for his own purposes. I have often heard him say that Ireland could be conquered and taken with one legion and a small reserve; and such a measure would have its advantages as regards Britain, if Roman power were extended on every side, and liberty taken away as it were from the latter island.”

The island was never conquered or even explored by the Romans. Sir John Davies remarked, regarding the boast of Agricola, that “if he had attempted the conquest thereof with a larger army, he would have found himself deceived in his conjecture.” And William of Newburgh has also remarked that “though the Romans harassed the Britons for three centuries after this event, Ireland never was invaded by them.” “The Scots and Picts gave their legions quite sufficient occupation defending the ramparts of Adrian and Antoninus, to deter them from attempting to obtain more, when they could hardly hold what they already possessed.”

TWO WITCHES.

BY C. C. LORD.

The town of Hopkinton, N. H., was settled by intelligent people. They came mainly from Hopkinton, Mass.; they took up a tract of wilderness: they encountered the elements, the wild, the beast, and the savage; they turned the wilderness into a fruitful land; they put civilization in the place of barbarism. Only intelligent people can do all this.

The settlers of Hopkinton, N. H., were not as informed as intelligent. Their judgment lacked the aid of many facts. Some of these facts were known in their day; others, probably not. Their methods were defective. They spent too much time over trivial matters. Their records show this. They were too careless about important things. Their records show this also. Want of practical information delayed progress in the new settlement. It kept them disputing over needful public acts. It made them fast when they should have been slow, and slow when they should have been fast.

In every society there is a combination of influences, yet at all times something predominates. Socially speaking, the settlers of Hopkinton, N. H., were predominantly influenced by religion. It was recognized in their original civil compact. The town was to support a minister. He was to be "learned and orthodox." Strictly, he was to be a Congregational Calvinist. The minister, too, was prominent in all public counsels. In fact, his superior information and

culture made him so. More than this, religion was dogmatic. The Calvinistic confession was emphatic. The "five points" were essential to the formula. In a sense, they represented all that should first be believed. Outside of them, all was error.

The religion of the time left little room for the occult. Outside of the immediate domain of religion, a mystery was dangerous, if not damnable. To feel, think, and realize something directly unexplainable was entering into the sphere of prohibited things. But nature is greater than unqualified prohibition. The occult was born in men from of old. Hence it must come out of men. In early times, in Hopkinton, N. H., people discovered the occult. They did not understand it; they could not explain it; so they called it prohibited. Then they proscribed it. They called it witchcraft. Then they remembered it was written, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." We cannot condemn them for this. They thought as well as they could. History abounds with the ascriptions of demonism to simple phenomena of nature. There is a simple apparatus that illustrates the compressibility of fluids. Every youthful student of natural philosophy comprehends it. Yet it is called the "Cartesian devil" to this day.

The early settlers of Hopkinton, N. H., saw spectres, heard incomprehensible noises, were strangely perplexed in business or locomotion, took supernatural journeys, etc., etc. They were bewitched. They some-

times identified persons who were mysteriously involved in the causes of these troubles. These persons were witches. At least one locality was specially identified with the manifestation of occult phenomena. This was "The Lookout," a forest on Putney's hill. There were at least two great witches in town. They were "Witch Webber" and "Witch Burbank." There is nothing specially unique in all this. The same may be said substantially of many other early New England towns.

Were all the occult legends of these early times true? Certainly not. Were any of them true? Most likely some were. Ignorance exaggerates; knowledge reduces and corrects. Some of the old legends of Hopkinton, N. H., are too puerile for serious consideration. Others are readily explained by natural science. A disordered physical system produces mental hallucinations. Some of the old vagaries can doubtless be referred to *mania a potu*. Simple chemistry now explains why cow's milk curdles in the udder, as well as why the butter is so long in coming. So we might enumerate natural causes of once mysterious things. Yet there is more to this subject. We do not know to-day how some people can apparently see with their eyes shut; yet we know that it is so. We do not know how one person can "mesmerize" another; yet we know the fact. Is any one prepared to say that these things will not some day be as simple of comprehension as the "Cartesian devil" is now. Then who presumes to proscribe a simple phenomenon of nature?

We have said that "Witch Web-

ber" and "Witch Burbank" were two great witches in Hopkinton, N. H. It is more than probable that all that was said of these women was not true; it may have all been false, but it is said that "Witch Webber" admitted that she was a witch. There are two explanations of this assumed fact. "Witch Webber" may have been conscious of some occult power lurking in her own organism. Hence she may have shared in the popular disposition to exaggerate the phenomenon. On the other hand, "Witch Webber" may have been mirthfully disposed. A person so disposed will sometimes practise on the credulity of others. "Witch Webber" may have been simply mischievous in saying she was a witch. But have we not people to-day who can feel, think, see, hear, tell, and do more than others, while we cannot explain one of the phenomena? Then who, without proof, can say that either "Witch Webber" or "Witch Burbank" was unqualifiedly an imposter and a fraud, while we admit one iota of the testimony of their occult gifts?

It were impossible to tell how much harm might have resulted from witchcraft in Hopkinton, N. H., had it not been for the Rev. Elijah Fletcher. He was minister of the town from 1773 to 1786. When "witchcraft" threatened the community, he referred the matter to Rev. Timothy Walker, of Concord. The Rev. Mr. Walker told the people that "the most they had to fear from witches was from talking about them; that if they would cease talking about them and let them alone, they would soon disappear." There is a savoring of both sincerity and irony in this statement.

It is interpretable in two ways, but it was doubtless a good remark, coming from such a source. When "witchcraft" broke out in Salem, Mass., in 1692, it did not find Rev. Cotton Mather equally wise. The Rev. Mr. Mather was not a bad man. He knew there was something in the phenomenon, but he mistook what it was. Nor was the Rev. Mr. Walker as wise as he might have been. It is possible that both these clergymen, honest at heart, made a "Cartesian devil" out of a single law of nature. Had they both said "Let us see this alleged fact, separate the false from the true, and put the best possible interpretation upon the reality," they would have served humnity better. However,

the time was not ripe for such a thing; so we cannot morally blame them, but we can indulge one profitable thought. The occult takes as high a place in history as anything else. It is dignified in Proverbs 29:18: "Where there is no vision, the people perish." What does this mean? In the contemplation of Hebrew philosophy, only this: Whoever bounds his ideals by his senses fails of the highest privilege of humanity. We do not believe in ancient "witchcraft." We do believe that at the bottom of every fallacy there is a fact. This fact Divine Wisdom has implanted in creation for a profitable use. Hence, only the foolishness of men will ignore it.

BOOK NOTICES.

JUAN AND JUANITA. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

The writer announces in the preface that this story is true in its essential facts. Two Mexican children, a boy and a girl, aged eight and six years, are carried off by the Indians to the Llanos Estacados, and, after a captivity of four years, make their escape, and travel three hundred miles on foot, back to their home. Their adventures seem rather remarkable for children of their age, and they are accompanied through their perilous journey by a wonderful dog, whose faithfulness and sagacity are worthy of admiration. The story is written in the usual entertaining manner of this admirable author, and is highly interesting to the young reader.

THE STORY OF AN ENTHUSIAST. Told by himself. By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. Boston: Ticknor & Co., publishers, 211 Tremont street. 1888.

This well sustained story, showing how a pre-natal influence and an early education go to make the enthusiast, has for its slight *raison d'être* a portrait of Raphael. This is sold for a trifle at an auction, by the orphan boy's guardian; and then to regain it becomes the serious object of his

life. His fortune and his promised bride are both sacrificed to recover it, and the more angry the reader grows at him as the plot develops, the higher is the testimony to the author's skill. A large part of the action takes place among Paris studios, and in Rome. There are some beautiful scenes in the latter city. The inevitable Russian intriguer, a Polish artist, who wears the white robe of a *saccone*, and acts as the Nemesis throughout. French and English people like the book, which, in spite of its numerous *impersonatis persone*, is clearly and consistently written. It is a book to read twice and enjoy always.

"THE SWANEE RIVER." By Stephen Collins Foster. Boston: Ticknor & Co. For sale by Cushings & Bailey.

This is one of the most beautiful holiday books that has been issued this season. The old familiar song, which for so many years has been ever increasing in popularity, is here given a setting worthy of the hold it has upon the popular heart, and worthy of the grand singers who have delighted their hearers with its melody. As a frontispiece it has a magnificent full page picture of Christine Nilsson, as she appeared when singing this song. In reviewing it, a critic says,—"The words of the song

are well drawn and illuminated on the subsequent pages, amid wreaths of rich Southern flowers and fair Southern landscapes. The air of the song is also given. No one like Stephen Foster has ever had the power to reach and touch every heart. He united to simple words, usually in dialect, music of a peculiar pathos and tenderness that appealed to all men, and which has won for him a unique and special place not granted to the works of other composers."

FAITH'S FESTIVALS. By Mary Lakeman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.00.

This choice little volume, with its pure white cover, beautiful paper, and charming sketches, will prove a favorite gift-book. It recounts the experiences of Faith, as maiden, wife, mother, and grandmother, with chapters on "Christmas Cheer" and "Easter Lilies." We take this occasion to speak again of the paper that Lee & Shepard use in making up holiday books. It is thick, smooth, and creamy, a delight to the sight and touch.

PRE-GLACIAL MAN AND THE ARYAN RACE.

A History of Creation and of the Birth-place and Wanderings of Man in Central Asia, from B. C. 32,500 to B. C. 8,000, with a History of the Aryan Race, commencing B. C. 15,000, their rise and Progress, and the Promulgation of the First Revelation; their Spiritual Decline and the Destruction of the Nation, B. C. 4705; the "Inroads of the Turanians and the Scattering of the Remnants of the Race, B. C. 4304, as deciphered from a very ancient document. Also, an Exposition of the Law governing the Formation and Duration of the Glacial Period, and a Record of its Effects on Man and on the Configuration of the Globe. A Chapter on the Deluge: its Cause, Locality, and Extent, and an Account of the "Oannes Myth." By Lorenzo Burge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Washington: Wm. Ballantyne & Son, 428 Seventh street.

Mr. Burge's speculations and deductions, as set forth in this remarkable book, are based upon or derived from the allegorical history contained in the early chapters of Genesis, which embrace within their outward form a complete story of the creation, of pre-glacial man, of the Aryan race and of the Asiatic deluge, all the more wonderful because of the fact that such a history has been in possession of the human family for about 6,000 years, with barely a suspicion of its true and comprehensive character. The author has certainly found in Genesis more knowledge of the remote

past than it has ever before entered the mind of man to conceive, and his discovery is not only corroborated by what is known of geological periods, but by the testimony of hitherto uninterpreted ciphers found in biblical history.

The unknown author of "Geraldine" is not only a poet, but a sharp critic. How many of the fashionable sentimentalists of to-day, most of them women, who vent their woes and their longings, but chiefly their "state-of-minds," towards some defunct "He" or "She" or faithless "You" in the current periodicals, are brought to our minds by his trenchant lines:

"He was less than a poet, if poetry means
To bewilder the senses with fanciful scenes;
To envelop each thought with such mystery round
As to leave it a marvel of meaning profound,
To be chiefly unreal, yet ever to seem
As if always the real came dressed in a dream."

There are fashions in poetry as there are fashions in trousers, and we may reasonably hope that the years will bury our present lugubrious and misty gushers as deeply in oblivion as years have buried English L. E. L. and our own Frances S. Osgood. When that sunny day arrives, the glory thereof will be to poets like the author of "Geraldine," poets void of the murk and mildew of disappointed passion, or the restlessness and hanker of passion, unappeased. His poem has the perfect light in it and the clear atmosphere of a fresh spring day, an idyllic purity and freshness that remind us of one of Boughton's earlier pictures compared with the carnal "passion and pain" of the Burne-Jones and Rossetti school. The story is a pretty one—we will not do the reader the ill service of epitomizing it—and the form in which it is cast is like sylvan music, even though the ceaseless recurrence of rhyme becomes somewhat monotonous and fatiguing, when followed too long at a time. Scattered all through the musical narrative are lights of high thoughts and shadows of the deepest feeling, bits of picturesque description and glimpses into the human soul, that lose nothing but gain infinitely in being clearly expressed, not shrouded in a dark fog of metaphor, allusion, and phantasmagoric hints. An extract taken at random, almost anywhere, will prove that poetry is not merely a gush of sentimental vagueness, a "mysterious marvel of meaning profound," but an ideally infused form of expression intelligible alike to angels and to men. The volume is beautifully illustrated and bound, even the decorated cover being of exquisite art workmanship. Published by Ticknor & Co.

Robert Collyer's New Book.

It is some time since this quaint poet-preacher went to press with any of his collected utterances. This new and welcome volume contains the same striking combination of pathos and humor, wisdom and wit, common-sense and uncommon insight, which we found in his other books. Naturally, for the contents are made from the cullings of past writings, extending over many years; they are not a recent series of continuous discourses. Young men are always needing advice, and they cannot find any more truthful or sympathetic than abounds in these pages. Mr. Collyer has seen all phases of life, in respect to its limitations and its comfort. Penny yielded its secret to his indomitable will, and popularity becomes subservient to his interpreting spirit. He is a man through all, and never more so than in the work of a preacher. The personality of Robert Collyer has had a fascination for our progressive and hearty people. His robust courage, his unfading good cheer, his salt of mental breadth, his strong humanitarianism,—these traits have won perennial welcome for him. Matching these for the making of his peculiar individuality have been the manner and speech and odd, free fashion, the impassioned tone and sometime storming, tearful tenderness of voice and accent. One might not go to him for theology, yet his system of belief is simple and clear, and for that reason, no doubt, not satisfying to those who, once in for theological satisfaction, require subtle and confusing reasoning. Robert Collyer's "talks" are full of life. They are rich in all that suggests the beauty and grace and symbolism of nature; they touch the chords of sentiment, and ring out joyous peals of hope. Sunshine is in them, the singing of birds, the murmurs of brooks, all refined and purifying aspects of the outer world; while from the shadowy realms of one's soul life he evokes forms of ideal excellence, rouses a noble ambition, stirs the sluggish prayer, and gives to the prodigal thoughts a speedy return to higher objects.

This volume is happily dedicated to the tireless president of the Young Men's Christian Union, in this city, William H. Baldwin, "with more than twenty years' worth of loving regard." This is fitting for old friendship's sake. But there is also a fitness in the fact that Mr. Baldwin has so much to do with young men, by way of shaping their lives and forming their habits. The Union virtually tries to carry out what the volume commends. There are twelve "talks" in the book on the follow-

ing topics, some of which sound familiar, especially the one on "Sleep." They are "The Joy of Youth," "Godlike Temptations," "My New Name," "In the Spirit," "Two Emigrants," "Two Children," "The Primitive Idea of a Good Wife," "Debt," "Sleep," "A Noble Anger," "Charles and Mary Lamb," "The Companionship of Good Books." The title-page parenthetically hints at "asides to young women," and they prove to be no side issues, but very essentially in the line of help to the young men; for in the exhortation and prescription to young women, a young man may catch the test and requirement necessary in picking out a true helpmate. One has only to compare this volume with T. T. Munger's "On the Threshold," to see how the same subjects are differently treated by live men. Both authors get the same results, and look at life with the same high, ennobling thought. Both books are about the best we know for noble, virile youth. It is not our purpose to quote from these attractive pages, nor to epitomize their contents. They contain valuable, weighty speech as to the physical, social, intellectual, moral, religious sides of character. There is a ring of reality. Of all comment possible the last and most inapplicable would be to say there was a perfunctory taint. Young men will not listen to Solomon if he whines and drones. This is the message of a man whose heart never grows old; whose youthful struggles and aspirations are perpetuated in a vivid, sympathetic memory and a still growing character; immortal youth speaking to youth; the firm, clear facts of life allied delicately and suggestively with the world of beautiful, pure imagination. Here is hope for the fearful and laughter for the sad; here is warning for the reckless and sympathy for the weak; here is wisdom for the untaught and strong sense for the frivolous; here is poetry for the prosaic and faith for the doubting. A worthy gift for Christmas; a good companion the year round.

[Talks to Young Men (with Asides to Young Women). By Robert Collyer. Boston: Lee & Shepard.]

"Little Miss Weezy" is the suggestive title of a children's volume written by Penn Shirley (who is a sister of Sophie May, the author of "Prudy Books," etc.), and published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard. The stories are brightly and wittily written, and are narratives of the merry exploits of a rollicking little girl who was full of health, and just as full of fun and mischief. Each chapter of the book contains its own especial story of the interesting subject of the

book, and the little folks will be apt to wish that there were more chapters to captivate their attention. Indeed, even older people will find their risibilities stirred by a perusal of the volume, which is neatly bound in cloth, and has a very clever representation of little Miss Weezy on its title cover. For a holiday gift for children it will be a tempting little book.

The Story of Keedon Bluffs.

Charles Egbert Craddock has in her many of the chief elements that go towards the making of a successful writer for children; she is fertile in incident, picturesque in description, and unfailing in her sympathy with human nature; but "Keedon Bluffs," although written for children, will find its most appreciative readers among grown people. The story is founded on incidents and circumstances which are fascinating to nearly all children; but the dialect of the Tennessee Mountains will be a great stumbling-block to them, and the spirit of the book is too keenly intellectual to suit crude, inexperienced, and therefore unsympathetic, minds.

None of this author's admirers should fail to read this book. It is as strong as anything she has written, and one of its figures, at least, that of the blind Confederate soldier, is destined, from the moment of its appearance in the tale, to remain in the reader's mind a never-to-be-forgotten picture of rugged pathos and tenderness. The character of the boy "Skimpy" is one of those which this writer delights to draw; he is to be commended to the attention of all students of boy-nature. His song, "O, Mister Coon! O, Mister Coon!" rings in the ears long after the tale is ended. Skimpy's companion, "Bose," is a dignified, trustworthy, responsible member of the Sawyer family, whose acquaintance all lovers of dogs should make at once. The story is that of humble people, without a hint of the education and refinement of modern life—life as it is, always has been, and will be, with the conflict in it of good and evil, strong and weak—told with an earnestness, an elevation, and a sincerity which take the heart by storm and hold the attention of the most jaded mind. All around the lowly people of this tale the great natural world is spread with the royal grace that Charles Egbert Craddock knows well how to show. The winds rock the little cabins and lull their inmates to sleep, the trees sigh and rustle, the sun shines over all, and when the cramped and narrow lives of the people become depressing, there is always a wide sweep of landscape some-

where near to rest one's eyes on. (The Story of Keedon Bluffs. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
—*Chicago Tribune.*

Wide Awake for 1888.

The readers of this wonderful magazine for young people are so accustomed to good reading and pictures that they will wonder how it is going to be better than ever this coming year. But it is.

The new year has already begun with the holiday number just out—a truly great number, larger and richer, more varied, and therefore it must be better than ever before. And the publishers have a primer to send to those who want to know what *Wide Awake* is going to have in it in 1888. The wonder is that such a library and picture-gallery can be got together for \$2.40 a year—a thousand pages and everything fresh and new—stories, history, travels, biography, sketches, anecdote, adventure, and all instructive as well as entertaining. Two worlds are drawn from to make such provision for the education and pleasure of our children.

So high is the best of young people's literature nowadays that we are all of us glad to be young. Nine tenths of reading people prefer it to what is written for them, for it has the rare merit of being easy as well as good.

We know of no Christmas gift so sure of bringing a happy response in a reading family. Send \$2.40 to D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

Kinkel's Copy Book.

One of the best books for the music teacher to use in imparting instructions to the beginner is "Kinkel's Copy Book." It is a manual of music in thirty-five progressive lessons, containing explanations and useful information, with a series of *writing lessons* pertaining to notation and various other subjects, for beginners as well as advanced students of music. It is a valuable book to use in connection with the larger piano or organ instruction book, though it is a complete rudimentary instructor in itself, and well adapted to class or private instruction. It is of large sheet-music size, contains 60 pages, with blank leaves on which the pupil can copy the printed notes, either with pencil or pen, and it contains lessons in the form of questions and answers, all being plain and well illustrated. Send for sample copy. It is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., and will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 75 cents.

Illustrated History of Coos County, N. H.

This book will be a beautiful royal octavo volume of several hundred pages, bound with morocco back, embossed muslin sides, bevelled boards and gilt edges, and to be $10\frac{1}{2}$ by $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size.

The historical matter will be compiled and classified under proper headings, as far as practicable, a few of which we enumerate: Geographical. Geological, Topographical, Indian History, White Mountains, Character of the Pioneers and Incidents of Pioneer Life, Organization of the County, Towns, etc., Fish and Game of Coös, Manufacturing interests, Learned Professions—Bench and Bar, Medical, etc., Societies—Secret, Benevolent, etc., growth and Prosperity, Statistical, etc., Coös in the Rebellion.

Following the general history will appear a history of each town in Coös county, under proper divisions or classification of subjects, commencing with the earliest settlement, and following down to the present day, giving early settlers by name, incidents of interest, history of churches, societies, institutions, banks, manufactories, revolutionary and civil history.

The sons and daughters of Coös county who reside in other states will doubtless be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of procuring a complete and reliable history of the region they all love so well and of which they are so proud. All orders for the history must be addressed to us as below, and at an early date, as the book will be printed from type, and we must know the exact number of subscribers before we commence to print the first chapter. We shall print no extra copies, consequently the only way to secure the work is to order it AT ONCE. Price, \$12.50. W. A. Ferguson & Co., Publishers, 22 and 24 E. Washington St., Syracuse, New York.

Good Old Songs.

We have received a copy of that very enjoyable book called "Good Old Songs." It contains more than a hundred songs that have been, and still are, dear to the people. These are not war-songs, but are of a varied nature—some pathetic, some sentimental, some genuine "heart-songs," and others of a patriotic and descriptive character. The book is large, sheet-music size, nicely printed and bound, and ought to find a place in every home. There are piano or organ accompaniments to each piece. "Good Old Songs" is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., and will be sent to any address on receipt of the price, \$1.

American Historical Work.

Second Edition, Enlarged and Illustrated.

It takes a far wider range than its title suggests. Indeed, the title may be looked upon as the cord on which the pearls are strung.—*The Churchman*.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN BURLINGTON, N. J. Comprising the Facts and Incidents of nearly Two Hundred Years, from original, contemporaneous sources. By the Rev. George Morgan Hills, D. D., Rector of St. Mary's Parish and Dean of Burlington; Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, etc. 8vo, pp. 831; 325 copies only. \$10.00.

Beautifully illustrated with phototypes and engravings, viz.:

St. Mary's Church, Burlington, N. J.
Friends' Meeting House, 1683.

Rev. George Keith, the first missionary of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Col. Daniel Cox, the originator of the plan for an American union, subsequently used by the Thirteen United States.

Autograph and Episcopal Seal of John Talbot, the first Bishop in North America, 1722-27.

Rev. Colin Campbell, for twenty-eight years Rector of Burlington, and the founder of the Church in Mount Holly, N. J.

Rev. Jonathan Odell, the loyalist poet and refugee, and first secretary of the Province of New Brunswick.

Rev. Charles H. Wharton, D. D., one of the leading clergymen in organizing and nationalizing the American Church.

Bishop G. W. Doane, founder of St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College (with autograph).

Old St. Mary's Church, 1834

Bishop Odenheimer (with autograph).

"Riverside," the Episcopal residence.

Rev. Wm. Crosswell Doane, now Bishop of Albany (with autograph).

Rev. Eugene A. Hoffman, now Dean of the General Theological Seminary, New York.

Rev. Wm. Allen Johnson, now professor in the Berkeley Divinity School, Conn.

St. Mary's Hall enlarged, 1870.

Rev. George Morgan Hills, D. D.

Altar vessels of St. Mary's Church—nineteen pieces, including Queen Anne's.

Enlarged photograph of Talbot's Seal.

The Talbot Memorial Tablet.

Seal of Burlington College.

Graduate's Medal of St. Mary's Hall.

Spire of the Church, looking South.

Lynch Gate of St. Mary's Churchyard.

Together with transcripts of the log and

pay-roll of the ship *Centurion*, which brought the first missionaries of the S. P. G. to America; certificates, diplomas, etc., of great interest and value to the historian and antiquarian; besides a complete list of names in the *Parish Register* from February 20, 1703 to March 28, 1836.

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THE TRIBUNE does not attempt to supersede the local state and county press. But, in the great Presidential conflict now at hand, every thinking Republican, old sol-

dier, farmer, and temperance man, should have his local paper and THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

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Henry P. Polfe

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A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.

VOL. I. (NEW SERIES.)
VOL. XI.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 2.

HON. HENRY P. ROLFE.

For many years the massive form and genial face of Henry P. Rolfe have been familiarly known to the citizens of Concord and to the people of New Hampshire. He long since won a high standing as a lawyer. As an adviser, he is judicious; as a counsellor, he is safe; as an advocate, he is able and convincing. He possesses sound common-sense improved by experience, and wisdom founded on a thorough classical education and cultivated by a lifetime of reading and research. From his force of character he has been a trusted leader, and counsellor of leaders, of the Republican party for many years, and his judgment has been of great value to those who have consulted him.

Mr. Rolfe has been eminently the architect of his own fortunes, for he has made his own way in the world, having to thank his parents and ancestors only for a carefully nurtured childhood and the principles of honor and integrity then inculcated. He is indebted to them also for his constitution, his inbred love of fair play,

and those characteristics which go to make up an honest man and a good lawyer.

Henry Pearsons Rolfe was born in Boscaawen, February 13, 1821.

ANCESTRY.

His father, Benjamin Rolfe, son of Benjamin Rolfe of Newbury, Mass., was born January 20, 1773, and died the day he was eighty-four. The family was of English extraction, and frequently mentioned in New Hampshire and Massachusetts colonial records. His mother was Margaret Searle, daughter of Rev. Jonathan Searle, first settled minister of Salisbury, and a granddaughter of Capt. Jethro Sanborn, of Sandown, a noted ship-master before the Revolution, who advanced to the Continental Congress \$20,000 in gold and silver during the darkest days of that war. For a centennial anniversary occasion Mr. Rolfe prepared an autobiography of so entertaining a character that we are inclined to make the following liberal extracts from it:

It is a matter of some interest to my children, and to her who has for a third of a century made my life a perpetual sunshine; but it is of very little account to any one else what may be said of me or written about me. It is a delicate and undesirable duty for one to perform, to pick out the praiseworthy incidents of his life, and suppress the balance. Of course I know more about the subject-matter than any one else can; but there is a liability for one who writes his own history to taint it with pretension, vanity, egotism, bigotry, and to claim virtues that his intimate friends even will fail to recognize.

I have read many of the sketches of distinguished men of New Hampshire in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, in John B. Clarke's "*Successful New Hampshire Men*," and in the various county histories of this state; and while I never supposed we had reared but one man as distinguished as Daniel Webster, I find the Granite State has really furnished about two hundred, some of them not quite so illustrious as orators, but equally as eminent in other departments of fame. If some one bound to me by the ties of consanguinity, some near and dear friend, would allow me to furnish the facts and they supply the romance, the publication might please those who did not personally know me. If I could find some eminent divine who would allow me to state the facts and he father the fiction, a very entertaining sketch of my life might add interest to the published proceedings of this anniversary.

But to my biography. I was born in Boscawen on the 13th day of February, 1821, in the house built by my

grandfather, on what is known as High street, about one mile from Salisbury line. At my birth my father owned a good farm and was in comfortable circumstances. He was a pump-maker by trade, and a skilful and ingenious man with tools; he was especially an expert with the broad-axe. When I was two and a half years old, my father having become surety for his brother, and his brother failing and leaving for the northern part of New York, my father had the note to pay, and it ruined him. His creditors took all his property from him, even his tools with which he made pumps. I have a distinct recollection of the auction, when all our household goods were sold and carried away, except two beds, a table, a few chairs, and a cow. My grandfather's clock, which "was too tall for the shelf and had stood" nearly "ninety years on the floor," went with the other things. There was an excellent set of carpenters' tools. The cattle, horses, sheep, hay, grain, and all the produce of the farm were sold by the sheriff. The poorest dry cow was left to satisfy the law, and to furnish my mother and her three little boys—one two years older and one two years younger than myself—with food.

I distinctly remember when we took our few household goods, and left the convenient home, and went to live with my beloved aunts in one room, with a turn-up bed and a trundle-bed for the three boys.

But the remorseless creditors continued to heap indignities upon my father. I had little idea of our actual changed condition, for my mother was a brave woman, and would not

allow "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" to daunt her in the presence of her destitute family. When an officer came and took my father, and carried him away to Hopkinton to jail for debt, I fully comprehended the situation. My father had a splendid suit of blue broadcloth, with an orange-colored vest, the buttons on the coat being silver-plated. I remember what a splendid looking man he was when he dressed himself up in it. He paid forty dollars for the cloth for the coat. He brought them down and laid them out on the bed, and offered to pawn them for security if the officer would not carry him to jail. But nothing would satisfy the rapacity of my father's creditors.

I saw him carried away from his wife and three little boys, to be incarcerated in a dungeon because he had nothing with which to pay a debt that he incurred by signing for an unfortunate brother.

My father did not stay long away. A gentleman on Boscawen Plain, at the request of my mother, went to Hopkinton jail, and became bail for my father, so that he should be released from close confinement: he could not leave the limits of the jail-yard. A son of the gentleman who became bail for my father now resides on Boscawen Plain. I often meet him, and his face has to me a glow of sunshine in it because his father was kind to mine when the clouds of adversity seemed to be shut down all around him.

Dr. Peter Bartlett, an uncle of the president of Dartmouth college, often visited my father and mother in their straits. He redeemed my father's

carpenters' and pump-makers' tools, and loaned them to him, and told him and my mother to be of good cheer. He was a noble, kind-hearted gentleman,—my beau ideal of a physician. He would never receive the tools, nor the pay for them.

My father was industrious and economical, and bore the reputation of an honest man and a gentleman. He was a fine singer, and could tell a story with more *éclat* than any man within the limits of the county. My mother was a lady. She had been a school-teacher for many years, and she sent me to school when three years old. My first teacher was Martha Gerrish. She was a fine instructor, and I was very fond of her; and my fondness for her was returned in full measure. I went to school to her three summers. I do not remember when I could not read. Once on a time I did not read right in Marshall's Spelling-book. When she asked me why I did not read right, I excused myself by saying I could not see. She said to me, "I shall have to get some specs for you." The next morning Stephen Ames cut out of a piece of sole-leather something in the shape of a pair of spectacles, with no glasses in them. The next morning she called to me, and said, "Henry, I have your specs for you;" and she put them on me, and the whole school laughed at me. I was very sensitive, and more particularly so because it was done by one whom I loved so much. I thought it was extremely cruel in her, because I never missed in my lessons. I had only been a little careless in my reading. I was very secretive. My mother sent me on an errand to a

place near the school-house, and I went in, and went to the teacher's desk, and took out the sole-leather spees, and carried them part of the way home, and hid them in the wall; and the last time I saw them they were there. Not long after this she wanted them to put on some other scholar, but she could not find them. She did not think to ask me for them. When the school was done for the term, she came to our house one day and tried to make a great deal of me in the presence of my mother. I told her I did not love her. She wanted to know why; and I said because she "put them old sole-leather spees on me, and let the whole school laugh at me." She said she was very sorry, but I was so funny about my excuse for not reading right that she did it more out of fun than anything else, and if she had thought I would take it at heart so she should not have done it. We were friends again.

When I was seven years old I had a fever, and my parents told me that they had been told by Dr. Bartlett that he was fearful that I should not get well, but I did; and after I was so as to be around a fearful fever-sore came upon my leg. Dr. Bartlett came to see me frequently, and I had a great deal of confidence in him, and did not think he would deceive me. He said he wanted to look at my leg, and took it between his legs, and turned his back towards me. He had on an outside coat, so I could not see what he was about to do; but I saw he had something in his hand. I asked him what he was going to do? He said he only wanted to get a good chance to look at it, and he would n't hurt me. He put his lance into the

sore and ripped it out with a most fearful gash. I upbraided him for his deceit, and told him that I thought a doctor ought to be ashamed to use deception in such a way. He said he did it because, if he told me it would have to be lanced, I should not have courage to submit to it. I was more wounded at his impeachment of my courage than at his deception. He said if he had known I was such a brave boy, he would have told me what he was going to do; and he called me his brave boy ever after.

Prudence Morse was my next teacher. I attended school two summers to her. She was a capable instructor, but quite severe. She whipped me with a willow withe very severely. One girl did some unkind and unbecoming act to another girl, and I was reported, by one of the neighboring women, as having helped it on. Both girls absolved me from all blame in the matter; but Prudence said I should have interfered and prevented it, but instead of doing that, stood by, and by my presence sanctioned what was done. I stood up and took my punishment like a man; and she said she should n't have punished me so severely if I had only cried, but I stuffed it out so, she was determined to bring me to it. She did n't make me cry all the same. I was then eight years old, and she left more than twenty wales on my back and legs.

Caroline Bliss was my next teacher. She taught two summers, and she was the liveliest of all the teachers I ever knew in my boyhood. She was rightly named, and the days that I spent under her instruction were the most *blissful* of my life. I went to school to her when I was nine and ten

years old. She then married a neighbor of ours, who proved to be a coarse, unfeeling, brutal husband. I saw her carried by our house in a covered carriage on her way to Lebanon, in the last stages of consumption. Her husband was a member of the Congregational church on Boscawen Plain; and it is to the credit of the church that he was excommunicated for his cruel treatment of this most lovely and Christian lady.

When I was eleven years old my father told me he must keep me at home during the summer to work.

I have said my father was a gentleman. My mother was a lady. She attended the district school with Ezekiel and Daniel Webster, and the academy at Salisbury with Samuel C. and Peter Bartlett and Ezekiel Webster. She attended the academy at Atkinson when under the charge of the celebrated Preceptor Vose; and taught for a long time in common schools of Salisbury.

Our poverty continued, but we were a happy family. Aside from my sickness with the fever and my father having his leg broken, no affliction came upon us. We carried on a little land at halves. Death never stepped over the threshold of our door till I was nineteen years of age. My mother went everywhere among the sick and the afflicted. My father was mild, amiable, and shrunk from any contest. I never saw my mother show the least emotion of fear. At the same time she was

"Pleasant as the air of evening."

When I was about eleven years old my father went to put in a pump for Capt. Joshua Green, of Salisbury, and I went with him. Mr. Green was a

man of a great deal of enterprise and energy. He had been to school to my mother at the Centre road in Salisbury. He said to me,—"I can see that you are Margaret Searle's boy. I went to school to your mother. I want you to give her my regards. Your mother is a noble woman. When I attended school, I would rather have had her hide stuffed with straw and set up in one corner of the school-house, than all the other school-teachers that I ever saw." There are several people in Concord who knew my mother intimately, and will bear testimony as to whether the sweet fragrance of my mother's memory carries me into the extravagance of eulogy.

I attended the summer school till I was ten years old, including the summer that I was ten. I attended the winter school till I was sixteen. The summer terms were usually twelve weeks, and the winter terms sometimes eleven and sometimes twelve weeks. During all my school days I never stayed at home a day except on a forenoon when the hogs were slaughtered. During all my school-boy days, from 1824 till his father moved to Fisherville, John Kimball and myself went to the district school together, sat on the same seat, and pursued the same studies. The last year, when we went to Miss Bliss, and Rev. Samuel Wood and Rev. Ebenezer Price examined the school, we recited nearly the whole of Woodbridge's Geography. We went so far that Mr. Price said he was satisfied we had the whole geography at our tongue's end.

No blow was ever struck me in school but on two occasions. One I have related; the other I will relate.

It occurred the winter that I reached my ninth year. John Kimball and myself were sitting in the same seat; and Samuel Ames, who sat directly behind me, for some kindness I had done him loaned me his knife. It was quite sharp. There was a large notch which had been cut in the seat before me, and which had been there probably for years. I scraped and trimmed it a little with the knife, and I had it in my hand when the master, whose name was Wilson, and who was an under-graduate from Dartmouth, espied it. He was quite a martinet, especially with the smaller boys. He came to me in some haste and asked me where I got the knife, and I told him. He then said to me, "Did you cut that notch there?" I said "No, sir, I did not." "Do you tell me, sir, that you have not been cutting there with that knife?" I replied, "I do not say that I have not been cutting there." He didn't stop for me to say that I only smoothed it out a little to make it look new and clean. But he caught me up and said, "Now, what did you lie to me for? Come out here into the floor. I will teach you, first, not to cut the seat, and then not to lie to me about it." He was a charity student, being educated for the orthodox ministry by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Wood. I marched out into the floor, and up to his desk. He had a great heavy, cruel, beech ruler, and when I saw him snatch that up I was expecting an exemplification of orthodox retribution. He seized my hand as he called out to me, "Hold out your hand, sir." When he looked at that great brutal endgel, more becoming a slaughter-house than a school-house,

and looked at my little hand, somewhat hardened by toil, he evidently relented. He then said, "Henry, I am sorry to ferule you. Which would you rather do,—get fifty verses to say to me at the opening of the school to-morrow morning immediately after prayers (he opened the school with prayer), and fifty more at eleven o'clock, or take a feruling, five blows on one hand for cutting the seat, and five blows on the other hand for lying about it?" He gave me time to consider about it. I told him I would rather get the verses. I thought if I got the verses it would be a credit to me. If I took the feruling, it would be a mortification to me all my life. for no teacher but Prudence Morse had ever struck me a blow. He then gave me fifty verses in the New Testament, commencing where Ananias and Sapphira were struck down dead for lying, and fifty more where it says the "liars, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and idolaters, shall have their part in the lake of fire which burneth for ever and ever, which is the second death." The fire in his eye had departed, and the anger of his lip had subsided, and I went back to my seat. No one in the school-house had the least idea but that I should take the feruling the next morning when I came to school. This happened just before recess in the afternoon. I went quietly about my business. I had repeatedly committed twenty-five verses for Sunday-school. I went home. My mind was all the time on my work. I went to bed late in the evening, but not to sleep. My mother noticed my nervousness and my sleeplessness, and I told her all the circumstances. She told me to

go to sleep, and she would go and see the master, and I need not go to school the next day. I was satisfied that that would only make a bad matter worse, so she sat up with me and heard me recite very late into the night. I do not remember how much I slept—certainly but a little. I was up in the morning betimes. I went to school,—was there in good season; took my place as usual; listened to the devotional exercises. The master called upon me for my recitation. I walked out into the floor; he took my book. No orator in ancient times had a more attentive audience. I went through with the first fifty verses without being prompted once. I went back to my seat, and he did not call on me for the other fifty verses till some time after the hour; but he called, and I went out into the floor with the most painful apprehensions, thinking that if I should trip, after all my anxiety, my severe study, my sleepless night, I should have my hands mutilated with that fearfully brutal instrument of torture, wielded by the vengeful arm of an embryo minister of the orthodox gospel. I had strength given me equal to my task. I hesitated once, but he waited patiently for me; and I reassured myself, and went through to the end. As I neared the conclusion, the silence in the school-room became oppressive. I tremble for myself now that I call it back so vividly to my memory.

The boyhood of Mr. Rolfe was passed on his father's farm in Boscawen. There, until his tenth year, he had the benefit of the district school for three months in the summer and three months in the winter. From

the age of ten years until he was sixteen his services were needed at home during the summer months, and only during the winter could he devote time to school attendance. May this course not have been of advantage to the growing lad? On his father's hillside farm, invigorated by the healthy New Hampshire breezes, he acquired a stock of vitality which carried him safely through a shock in later life which would have killed forty-nine out of fifty men. Nor were the summers, devoted to farm-work, entirely wasted, from an educational standpoint. He was digesting what he had gained at the "little red school-house;" he was studying nature in her most charming aspects; he was getting from contact with the rustic world about him a knowledge of human nature not to be gained at schools or colleges.

The winter he was seventeen years of age he spent in the woods with his father, driving a lumber team. From that time until he was twenty years of age he enjoyed only nineteen weeks of schooling—five at Franklin and fourteen at Salisbury academy.

At the age of eighteen young Rolfe undertook to teach a district school, and met with such flattering success that he saw his way clearly to acquiring a thorough education. For nine successive winters he continued to teach, helping himself through a preparatory course of three years at New Hampton Institution, and an academical course at Dartmouth college. For several successive years he was employed upon Cape Cod. During his sophomore and junior years he taught for five months each year at Dartmouth, Mass., and for

three months of his senior year at the same school. His classmate, Hon. James W. Patterson, thus speaks of him :

“When in attendance upon the college, Mr. Rolfe was exceptionally punctual in the discharge of all his duties. During his senior year he was never absent from a recitation, lecture, or other exercise. He asked for no excuse, and met every requisition. Such a record is unusual in college classes, and perhaps stood alone in his own. Mr. Rolfe’s student life was eminently successful, both in the acquisition of mental discipline and scholarly attainments. In 1848 he graduated from Dartmouth with the highest respect of the faculty, and the warmest attachment of his classmates.”

Although compelled to be absent teaching five months during the first three years of his collegiate course, upon his graduation he received this special commendation from the president of the institution :

“DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, July 25, 1848.

“This may certify that Mr. Henry P. Rolfe is a graduate of the present year at this college. He is a highly respected student. His course has been remarkably correct and exemplary. It gives me pleasure to commend him as a good scholar and an upright man. He is a well qualified teacher, and worthy of the confidence and patronage of any who may have occasion for his services.”

Mr. Rolfe, after graduation, entered the law-office of Hon. Asa Fowler, of Concord, on the 21st of September, and, after two and a half years of study, was admitted to the bar in May, 1851. On admission to the bar he im-

mediately opened an office in Concord, and step by step advanced in professional strength and standing, till, in 1869, he was appointed United States attorney for the district of New Hampshire by President Grant, and discharged the responsible and exacting duties of the office vigorously, ably, and conscientiously for five years.

During the years 1852 and 1853 he was a member of the board of education for Concord, and served as chairman of the board the last year. He was also elected as a Democrat to represent the town in the legislature in 1853. He was again sent to the legislature as a Republican, to represent Ward 5 in the city of Concord, during the stormy years of 1863 and 1864. This was during the period of war when the government called for the services of its ablest and most trusted citizens.

In 1859 and 1860 he was the Democratic candidate for state senator from his district, and during the latter year was a candidate for presidential elector for the same party, on the Douglas ticket.

In 1866 he was appointed postmaster of Concord by Andrew Johnson, but his commission was withheld because he refused to assist in electing Democrats to congress.

In 1878 Governor Prescott made Mr. Rolfe a member of the commission to take testimony, and report to the legislature what legislation was necessary to protect citizens in the vicinity of lake Winnipiseogee against the encroachments of the Lake Company.

An investigation was had, and a report made by the commission, and

where constant complaint had been made, not a murmur of dissatisfaction has since been heard.

"This is no ordinary record, and is the evidence of solid merit. Mr. Rolfe has been a patient student, a sound lawyer, and a strong advocate. A good cause is safe in his hands,—if a suit-at-law can be said to be safe in any hands. He has often been called to speak before assemblies of his fellow-citizens, political and otherwise. On such occasions he always impresses his hearers with the extent and accuracy of his information, and with his strong and sterling good sense. Mr. Rolfe believes what he says, and says what he believes. His friendships are strong, and he is slow to see faults in those whom he loves."*

On the 22d of November, 1853, he married Mary Rebecca Sherburn, daughter of Robert H. Sherburn, of Concord, by whom he has had five children, as follows:

Marshall Potter Rolfe, born September 29, 1854; died August 6, 1862.

Margaret Florence, born January 12, 1858; died May 2, 1858.

Henrietta Maria, born January 17, 1861; died September 22, 1862.

Robert Henry Rolfe, born October 16, 1863; attended the schools of the city of Concord; graduated at the high school; and graduated at Dartmouth college, class of 1884. He is

now in the employ of the Concord Railroad.

George Hamilton Rolfe, born Dec. 24, 1866, received his education at the Concord schools and at the Holderness School for Boys, and is now employed in the Concord office of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad.

In the spring of 1882, Mr. Rolfe nearly lost his life from the kick of a vicious horse. The result of this terrible accident has been the loss of his right eye, and for a long time a complete prostration of the nervous system, from which he slowly recovered. From the original force of his constitution and the sleepless care of his most estimable wife, he was brought back to his professional duties and power gradually, until he fully regained his former vigor and elasticity.

In closing the sketch of Mr. Rolfe in "History of Merrimack County," Mr. Patterson said,—“This brief sketch of life and character has been drawn by an impartial, though friendly hand, and it gives us no ordinary man. Mr. Rolfe is a man of large frame and unusual gifts of mind. He has led an active, successful life, but in the judgment of the writer has never yet brought the full strength of his faculties into action. He has a reserve of power which it is hoped the future may give him an opportunity to use.”

* Hon. James W. Patterson

THE IRISH-SCOTS AND THE SCOTCH-IRISH.—Continued.

BY HON. JOHN C. LINEHAN.

Of the truth of the quotations from the writers mentioned, modern thought and research are bearing proof; and the time has arrived, thanks to writers and philologists like Max Müller, when statements referring to the ancient civilization of Ireland will not be received with a look of contemptuous doubt, or a sneer of scornful incredulity.

Of ancient Irish art, a writer in Chambers says,—“Of articles of metal, stone, clay, and other materials in use among the ancient Irish, a large collection has been formed in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. It is remarkable that a greater number and variety of antique golden articles of remote age have been found in Ireland than in any other part of northern Europe, and the majority of the gold antiquities illustrative of British history now preserved in the British Museum are Irish.”

Speaking on the same subject, Prof. Llewellyn Jewitt, F. S. A., in the *Art Journal*, Appleton's reprint, remarks,—“The Irish, as we all know, were in ancient times—as many of the gifted sons and daughters of that gifted land are at the present day—remarkable for the beauty and intricacy of their designs, and for the marvellous delicacy, precision, and finish of their workmanship, whether in metal, stone, or bellum. Their early designs present remarkable and striking peculiarities, and exhibit a greater inventive power, a stricter adhesion to sound principles of art, than those

of any other contemporaneous people. The style, which can only be called the ‘Irish style,’ is national to that country, and was pursued for many centuries with the same spirited characteristics, and the same amount of elaboration and intricacy. The carved stone crosses, the metal fibule, shrines, bells, cases, croziers, illuminated manuscripts, and indeed every species of ornamental work, evince the same skill in design and the same general adhesion to one fixed principle, and show that whatever the material worked upon, or whatever the size or use of the object upon which that work was expended, the mind of the Irish artist was guided by the same feeling and the same fixed idea.”

In the illustrated catalogue of the Archaeological Museum at Edinburgh, 1856, is a description of St. Patrick's bell: “It is six inches high, five inches broad, and four inches deep, and is kept in a case or shrine of brass, enriched with gems and with gold filigree, and made (as an inscription in Irish shows) between the years 1091 and 1105.” The bell itself is believed to be mentioned in the “Annals of Ulster” as early as the year 552. It is preserved in Belfast. “The four-sided bell of St. Gall, an Irish missionary, who died in 646, is still shown in the monastery of the city which bears his name in Switzerland.”

No explanation of the use of these hand bells, so important at church services, is necessary for members of

the Catholic church, and hardly even for those who are not.

Of the objects of antique art in gold, brooches especially, found in Ireland, the writer says,—“Many are wonderfully beautiful in workmanship, and still more so in design, and it is doubtful if antiquity has left us anything more perfect in the way of personal ornament than the so-called Hunterstone brooch. It was found in 1830 in the parish of Kilbride, Ayrshire; it has a legible inscription in Gaelic.”

One of the finest specimens of cinerary urns found in the British Isles was discovered in a small stone chamber in Bagnalstown, County Carlow, Ireland, now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. Of this branch of early Irish art Prof. Jewitt treats exhaustively, and illustrates with many engravings. Of urns found in different parts of Ireland he says,—“It is not too much to say that in an equal degree with metal work, with illuminations, and with interlaced designs in sculpture, the decorations, nay, even the general forms, of the early fictile productions of the Irish people are in advance of those of coeval nations, and exhibit more ‘flow’ and general taste than they do.”

Charles G. Leland, director of the industrial art schools of Philadelphia, in an interesting article in *Longman's Magazine* for November, 1886, on ancient Irish art, says,—“It is possible that the mere suggestion of industrial art finding an opening for the unemployed in Ireland will bring a smile to many who should give it serious consideration, and who possibly anticipate something funny to say at Irish expense. And yet the Irishman

has capacity for art. It was a clever race in prehistoric times, and no one can say the stream was ever less broad than it is now. It had men who were almost Shakespeares, and who were quite as much as Bopps and Grimms, before we had writing. Now if I can prove that there ever was a time when the Irish were preëminently an art-loving and artistic people, I shall beg leave to assume, that, arguing from the strongest analogy, they may again become so. It is only within a few years that one could venture such a statement: until very recently the world was not well enough educated to understand it. We are only just coming into an age when decoration is deemed to be an art at all. To the connoisseur diletante of the last generation, nurtured in the renaissance and in statue life, the wondrous ‘Book of Kells,’ that triumph of a pure, illuminated manuscript, seemed an eccentric barbarism and an industrious idleness. And I have yet to hear or read anywhere, what I earnestly believe, that the so-called later Celtic, or purely Irish, decoration is, take it altogether, the most elegant and ingenious style of decoration which the world has ever seen. When Roman art had died, and was not yet fully revived in the Romanesque, there sprang up in an obscure part of Europe that which eventually gave tone to, and determined more than any cause whatever, the decorative art of the middle age. When I say the decorative art of this period, I say, in a word, all its art, for there never was a phase of art more decorative. It compared to the classic or the Greek, as a forest of one kind of tree, bound with a million

vines and colored with millions of flowers, compares with a group of ferns, or of a single grove of palms. Now the soul of all this fanciful tracery and wild ornament was derived from the illuminations of the manuscripts. This art preceded the wonderfully florid architecture in which it reappeared, and this art was Irish. It was purely and entirely Irish. In the darkest day of the dark ages, there was a bright fire of intellect in Ireland. It attested itself, not only in the purest piety, in theology and poetry, in legend and lay, but in a new art. From this fire went bright sparks, which kindled fresher fires all over Europe. Irish monks carried to the court of Charlemagne the new style of illuminating manuscripts, and combined it with heavy Romanesque, which was yet almost Roman. From this union sprang the new art, but all that was most original and remarkable in it was Irish. Those who would verify what I have said, for examples of it may consult the '*Palæographia*' of Westwood, who was one of the first, I believe, to make known the wonderful influence which Ireland exerted in art. Architecture, also, flourished in Ireland, at this time, to a degree which is even known now to but few. I hazard the statement, which will, I believe, yet be verified, that before the advent of Norman architecture there were more and better stone edifices than were erected by the Saxons.

"To the impartial student of decorative art, the later Celtic metal-work is almost miraculous. Its two great differences from the contemporary ornament of Europe, or what came later, lie in this. Gothic art, with

all its richness and variety, was given to repetition. Later Celtic is simply of incredible variety: every design in it indicates that its artists never repeated themselves. They combined intricacy with elegance to a degree which astonishes us. Whatever opinion the world may have as to the esthetic value of Irish art, one thing is true: the men who made it had the minds which could have mastered anything in the decorative art, for they were nothing if they were not original, and their art was manifestly universal or general. It was produced by common artisans. It was of the people. It was most evidently not produced under the greatest advantages of wealth and luxury or patronage. I do not, and cannot believe, that, the blood being the same with that of the men who a thousand years ago taught decorative art to all Europe, the Irish of the present day cannot do what they did of old."

In all the quotations made here, not one has been taken from Irish writers. The day has not yet arrived when Irish authority can be offered with the assurance that it would be accepted. Prejudice and ignorance, as the last writer alludes to, still control the pen and the voice of many who would, were it otherwise, be the loudest in defence of the Niobe of nations; but it will come in its own good time. Meanwhile, with such a record before them, can the modern Scotch-Irish-American be ashamed of such an ancestry?

Hon. William Parsons, the celebrated lecturer, a relative of the illustrious Lawrence Parsons, Earl of Rosse, an Irish Protestant, and a lover of his country, in an article re

cently published, voices the sentiment of the true Irishman, when, speaking of the battle of Clontarf, where the power of the Northmen was forever broken in Ireland, says,—“Yet this was once the arena of a bloody battle which decided the fate of a kingdom. The struggle took place at this spot, where an Irish prince met and repelled the Danish invaders—the terror of Europe and of imperial Rome itself. Here the galleys of the Norsemen anchored; here stands the old castle built by the Crusaders; here the well where the victor slaked his thirst, and which to-day bears his name. But the dust of antiquity, like that of Egypt, has fallen heavily upon a spot rich in historical associations. If the stranger inquires of an inhabitant for any particulars, the reply is a crude one,—‘Yes, here took place the battle of Clontarf,’ the Salamis of Ireland. That is all that is known, for this anomalous island has no history. All records of historic fame lie in musty archives of the state. All deeds of enterprise and chivalry, to remind posterity of the prowess and glory of their forefathers, are forbidden and put down by an act of parliament: *not an Irish history permitted in an Irish national school.* ‘That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer amid the ruins of Iona,’ are the words of Doctor Johnson, speaking of the value of history, and are good illustrations of historic Grecian valor and ancient Irish Christianity. The Greeks at Marathon were more successful in contending with their foes, the Persians, than the unarmed, peaceful

monks of Iona, whose lives and works were destroyed by the accursed, much vaunted Vikings, the scourge of religion and morality. Doctor Johnson, writing on a proposal to compile a national history of Ireland in his day, said,—‘Such a design should be prosecuted. Ireland is less known than any other country as to its ancient state. I have long wished that the Irish literature were cultivated. Ireland is known by tradition to have been the seat of piety and learning, and surely it would be very acceptable to all those who are curious, either in the origin of nations or the affinities of language, to be further informed of the resolutions of a people so ancient and once so illustrious.’”

In the article on the “Welsh Language and Literature,” in Chambers’s Encyclopædia, it says “that preposterous as the views of most patriotic Welshmen are on this subject—antiquity of their language—it is undoubtedly true that the Welsh is one of the oldest living languages in Europe, and that it possesses a literature reaching back to remoter times than that of any modern tongue *except Irish.*” From a sketch of the “Life of St. Willibrod,” in the same work, it can be found that this “saint, apostle of the Frisians, and first bishop of Utrecht, was born in the kingdom of Northumbria in 658; educated in the monastery of Ripon; and for final instruction was sent, like most of the monks of that age, to Ireland, where he remained thirteen years.

A remarkable instance of the character of the Irish people for piety, at the period (1640) of the Ulster plantations, is to be found in Francis

Parkman's "Jesuits in North America," where, speaking of the arrival of Father Jogues in Brest, France, on applying to a peasant for the nearest way to the church, "he was mistaken, by reason of his modest deportment, for some poor but pious Irishman, and asked in to share their supper." This is of interest on account of the "morals" of the Irish, as spoken of by the writers quoted.

Chambers (vol. i, p. 432), speaking of the Isles of Arran, near the entrance of Galway bay, says,—“Anciently these islands formed an important ecclesiastical seat. Containing at one time twenty churches and monasteries, Irishmore was the centre of these, still known as ‘Arran of the Saints.’” Many pilgrims still visit the old shrines and relics scattered through the islands. St. Kenanach’s church, built in the seventh century, still exists, as well as the stone oratories and little bee-hive stone huts of the monks of the sixth and seventh centuries. The military antiquities are not less remarkable, consisting of nine circular Cyclopean fortresses of unhewn, uncemented stone, portions of the walls still being twenty feet high. The largest of these, Dún Angus,—Fort of Angus,—on a cliff 220 feet high, is one of the most magnificent barbaric monuments in Europe. On page 662, vol 1, ‘Chambers’, there is this mention of Bangor abbey (Ban-choir), the white choir, one of the most noted seats of learning in Europe between the seventh and the tenth centuries: “St. Cungaill founded Bangor abbey in 555, of which the ruins still remain. From this abbey, Alfred selected professors when he founded the University of

Oxford. In the ninth century it contained three thousand inmates.” It was situated near the entrance to Belfast lough. Of Cashel, another celebrated seat of learning in ancient times, in the south of Ireland, the same authority (vol. ii, p. 648) speaks: “The ancient kings of Munster resided here. The top of the height, or ‘rock of Cashel,’ is occupied by an assemblage of the most remarkable ruins in Ireland. The ruins consist of a cathedral founded in 1169; a stone-roofed chapel, built in 1127 by Cormac MacCarthy, king of Munster, and the most perfect specimen of the kind in the country; Hore abbey, founded in 1260; the palace of the Munster kings; and a round tower ninety feet high and fifty-six feet in circumference.”

Of St. Columb-kille, the same authority says,—“He was one of the greatest names in the early ecclesiastical history of the British Isles; was born in Donegal. His father was connected with the princes of Ireland and the west of Scotland. Among those with whom he studied were St. Congall, St. Ciaran, and St. Cainnech. In 546 he founded Derry. So conspicuous was his devotion, that he received the name of St. Colum-cille, or ‘Columba of the Church.’ In 563, in his forty-second year, he founded the celebrated school of Iona, on the west coast of Scotland, from whence went forth missionaries to the Picts, the Scots of Caledonia, the Saxons of Britain, and to the pagans of northern Europe. He died at the age of seventy-seven, between the 8th and 9th of June, 597. The Venerable Bede said of him, ‘But whatever sort of person he was himself, this we know

of him for certain, that he left after him successors eminent for their strict continence, divine love, and exact discipline.' His life was written by one of his successors, St. Adamnan, 679, and contains the most accurate description of the habits and customs of the Scots of those times of any work in existence."

St. Columba, one of the most learned and eloquent of the many missionaries whom Ireland sent forth to the continent during the Dark Ages, was born in Loenster about the year 545; studied in the great monastery of Bangor, in Ulster; went to France in his forty-fifth year, with twelve companions, and founded the monasteries of Annegray, Lupenil, and Fontaine. For rebuking the vices of the Burgundian court he was expelled from France. He went to Lombardy, and founded, in 612, the famous monastery of Bobbio, in the Apennines, where he died in November, 615. His life, written within a century after his death by Jonas, one of his successors, has been repeatedly printed. The most complete edition of his works is in Fleming's *Collectanea Sacra*, published in Louvain in 1667, and now of such rarity that a copy sells for about \$175." He was spoken of in the highest terms by no less authority than Guizot. The town of San Columbano, in Lombardy, takes its name from the Irish monk, as the town and canton of St. Gall, in Switzerland, perpetuates the name of the most favored of his disciples. From this name of Colum, Colm, Columba, comes the modern name of MacCullum, MacCallum, McCullum-more, still common in the highlands; and it would not be at all

surprising if the ancestors of the "great admiral," Christopher Columbus, took their surname Columbo from the town named for the Irish saint eight hundred and eighty years before the discovery of America, and thus perpetuates the memory of the devout servant of God in the now glorious name of Columbia. Aleghri, the celebrated Italian painter, as was the custom, took for his surname, when he acquired fame, the cognomen of Corregio from the town in which he was born; and is now known to art by that name only. It is therefore not at all improbable that the family of the great discoverer acquired their name in the same manner, and the memory of the saint and the great republic honored alike in the poetical name of Columbia.

An abbey, founded by St. Finbar in Cork in 600, had seven hundred scholars (vol. 3, p. 242).

Of St. Gall mentioned, Chambers says that "he was a disciple of St. Columba; founded the abbey bearing his name, in the seventh century, in Switzerland, one of the distinguished band who, in that age, from the various monasteries of Ireland and the kindred establishments of Iona, carried the elements of learning and civilization over a large part of the continent of Europe. He acquired such fame for sanctity by his teaching and example, that on his death there arose, in honor of his memory, what in progress of time became one of the most celebrated of the many-magnificent establishments of the Benedictine order. The succession of abbots from the days of St. Gall is carefully chronicled, and the share which each of them had in the erection and en-

largement of the monastic buildings. Through their piety and zeal, the Abbey of St. Gall became one of the masterpieces of mediæval architecture; and the genius and skill, which were lavished in its construction and on the decoration of its halls and cloisters, had a large share in developing the Christian art of the period. The monks of St. Gall, too, may be reckoned among the best friends and preservers of ancient literature. They were indefatigable in the collection and transcription of manuscripts, Biblical, patristic, sacred, and profane history—classical, liturgical, and legendary. Some of the manuscripts, which are still shown in the library, are monuments of the skill and industry of the copyists; and several of the classics,—Quintilian, Silius Italicus, and Ammianns Marcellinus,—have been preserved solely through the manuscripts of St. Gall.”

Kind reader, pause here, and reflect. This class—the monks—you have been taught to believe were immoral, indolent, and sensual; and the race, from whence sprung the founder of this illustrious institution, to be incorrigibly ignorant, thriftless, and improvident. Think, then, on what they have done for you and for mankind, and remember that to them and to the professors of religion, the world over, whether Catholic or Protestant, the entire credit is due for the establishment of the great centres of learning, in Rome, Bangor, Cashel, Derry, Armagh, St. Gall, Oxford, Cambridge, Pavia, Bobbio, Luxeuil, Heidelberg, Dublin, Paris, Glasgow, Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Princeton, etc. The Voltaires, Paines, Rousseaus, and men of that ilk, have left

nothing behind them but their infamous memories and their blasphemous writings; but as long as time rolls on, the pious and lasting works of the monks of the “Island of Saints” will be eternal memorials of their self-sacrifice, love, patient labors, and undying faith in the gospel taught by their Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. For those who love to read of the labors performed by the men who turned their backs on their homes forever in order to follow in the footsteps of their Redeemer, the pages of an encyclopædia will be dry and uninteresting, but in Montelambert’s “Monks of the West” a feast awaits all who can throw prejudice aside, and study for themselves the story of the conversion of their ancestors to the Christian faith, by the unceasing labors and fervent faith of the disciples of Sts. Patrick, Bridget, and Columbkille.

In the yard of St. Paul’s Episcopal church, on Broadway, New York, and in plain view from the sidewalk, are three monuments, the most conspicuous in the cemetery, erected in memory of three men, Irish and Protestant, who would, if buried in New Hampshire, be found on the roll of illustrious “Scotch-Irishmen,” but who were in life proud to be known as Irishmen simply. One of them came here before the Revolution, a young man, an officer in the English army; served in the “old French war,” resigned at its close, settled in New York state, was one of the first to draw his sword for the establishment of the Union, one of the first four brigadiers appointed by congress, and the first of the four to die for his adopted country.

The second was a brother of one whose dying speech has been declaimed in every school-house in the land, and who barely escaped the gallows for complicity in the struggle for which his brother was hung. He was kept in prison for years, and was finally given his freedom on condition of leaving the confines of Britain. He came to New York, and, after a long and brilliant practice as an advocate, died as chancellor of the state. His death took place suddenly while in the midst of a plea, and a brass tablet erected by the New York

bar marks the place of his death. The third, for an offence similar to that of the second, had to leave Ireland, and in the practice of his profession—that of medicine—acquired fame and renown equal to his fellow-countrymen; and the stranger, passing by on the busiest thoroughfare in the world, involuntarily pauses and pays tribute to the memories of General Richard Montgomery, Thomas Addis Emmett, and Dr. Mac-nevin. The inscriptions on the monuments tell the story of their deeds as well as their love of country.

[To be continued.]

LOCOMOTION IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

The first men went wholly afoot. A long time elapsed even before animals were tamed and subjected to the use of mankind. Nimrod, and the early pre-historic kings, knew of no means of locomotion superior to that practised by the North American Indians when the Europeans discovered them. The unnamed princesses, the antediluvian Eugenies and Victorias, if they visited each other at all, had no better way than of tripping the distance, long or short, on their dainty pedals. The hunter and the warrior pursued their prey on foot, unaided by any invention of their own more than what the Alpine chamois hunter has to-day in his iron-shod "stock." True, this simple implement could be put to important uses, as we see it is by the Switzer. In leaping dangerous chasms and running over rugged ground, it can almost be made to supply the place of wings. Still, such a humble aid would be scorned

by most of our modern Nimrods, who ride to their shooting-boxes behind the swift locomotive or in sumptuous vehicles, and follow their deer on thorough-bred Arabians.

The earliest record we have of conveyance is the camel. In ancient times this animal furnished the only means of transportation in exchanging the produce and merchandise of Egypt on the one hand, and of Assyria and India on the other. Even at the present day, through Persia, Arabia, Barbary, and Egypt, the camel is largely used as in the days of old, not only to carry merchandise, but as a carriage for passengers. The use of the horse, the mule, and the ass is probably of a date nearly contemporary with that of the camel.

In southern Asia the elephant was early trained, and centuries before Greece and Rome were known was used as a beast of burden, and in the service of pomp and pageantry and

war. In these latter respects particularly the huge quadruped was a valuable auxiliary. His height and majesty, his formidable strength, and his ability to carry great loads both of baggage and of soldiers, placed him at par in the estimation of kings. As a medium of transportation he was not so well adapted as the camel or the horse, and consequently he was not so generally used.

Travel in ancient times was comparatively slight. Especially in the west was it so, where the forests and the hills presented obstacles that were not found in the eastern deserts. Only now and then an adventurer, thirsting for knowledge, had the courage to wander into distant countries. Journeying on foot or on horseback or by sea, he occupied years in an expedition that the modern European could make in comfort and safety in as many weeks. But, generally speaking, the only class of men who saw anything of the world beyond their native villages and cities were the soldiers and the merchants. The large proportion of mankind lived and died in the places where they were born. The general absence of roads and of convenient means of carriage kept people at home. For long ages there were absolutely no artificial means of locomotion; and afterwards, when carts and chariots of a rude construction came into use, they were available only to the wealthy and the powerful.

It is not known who invented the first wheeled carriage. His name should have been preserved in the noble catalogue of the Stephensons and the Fultons and other illustrious benefactors of the race. When we

consider the age in which he lived, the vast hindrances he triumphed over, and the usefulness of his invention, we feel as though this early, unnamed mechanic stood at the head of the fraternity. His creation was a rude, clumsy affair, yet from this crude original has sprung the idea of our elegant spring buggy and the magnificent palace car.

The earliest rude attempts at wheel carriages we find pictured on the monuments of Egypt. Only two wheels are used, and the body rested on springless axles. The wheels were generally about four feet in diameter, and each consisted of a hub bound with iron, from four to six spokes, a felloe of elastic wood, and an iron tire. The chariot was made of wood and leather, and in most cases richly ornamented. It was high in front and open behind. Their greatest use was in war and to grace state occasions.

The Egyptian plaustrum was the travelling chariot which was usually drawn by oxen. It differed from the ordinary war chariot only in having its sides closed. An umbrella was sometimes fixed over it when used for women of rank, as over the king's chariot on certain occasions. Only one instance of a four-wheeled carriage has been found among Egyptian monuments, and that was pictured on the bandages of a mummy exhumed near Thebes. Vehicles of that nature could not have been common.

The chariots used by contemporary eastern nations were not dissimilar in their general form to those of Egypt. The Assyrian war chariot was made of wood. Like the Egyptian, it was mounted from behind, where it was completely open. The wheels were

two in number, and were placed far back, at or very near the extreme end of the body, so that the weight pressed considerably upon the pole. They had remarkably broad felloes, thin and delicate spokes, and moderately sized axles. The number of spokes was either six or eight. Among the Greeks four horses were sometimes yoked to a car, and the Lydians and Romans attached several spans, but the Egyptians and the eastern nations seldom used more than a span. Not a few of the old nations rendered the chariot doubly formidable and destructive by attaching long, sharp hooks or scythes to the hubs.

The Babylonians had a peculiar car, four-wheeled, and drawn by four horses, with an elevated platform in front and a seat behind for a driver. This was probably not a war chariot, but a sacred vehicle, like the *tensa* of the Romans. The Medians used even in war beside chariots a kind of cart drawn by mules, and consisting of a flat stage raised upon lofty wheels which had as many as twelve and even sixteen spokes. Some of these carriages were large enough to hold half a dozen persons, and those of the richest kind were adorned with a fringed or ornamental cloth. The prophet Ezekiel probably alludes to these carts when he speaks of the "chariots, wagons, and wheels" belonging to the "Babylonians, and all the Chaldeans, Pekod, and Shoa, and Koa, and all the Assyrians" who were to come up against Jerusalem.

Among the Persians a covered car was in use called the *harmamaxa*. Women of high rank usually travelled in it, and it was in such a carriage that Epyaxa, the wife of Syrennesis,

king of Cilicia, whom Xenophon speaks of in his *Anabasis*, rode when she went to meet the younger Cyrus. Not much improvement, however, had been made in carriages for ladies since the days of the Egyptian queen Amunmhet, or the Greek princess Nausicaa of whom Homer sings. The latter riding to the sea-coast in her rude car drawn by mules presents a picture quite as cosy and comfortable as that of Thais riding with Alexander, or Messalina when she rode to and from the Palatine.

The Romans made use of several forms of carriage. The *carpentum*, seen on antique coins, was a two-wheeled car with an arched covering. The stately state chariots of the later Roman emperors were four-wheeled. No one had yet thought of springs; their absence was supplied by a liberal provision of cushions, which saved the imperial good-for-nothing's sides from what bumps he might have received travelling over the roads of that day. In ancient paintings at Herculaneum, carriages are represented that resemble much the old English post-chaise drawn by two horses, upon one of which the driver sits: but these could not have been common. Palanquins and the ordinary two-wheeled chariots were the conveyances most in use.

The northern nations that overthrew the Roman empire were all famous equestrians. Everybody rode horseback; and although carriages of several kinds were known, kings and knights considered them as effeminate machines, and scorned to be seen within them. Even the ladies rode sometimes on separate animals, and at other times behind their lords on the

same steed. Side-saddles were first introduced into England under the reign of Richard II. Prior to this time the ladies had rode *a la homme*. In the illuminations of the middle ages many ludicrous scenes are depicted of the woman journeying with the man and riding in the same fashion. The brave Queen Philippa, the magnificent Eleanor of Aquitaine, and the warlike Jane of Montfort, all of whom led armed hosts to battle and to victory, bestrode their gallant steeds like men.

Up to the fifteenth century horseback riding was the most common mode of travelling. Knights and monarchs attended courts and tournaments, judges and lawyers rode circuits, physicians visited their patients, minstrels travelled from land to land on horseback, and popes, bishops, and abbots ambled on quiet horses and mules. The famous company that stopped at the Tabard Inn in Canterbury, of whom Chaucer gossips quaintly, travelled in this manner. Heavy goods were conveyed by means of pack-horses. Shakespeare often alludes to this mode of transportation. In Scene I, Act of "Henry IV," two carriers make their appearance in the inn yard at Rochester. One of them carries turkeys in his panniers—a heavy load judging by the plight of his worried steed; the other had a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, that were destined for some public house at Charing Cross.

Some of the more luxurious and effeminate monarchs patronized carriages on occasions. One of the old chroniclers tells, in a spirit of admiration, of the splendid gilt car of the last Gothic king of Spain, Don Roderick, but it seems that the enervated

monarch used it but seldom. In the battle in which he lost both kingdom and life, he was mounted on his war horse, Orelia. The Visigoths were, however, considerably advanced in luxury. A hundred years before Roderick's time, when Brunehant, daughter of Athanagilde, married Sigebert, king of the Franks, the bride took her departure from Spain in a round car of silver. The Rois Faineants, those famous or infamous lazy kings of France, voluptuous and effeminate as Roderick, did not ride in so splendid a state. When they visited their various palaces, they journeyed in an ox-cart, which was not much superior to a modern country hay-wagon. It was a large, unwieldily vehicle, made strong, and mounted on wooden wheels. In cold or wet weather it was fitted with a tilt or awning.

Somewhat superior in point of comfort to these boxes on wheels were the hammock carriages made use of by the Anglo Saxon monarchs. A strong hammock suspended between four wheels made a carriage that for ease was not so far behind the old-fashioned thoroughbrace as one might think. But after the Norman conquest the fashion went back to the old two-wheeled carriage again. King John's state carriage was a simple cart, with two wheels covered with emblazoned leather; the door was the rear, and the vehicle was drawn by a horse. It was from a bruise caused by a fall from one of these cumbersome carriages, or coaches as they were called by the chroniclers, that William de Ferrers, seventh Earl of Derby, died in the year 1253.

The Carroccio, or great standard

car of Milan, cannot well be omitted in our enumeration of the carriages of the past. Feelings of religion and of military glory were strangely associated with the Carroccio. It was an invention of Eribert, a warlike archbishop of Milan, in 1035, who designed it as a defence against the impetuous charges of the feudal cavalry. It was a car upon four wheels, painted red, and so heavy that it was drawn by six yoke of oxen that wore splendid trappings of scarlet. In the centre of the carriage rose a tall mast crowned by a golden orb, from which floated the banner of the Republic, and beneath it was an image of the crucifix. Two platforms occupied the car in front and behind the mast, the first filled with a few of the most valiant soldiers of the army, the chosen guard of the standard, the latter with a band of martial music. Singular as the construction was, it completely answered the purpose of the inventor, and for many centuries the Carroccio was regarded as the palladium of Milan.

Carriages called whirlecotes were in limited use in England in the time of Richard II. They are supposed to have been covered carriages of some sort, and were used principally by women and invalids. At the time of Wat Tyler's rebellion, the king's mother was conveyed in one of them, being sick and weak, from the Tower of London to Miles End. The use of these covered carriages or wagons gradually became popular throughout Europe, although there was great opposition made to them by some of the kings and the feudal nobility. As early as the year 1294, Philip the Fair, of France, issued an ordinance

for suppressing luxury, in which the wives of citizens were forbidden use of carriages. In the archives of the county of Marche there is preserved an edict, in which the feudal nobility and vassals are prohibited from using carriages under pain of incurring the punishment of felony. The want of carriage roads and the narrowness of the streets must have been serious impediments to the general use of vehicles, yet the taste for them seemed to grow. Isabella of Bavaria, Queen of France, at the time of her coronation in 1389, was the first to ride to the cathedral in a car covered with linen cloth. Hitherto the queens and princesses had travelled on horseback or in litters on those occasions. "Chariots covered, with ladies therein," followed the litter in which Catherine of Arragon was borne to her coronation with Henry VIII in 1509.

The vehicle we denominate by the name of coach appears to have been a Hungarian invention about 1350. By the middle of the next century they were in general use by the German emperors. The emperor, Frederick III, it is stated, came to attend the council at Frankfort in 1474, in a very magnificent covered carriage. The German princes soon copied the fashion, and all through the sixteenth century vied with each other in the splendor of their equipages. At the tournament in Ruppin in 1509, the electors of Brandenburg appeared in a coach gilt all over. - There were twelve other coaches there ornamented with crimson, and one of the Duchess of Mecklenburg hung with red satin. One German potentate long stood out against the innovation. Duke John of Brunswick would not ride in one,

and in 1588 published an order in which he soundly rated his vassals for neglect of horsemanship, and forbade them to appear or travel in coaches. But his prohibition could not prevent their growing popularity.

In 1540 the first carriages on springs were introduced at Paris, only three being used at the time. One of these belonged to the queen, another to Diane de Poitiers, and the third to René de Laval, a corpulent nobleman who was unable to ride on horseback. The fourth coach with springs was made for Henry III. In 1610 Henry IV was assassinated in his coach. In the following reign they were so much in vogue that the nobles and ladies rode to the chase in open coaches or hunting chariots. The gallant days were over when high-born dame, attended by her knight and page, galloped to the field with hawk on wrist.

Grotesquely prosaic is the picture of a French hunting scene of the time of Louis XIII, the gentlemen and ladies all in a carriage with a postilion to drive the horses. The first notice of coaches being suspended by straps is of that in which Louis XIV made his public entrance about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The first coach ever seen in England is said to have been made by Walter Rippon for Henry Manners, Earl of Rutland, in 1555. Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, presented one to Queen Elizabeth in 1564 made by the same gentleman. It is described as "a chariot throne drawn by two white horses." In this grand state carriage the Tudor queen rode from Somerset House to Paul's Cross to return thanks after the destruction of

the Spanish Armada in 1688. The fashion thus sanctioned by royal usage found many imitators. Says the quaint chronicler Stow,—“After awhile divers great ladies, with as great jealousy of the queen’s displeasure, made them coaches and rid in them up and down the country, to the great admiration of all the beholders; but then by little and little they grew usual among the nobilitie and others of sort, and within twentie years became a great trade of coach making.”

For a long time after their introduction, however, it was considered disgraceful for a man to ride in a coach. Sir Philip Sydney would not have been seen riding in one any quicker than he would have been seen in the street in petticoat and waistcoat. There was a huge outcry against them on the ground that they promoted effeminate luxury. Some of the industrial classes urged the abolition of the new system on account of the injury it did them. The shop-keepers complained that the coaches entirely ruined their business. “Formerly,” they said, “when ladies and gentlemen walked in the streets, there was a chance of obtaining customers to inspect and purchase our commodities; but now they whisk past in the coaches before our apprentices have time to cry out, ‘What d’ye lack?’” The boatmen on the Thames were scarcely less bitter, for the introduction of the new vehicle interfered largely with their business. Pamphlets were written against the new mode of locomotion, and the hostility did not diminish for a long time. Even parliament took up the discussion of the question, but on the 7th

of November, 1601, the bill to restrain the excessive use of coaches within the realm of England was rejected. In the end public convenience triumphed over private interest.

The first coaches were clumsy and ill-shapen affairs, and the earliest improvements were directed more to the increased elegance of the trappings than to the shape and ease of the carriage itself. In "*Old Mortality*," Scott very vividly describes the grotesque appearance of one of those vehicles: "The lord-lieutenant of the county, a personage of ducal rank, alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculpture, in shape like the vulgar pictures of Noah's ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, carrying eight insides and six out-sides. The insides were their graces in person, two maids of honor, two children, a chaplain stuffed into a sort of lateral recess formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called from its appearance the boot, and an equerry to his Grace enconced in a corresponding contrivance on the opposite side. A coachman and three postilions, who wore short swords and tie wigs with three tails, had blunderbusses slung beside them and pistols at their saddle-bows, conducted the equipage, and on the foot-boards behind this moving mansion-house stood, or rather hung, in triple pile, six lackeys in rich liveries armed up to the teeth."

The nobles travelled in great state in those days. We read that one of the Herberts, Earl of Pembroke, used to ride to his mansion of Baynard Castle with a retinue of three hun-

dred horsemen, a hundred of whom were gentlemen in suits of blue cloth, with chains round their necks, and badges on their sleeves bearing the dragon of the Herberts worked in gold. The Duke of Buckingham made still greater display. He was the first to use six horses; and in 1619 the Earl of Northumberland, to ridicule this pomp, appeared with eight horses. But thereafter it became common to use half a dozen or more horses to a coach.

The first decided improvement in carriages came from France, and the Count de Grammont gained great *éclat* at the court of Charles II by bringing over an elegant calash, which cost him two thousand Louis. He presented the beautiful vehicle to the king, and the queen and the Duchess of York rode in it for the first time, to their own contentment and the admiration of the whole court. Post-chaises were invented in 1664, but were not so frequently used as post-horses. In Scotland the only means of conveyance for goods was by pack-horses, with sacks thrown across the back. This mode of conveyance continued till about 1800, when one-horse carts came in use. Up to this time the manner of travelling was of a very rude and primitive nature, and in consequence of the bad roads the speed was not over four miles an hour for the mail coaches. In the reign of Charles II, stage-coach travelling was so poorly conducted that two days were spent in going from London to Oxford, a distance of fifty-eight miles; and in 1703, when Prince George of Denmark went from Windsor to Petworth, about forty miles, to meet Charles of Austria, pretender

to the throne of Spain, the journey occupied fourteen hours. Occasionally, however, the old chariot and four did great things, as when Lord Londonderry spoke in the house of lords one night, and was two hundred and fifty miles off at his own door in Durham on the next night.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Sedan chair was in popular use in most European countries. Several styles were in favor. Among the fops and ladies of Paris in the reign of Louis XIII, the chair was mounted on two wheels and drawn by a man, the door and steps being in front. In Spain they employed mules for the motive power, one going before and the other behind. The shafts on which the chair was suspended were long and springy, which gave an easy motion to the carriage. As a means of conveyance over the rocky roads of the Peninsula the mule chair was much more comfortable than any wheeled vehicles would have been. They are still used to some extent in that country. But the most convenient Sedan chair was borne by men. Nearly every noble kept his own Sedans, and night and day one would meet them by the scores in the streets of London, Paris, Madrid, and Rome. In the evening they were attended by link boys and retainers, making a splendid show. The introduction of the hackney coach drove the Sedan chair into disuse in England near the end of the last century, but in Scotland they retained their hold upon public favor fifty years longer. In the streets of Edinburgh, which are narrow and steep, Sedans were found much more convenient than coaches. The Sedan

bearers were mostly Highlanders, the picturesqueness of whose costume accorded well with the elegance and splendor of the richly carved and decorated Sedan.

The prototype of the Sedan chair was the palanquin which was used in ancient Egypt, and in China and India maintains its popularity at the present day. The only wheeled vehicle in China is a one-wheeled carriage much resembling our wheelbarrow, in which the Celestial ladies sometimes take a ride. Two passengers can occupy a carriage, and a Chinaman propels it. In India the houndah and the saddle are used by the natives when the palanquin is not in demand, but in Calcutta and all the larger cities wheeled carriages are used by the European residents. Travellers, who have used the palanquin, speak of it as a very comfortable carriage. The "hack" in Japan consists of a contrivance somewhat similar to the Sedan on wheels, which is known by the euphonious name of "Jinriksha." The concern is drawn by a man harnessed between two shafts.

In Siberia, Lapland, Greenland, and other northern nations, sleighs attached to dogs and reindeer furnish the only means of travel. For purposes of draught these animals perform a part that places them nearly on a par with the camel and the horse. The reindeer can draw two hundred and fifty pounds at a rate of ten miles an hour for ten hours with great ease. An Esquimaux, on his dog sledge, can journey ninety miles a day. The sledges present several modes of construction. The dog sledges are mostly runnered. In Lapland a canoe-shaped sledge is

commonly used—a carriage, according to Bayard Taylor, that is the rudest and meanest thing known to man.

From the time of the old Greeks and Romans, and away back to the ancient Egyptians, following up a period of four thousand years to the present age, the greatest advancement in the means of locomotion has been made during the past fifty years. Our grandfathers travelled just the same way as Cicero and Richard the Lion-hearted. The chariots of the English nobles in the time of George IV went no faster than the chariots of Alcibiades and Nero at the Olympian games. When Abraham wanted to send a message to Lot, he despatched a man on horseback, who galloped twelve miles an hour. When Washington wanted to send a message to Lady Washington, his courier could go no quicker. Mr. Pitt had no advantage above Agamemnon or Pericles in the facilities of travel, and if he had wanted to go from London to Edinburgh would have had to go at the same rate that Robert Bruce did—about eight miles an hour. The roads were as good, the bridges as safe, the public conveyances as convenient, and the rate of speed as rapid, in the days of the Cæsars as they were in the days of George III; and whether a man travelled in a Tartar kибитка, a Spanish mule chair, a poulka, or a London omnibus, was immaterial so far as real ease and convenience were concerned. To-day we laugh at all those devices. If a



traveller cannot average thirty miles an hour, he feels himself aggrieved. Our butchers' and grocers' wagons of to-day are more sightly and comfortable than was the state carriage of Charles I of England. And everything that has been done in this line since the world began—everything, perhaps, that the capacities of matter and the conditions of the human frame will ever allow to be done—has been done since we were boys.

We have mentioned but a few of the means of locomotion which have been contrived by the ingenuity of man, for our object was only to indicate a few salient points of contrast between the advantages enjoyed by travellers at the present day, and the cumbersome, uncomfortable modes of travelling in vogue till the introduction of railroads, steamships, and street cars. Man has sought in every way to supplement his natural means of locomotion. But not until steam came to be used was there any great improvement made in the means of rapid transit. The maximum of speed at which travellers can be transported with safety has probably been attained. Certainly, in view of the great improvements made during the past century, one cannot expect as great in the next one hundred years. And we imagine that nothing swifter than our lightning express trains will ever be invented. We may look for the chief improvements of the future in the direction of greater comfort and security.

ANTICIPATION—PRO AND CON.

BY VIRGINIA C. HOLLIS.

A weighty question as that once discussed
By Shakespeare's hero in a well known play
(To wit,—to live, or snap the vital thread)
Was that which two logicians reasoned long—
(For aught I know, 'tis left unsettled still—)

 *The sense, or folly, of Anticipation.* 

Said Number One,—“I view the matter thus :
Though in our inmost hearts we cannot help
Hopes rising which we wish may be fulfilled,
Yet we may strive to nip them in the bud
Lest they crop out and all our actions shape
Into the mould fulfilment would permit,
And then, fulfilment failing to arrive,
A sorrowing heart and tangled thread be ours,
In that the height to which Hope cheered us on
We find no plane, but have small comfort still
To find a rapid transit of descent
Which leads us back to where we started out :
Whereas, if, when some new hope stirs our hearts,
We, with true wisdom, quelled with stern resolve
This foe to sweet content and peace of mind,
And just pursued the tenor of our ways,
What *was* to be *would* be our portion still,
And we, unruffled by all *might-have-beens*,
Hail each new blessing with complacency,
And in one happy moment concentrate
The uncertain joy Anticipation gives.”

“I admit,” said Number Two, “there is much force
In what you've said ; and yet, *I* argue still,
The joy, or taste of joy, we find in Hope
While struggling on to reach to higher planes,
Gives, in the progress, some sweet compensation ;
For every yearning which the heart doth stir
Must raise it higher than it was before :
And though our yearning leads us up to heights,
And disappointment meets us at the brink,—
Tho' cherished objects, which we sought, have fled,—
Yet, having gained a higher altitude,
We from *that* point may seek one higher still.
And I contend that if we really gain
The joys we hope for and anticipate,

The blessing's doubled in its worth to us,
In that we've had it in perspective long
Before it really was our very own."

"I see, I see," said Number One," your views
Are very plausible, and yet, to me
Anticipated joys, like *forcèd* fruits,
Seem premature, or make their seasons so;
We glut ourselves on that which comes ahead
Of time, so that which in its *season* comes
Gives not the relish to our palates which
It would if we had waited its full time.
So, on our joys foretasted, we expend
And waste the essence of capacity
Of true enjoyment, which should be condensed
In one full moment of ecstatic bliss.
A few *such* moments in a life-time pay
For hours of pain along Life's thorny way:
And then, your argument of double joys
I claim, in that the retrospective bliss
Which Memory gathers as she backward walks
Is joy renewed—a *sure* material joy
And happy substitute for that deceit,
That joy delusive, styled Anticipation."

With some perplexity now Number Two
Reviewed the points which his antagonist
Had thus presented for consideration.
Though somewhat staggered by their unique force,
So opposite to popular ideas,
So 'gainst the leaning of Humanity,
He yet regarded them as fallacies
To lead him on to argument prolonged.
And yet, though clinging to his chosen side,
Having still firm faith in his professed belief,
He could but admit the clever reasoning
Which his opponent used to hold his points.
But, as he assayed his own ideas to assert,
Unfortunately the train in which we rode
Its destination reached, and in the throng
The two debaters soon had disappeared.
And so the climax of their arguments
Was lost to me. Perhaps they argue still;
While I, an uninvited listener,
Am pondering the question o'er and o'er
—To anticipate, or not t' anticipate—
O higher powers, settle it for me!

THE BULOW PLANTATION.

CHAPTER II.

At the first break of dawn the little garrison was astir. The sun rose from its ocean bed, and our travellers prepared for departure. A good breakfast having been disposed of, Lieutenant Barnes with two soldiers ferried them across the creek to the landing, and thence the lieutenant accompanied them to the sheds where their horses had been sheltered the preceding night. The good steeds were found as they were left, and were immediately saddled and bridled ready for departure.

"If you should be besieged in your little fortress, Mr. Barnes, how would you be off for water?" inquired Captain Homer.

"We have got a supply that will last for several months," returned Barnes, "in case we should ever be placed in such a predicament."

"I am glad to know that, for it may be possible that my friends will have to seek a temporary asylum with you," replied Homer.

"Well, good-bye, Captain Homer. Good-bye, Antonio. I am delighted to have had the opportunity of entertaining you. I see your horses are also impatient to be off," said Barnes, shaking hands with each of his friends.

"Good-bye, then," said Homer, springing into his saddle. "Now, Antonio, you take the lead, and I will follow you. I suppose we should gain the King's Road as soon as possible."

"I think we would better ford the run along here where the stream is

broad and shallow, said Antonio; and, waving a final adieu to Mr. Barnes, he urged his horse towards the broad Pellicer. Homer followed, and one after the other they plunged into the stream. By holding up their feet they kept dry, and quickly gained the other side, and started gaily southward, along the hard, sandy marsh. Their way continued along the palmetto border of the marsh for a mile or more, until they came to a place where the pine barren merged into the marsh. Here they struck off through a growth of scrub-oak, and soon were amid the tall pines. Picking their way along slowly to avoid the numerous gopher holes, and making detours to the right and left to avoid numerous swamps, but generally following their shadows, they at last came on to the old road on the south side of the run. Along this road they galloped leisurely, passing to the left the ruins of Antonio's old home,—once in a while disturbing some grazing deer, which disappeared by a long, easy run through the vista of pines,—and, leaving mile after mile behind them, gradually approached the confines of the Bulow plantation.

"Here we must leave the old road," said Antonio, checking his horse at a branch road leading to the left. "Our way lies in an easterly direction now, through this belt of heavy timber."

They galloped along the cross-road until they came to the swamp, and then looking ahead saw one of those

long, straight avenues reaching through the morass, with lofty trees meeting overhead, and making a perfect arch, so interlaced and connected with parasitical vines, and so draped with sombre moss, as to give a cathedral gloom within. Through this avenue they slowly passed, for the road was partially covered with water from the heavy shower of the preceding evening.

At length they came out on a most enchanting scene. Broad fields lay before them divided by low hedges. In the nearest one the cotton was being gathered by old and young, men and women, boys and girls, all showing on their black faces content and happiness. The traditional overseer was absent, while the negroes were singing at their work.

As the two horsemen rode by these busy groups they were saluted by polite scrapes, bows, and touches of the fore-lock, or by deep curtesies of the turbaned women. Passing these, they rode by an extensive sugar field, whose crop had long since been gathered, while in the distance they could distinguish the rice swamps up the Benito creek. The cabins of the hands formed a little village, each neatly whitewashed and surrounded by a fence, within which might be seen the orange and lemon trees, the banana shrub, and southern plum tree, and in some, large flocks of common barn-yard fowl, guinea-hens with their ceaseless clatter, domesticated turkeys and the noisy ducks, and geese hissing their discontent at the approach of strangers. One house larger than the others attracted Homer's attention especial-

ly, as the whole place seemed alive with little pickaninnies.

"Can you explain this to me, Antonio?" he asked. "How does it happen that the children are nowhere seen save in that house?"

"Certainly," replied Hernandez. "When the hands go to the distant fields in the morning, all the children too small to be of any assistance are brought here, and the few old crones you see, being too old to be of much service, are left to take care of them. If you but glance into the house opposite where you hear that continuous grinding, you will see several old fathers of the flock grinding the daily ration of corn."

"That old fellow I see by the door, if he had remained in the jungles of Africa, would long since have been deserted by his tribe, I suppose, to be devoured by wild beasts."

"I think so, captain," returned Antonio. "Even now some gentle authority has to be exerted to make the hands see the justice of dividing the fruits of their labors with their superannuated progenitors."

While they had been talking, their horses had continued to follow along the road, passing an inclosed orange grove, from between the palings of which the timid deer gazed dreamily out, and came at length through a small belt of acacias and magnolias, when the home-farm with its corn-fields and cultivated garden lay before them. On the left rose a beautiful gothic structure, with towers and embattled walls, closely imitating the small castle villa so often met with in France and England. Beyond, near the banks of the creek, rose the homestead, so like the houses in the neigh-

borhood of Charleston, South Carolina. A high basement of brick supported the body of the house. This basement consisted of groined arches open to every breeze, where the favorite horse or mule was allowed to seek the cool shadows in the hot days of summer. Above this rose the house. A broad piazza ran entirely around the building. The windows of the second story opened on to the roof of this, which was protected by an ornate balustrade, the sharp-pointed roof being surmounted by an observatory.

Riding up to the front entrance they threw their bridles over convenient posts, having dismounted, and approached the stairs leading to the veranda. Their approach had been heralded, however, and Helen Bulow was just coming forth to welcome her cousin.

"And is this really you, Cousin Clarence?" she cried, hospitably shaking his extended hand. "We knew by your letters you had arrived some time since in St. Augustine, and have been waiting anxiously for you to report yourself."

"Yes, this is I, I suppose, Cousin Helen," replied Homer; "and this gentleman is my friend, whom I wish to present—Signor Antonio Hernandez, Miss Helen Bulow."

"And I welcome you most heartily as my cousin's friend, Signor Hernandez," said Helen.

"But I must be known no longer as Signor Hernandez," replied Antonio, "for I am now an American citizen, and Mr. Hernandez, or simply Antonio, is much more pleasing to me."

"I wish your brother, Signor

Tristan Hernandez, would take as kindly to our great republic as do you," returned Helen. "We are trying to expatriate him; but our grand ideas of equality, in many cases so contradictory, seem to keep him in a maze. But here he comes to defend himself and his *hidalgo* ideas."

And looking through the open hall they could see Colonel Bulow and Signor Tristan approaching from the creek.

"My boy, I am glad to see you," said the colonel, as he approached, "and I welcome you most gladly."

Tristan and Antonio were in the meanwhile acknowledging each other's presence. Introductions having been made, and the party seated on the sunny side of the house,—for the December days had brought a certain coolness which made the sun's rays far from disagreeable,—the conversation became general.

"I hastened my visit, uncle Bulow, to bring you some very unpleasant news," said Homer. "The general government, in its dealings with these proud Seminoles, have in some way fired their pride, and there will be a most bloody war, I am well assured."

"I have been expecting as much for some time," replied Colonel Bulow; "and I have been bitterly opposed to the sale of arms to the Indians, knowing full well that we were providing arms for our own destruction and ruin."

"It has come at last; and let me urge on you the necessity of immediate preparations to defend or abandon your property," said Homer.

"My military experience, nephew, was entirely acquired on training-

days in the home militia during the last war," continued Colonel Bulow; "but I think our military spirit was gained from our Revolutionary ancestors. Any way, I have been preparing our sugar-house for defence in case of a siege."

"I noticed your castle as we came towards the house," said Homer, "and thought it was admirably adapted for defence; but you must make preparations."

"The old plantation passed out of our family's possession for about twenty-five years in the last century, during the occupation of the English," said Signor Tristan, "and Barnard Romans, an English gentleman of great taste and culture, spent a fortune in erecting this castle-like sugar-house. He built it hoping to reproduce his old home in England, in which to spend his old age, but the sudden evacuation of the peninsula let it back into my grandfather's hands. He soon converted it into a sugar-house."

"I have a valuable crop stored within it now," continued Colonel Bulow—"sugar, rice, corn, and part of my cotton crop. There is plenty of ammunition and fifty muskets, besides one 12-pound howitzer, and I do not propose to give up this crop and this beautiful home for all the Indians who may swarm from the everglades."

"You know, uncle, that you cannot depend on the negroes to fight the Indians unless they are behind good walls," said Homer.

"I know, nephew, and to-morrow I will move them into the castle, old and young, and establish a state of siege until the Indians are pacified."

"Why not commence to-day, sir?"

"There cannot possibly be such an urgent call to seek shelter," replied Colonel Bulow, "and the great bulk of my cotton will be secured by to-night."

"Let us walk over to the castle and see the state of things, uncle," said Homer, "for I have only a few days to spend with you before I must return to my company."

So they started, Tristan and Helen leading the way, Homer and Antonio accompanying the old colonel. The evident interest of the fair Helen in the dark, stately don was a new revelation to Homer, and he fell into a train of thought as they proceeded, and was monosyllabic in his replies to his uncle's remarks.

While they were walking towards the castle or sugar-house, a few words may be said of Colonel Bulow. He was a man of fifty or fifty-five, tall, iron-gray, and a natural-born soldier, although his life had been passed in a counting-house in Charleston. Many a merchant has fought great battles and won great victories without leaving his private office, or his desk at the stock exchange, as a general of an army from some commanding position, surrounded by his staff, has influenced the fate of a nation without moving ten rods from one position.

The colonel was bound up in his daughter. It had been the hope of his life to see her united to some man, tried and true, who would be her strength and protection when he should be called away. His nephew had always been held in the highest esteem by him, but their brotherly and sisterly affection had long made

him doubtful of bringing about this very desirable state of things between them.

The gentleman now walking ahead with Helen was a type of that grand old race of Spaniards who carried their arms over the whole world, and almost made it subject to their mother country. At an early age he had been sent to the care of the old Due Alvah, who represented the head of the noble family of Hernandez in Spain, and by him had been placed at the schools in Valladolid to acquire all the graces of culture and education. With his cousin he had travelled over Europe, and been admitted to the courtly circles of France and England as well as Spain. Like his brother Antonio, he was tall and handsome, and his manners especially had the polish of some of his old knightly ancestors at the court of Isabella.

Helen Bulow was a fair representative of her American sisterhood. Her hair, heavy and wavy, had just the faintest trace of auburn, especially when loosened in the sun-light, and her eyes, to correspond, had that same uncertain color sometimes caught in their hazel depths. She was rather tall, but slender, with a hand that was electric, so soft and gentle was its touch. Her features were faultless, especially when lighted up by inward emotions.

"Do urge your father to make all possible dispatch in moving into the castle," said Tristan.

"And why do you also urge so much haste?" innocently inquired Helen.

"Can you not see that I am only solicitous for your own and your father's safety?" he replied. "But can

you not be induced to seek sure safety in St. Augustine?"

"What, and leave my father alone here!" cried Helen. "You do not appreciate us American girls if you could imagine for a moment that I would shrink from any danger that my father must encounter here."

"I do not doubt your courage," calmly replied Tristan, "but these savages are not the civilized enemy your grandmother had to encounter when the English occupied South Carolina. Your long tresses would be as coveted an honor to these red brutes, as the short, war-like locks of your cousin, Captain Homer."

They now approached the sugar-house, once more to be reclaimed as a residence and castle, and were admitted by a trusty old negro, who had general charge of the building. Its ruins may yet be seen on the old Bulow plantation. At that time it was in perfect repair.

A massive door several inches in thickness, made of live-oak, almost one mass of iron rivets, being opened admitted them within. When this was closed the light was very dim, being admitted only through narrow loop-holes high up from the ground. A narrow gallery ran around the whole hall, giving an easy foothold for the defenders to occupy in any defence. Passing through this hall, a key in Tristan's hands opened the door of one of the towers; up this they ascended by a stone stairway to the story above, which opened again into the second story of the main building; up another flight, and they came on to the flat roof of the castle. This was protected by a wall four feet high, and could be swept clean

from either of the towers. These towers were at diagonal corners of the building, and were so built that they could protect every face of the structure by an enfilading fire. The whole building was fire-proof, the roofs of the body and of the towers being protected by the cement, once made, so imperishable.

After wandering over the whole castle, which in the interior was very simple, the party returned once more towards the house to do justice to a lunch gotten up in the true plantation style, with great profusion and variety of edibles.

Afterwards the party separated, Helen withdrawing to the saloon where she was heard softly playing sweet music on her harp; Antonio and Tristan, with lighted cigars, wandered lazily up the creek shore; while Captain Homer and Colonel Bulow sat on the east veranda, smoking and chatting.

Towards evening the long line of the hands returned from the cotton-field, each with a basket poised on his head filled and overflowing with the fleecy product. The gentlemen of the party once more approached the store-house to see how the crop was disposed of. Four Minorcas* were outside the door, each attending a scale; while a fifth sat by a lightstand with a pile of small copper coins before him.

"Now, Captain Homer," said Antonio, "I want you to see how they discipline and reward the hands on this plantation. Watch this big fellow, who evidently has been doing his utmost all day."

A tall Coffee negro now approached the scales and deposited his load; waiting hands quickly overhauled it into the basket of the scales, and the attendant called out, "Forty pounds."

The Coffee quickly stepped up to the stand and received forty pieces of copper.

"I have kept my accounts by means of these small coins," said Tristan, "which have an intrinsic value off my plantation, but, as you shall see, most of them are returned to me in exchange for corn, bacon, tobacco, and coarse garments and shoes. I have taken a step in advance of the planters of the states, and try to make my hands know the advantages of industry. Any one of them could desert me for the everglades, but they prefer to remain here under the gentle authority to which they are subjected, rather than to encounter the known hardships of an Indian village.

The baskets, some 150, were at last emptied, and the cotton had been removed to a large bin within the castle, when the scales were removed and rations were given out for the next day, consisting mainly of hominy and bacon.

"Hold on, boys, for I wish to speak to you," said Tristan, after a hurried consultation with Colonel Bulow to the effect that a former arrangement should be carried into execution.

They gathered about him respectfully. "I have always been like a father to you, and have had only your good in my eyes in all I have done. Now, hearken to me! There

*The Minorcas were the descendants of the early colonists who were settled in St. Augustine, and sustained almost feudal relations to the landed proprietors.

is war even now, and Osceola, whom you have seen with his lazy, drunken braves on this plantation begging for rum and tobacco, has dug up the hatchet, and is now on the war-path. He has taken up arms against the United States, and it will be only a question of time as to his defeat and death. Before that can be done all the unguarded plantations will be laid waste. Now you have every thing here to last you through the winter,—corn, bacon, sweet potatoes, sugar, and rice. Will you give them up to these prowling savages to burn for their amusement or fun while you go hungry for the winter?”

“No, sar! no, sar!” came from fifty stalwart negroes.

“And will you defend and fight for this house?” demanded Tristan.

Yes, yes! Si, si!” was vehemently answered.

“I intended to leave you to your new master, for I wished to visit Europe again; but I shall not go while this war-cloud threatens.”

Then taking Colonel Bulow by the hand, he continued,—“This is your new master, Colonel John Bulow, who will hereafter occupy my place on the old plantation.”

Many cries of welcome for the new master and regret at the loss of their old one arose from the negroes as-

sembled about the portal of the sugar-house; but most of the hands had already become attached to the kind old man during his long visit at the plantation, and looked for no disadvantage to themselves from the change.

Colonel Bulow now took a step forward, and said kindly,—“Now you know why I have had all the corn and provisions stored in the castle. Tomorrow you must remove with your goods and chickens to this building, and submit to military rule. In case there is a fight, I promise to give to every man who kills an Indian twenty acres of land to own forever.”

This promise excited great enthusiasm in every negro, and they retired to their cabins greatly excited by the intelligence, and immediately began preparations to leave their humble cottages. Many were so impatient and terrified that they hastened with all their household goods to take up their quarters in the castle that very night.

Colonel Bulow with his guests returned to the mansion, partook of a late dinner, passed their last evening in the beautiful parlors, and at last separated for the night. But before morning they were to meet once more by the occurrence of an unexpected event.

[To be continued.]



CONCORD, N. H.

NATIONAL STATE CAPITAL BANK BUILDING.

We are indebted to the International Publishing Company of New York city for the cuts of the Concord Union Depot and of the National State Capital Bank building in Concord, which we present to our readers this month. Barring one or two errors, this new book, "State of New Hampshire—Leading Merchants and Manufacturers," is an immense suc-

cess. We have to thank them for a very complimentary notice on page 179. The book only costs \$1.00, and can be obtained in quantities by any one of its patrons at a small discount.

The State Capital Bank is in a very prosperous condition, with a capital of \$200,000 and a surplus fund of \$75,000. Their resources,



CONCORD UNION DEPOT.

December 7, 1887, amounted to \$721,803.55. The individual deposits, subject to check, amounted to \$234,387.37 at that time. J. E. Fernald is the cashier, and Lewis Downing, Jr., is the president.

In the same building is located the Loan and Trust Savings Bank, of which John F. Jones is treasurer and Hon. J. E. Sargent is president. In May, 1887, they had deposits amounting to \$1,869,314.67, and resources valued in the market at \$2,074,354.05. John M. Mitchell is one of the trustees.

Speaking of Savings Banks, there was a new one started in Concord with the new year, called the Union Guaranty Savings Bank, with a guaranty fund of \$50,000—office with the First National Bank of Concord. Solon A. Carter is president, William F. Thayer is treasurer. Among the trustees we have the names of William M. Chase, of Concord; Henry

A. Emerson, of Henniker; Hon. Alvah W. Sulloway, of Franklin; Hon. Edmund E. Truesdell, of Suncook; Hon. John E. Robertson, of Concord; and George P. Little, of Pembroke; and among the subscribers to the guaranty fund, William P. Fiske, Prescott F. Stevens, Nathaniel E. Martin, J. Eastman Pecker, Albert B. Woodward, of Concord; Wyman Pattee of Enfield; Nathan C. Jamieson of Antrim, and others whose names give the new institution solid credit.

The Union Guaranty Savings Bank, managed as it is in connection with one of the strongest and most successful financial institutions in New England, offers peculiar advantages to investors.

Aside from the new depot, Concord can boast of another new block just erected and opened on Main Street, built by James H. Chase. It is very attractive outside and inside.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The eighteenth annual statement of this popular company strengthens the claim to its frequent synonym, "Sound, solid, and successful."

An insurance company that pursues its yearly course and performs its daily duties by correct and safe methods, sound and scientific principles, pays its losses promptly and fairly, and escapes the usual shipwrecks peculiar to the hazardous nature of the business, is entitled to confidence, words of commendation, and liberal patronage.

Its eighteen years of honorable record have brought increasing strength each consecutive year, and ability to render to the property-owners greater security and usefulness.

The past year has been marked with great success, and another substantial block added to the company's pyramid, notwithstanding the numerous sweeping fires.

The report shows \$1,269,088.39, total cash assets, of which \$504,344.36 is set aside as liabilities, or to meet expected losses on policies in force, and \$500,000 capital stock.

The total receipts for 1887 were \$705,768.98, and the total disbursements \$607,288.19, showing that the superior financial management has maintained the progressive march of the company.

The directors have wisely paid dividends only from receipts for interest, so that all receipts from premiums, above losses and expenses, are held intact for the protection of the policy-holders and to strengthen the company.

During the eighteen years, with no change of management, the company has paid six thousand six hundred and eighty-four fire losses, amounting to the fabulous sum of \$2,667,150—an average of less than four hundred dollars for each loss.

Economy and prudence have been distinctive features, the salaries paid being less than five per cent. of the premiums. These figures indicate more forcibly than mere words that the company has the ability and disposition to honorably meet its contracts, and do a safe, prudent business, creditable to the city and state.

These things said, it would be superfluous to bestow compliments upon the company's management. Such results do not merely happen; they are wrought out by skill and diligence, by toil of brain and hand, and the bare record of them is the highest praise that can be given to the faithful workers.

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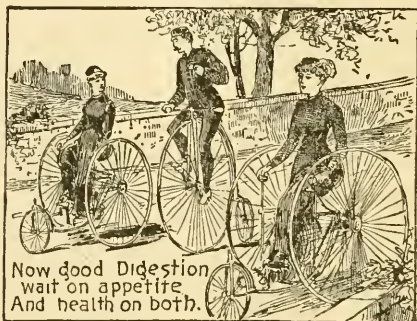
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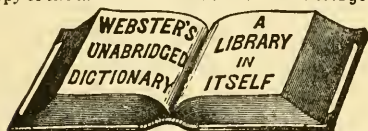
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Virgil C. Gilman

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VOL. I. (NEW SERIES.)
VOL. XI.

MARCH, 1888.

No. 3.

HON. V. C. GILMAN.

Patriotism, or love of country, leads the hero to give up fortune and even life to defend the honor of his native land. The American people are brave as well as patriotic, and on many hard fought battle-fields have died for liberty, for patriotism, for honor. In our Union, there must always be a contest between love of country and love for our own commonwealth, or state. The state is very near us; we comprehend it; we know its citizens, its scenery; we love its mountains, its valleys, its woodland, its villages. Our country is vast: it includes the rocky, sea-girt shores of Maine, the rolling, fertile prairies of the West, the pine barrens of Georgia, the rice swamps of Carolina, the sugar fields of Louisiana, the plains of Texas, dotted with cattle and swept by blizzards, the sheep ranches of Colorado, the mines and mountains of Arizona, the wealth of the Pacific slope, the enterprise of the North-West;—it is inhabited by people of every race—the Indian (the aborigine), the African,

the Chinaman, the European, the American; Christian, pagan, Mormon, Mussulman, Jew. The American Christian is Catholic, Protestant, or liberal, and traces his descent from the Latin races of Europe, or the Germanic families; or if his ancestors were Britons, he may be Norman, Saxon, Welsh, Irish-Scot, or Scotch-Irish. At present, the English language is most generally spoken, but we have no assurance but that the Gaelic may be the American language of the future. However, the American does love his country for its very vastness and diversity.

Next to patriotism or love of country, comes love of family, or family pride—in its better sense one of the most noble of human attributes. It causes veneration for one's ancestors, respect for one's relatives, and the utmost solicitude for the welfare of one's posterity. It incites to noble deeds.

There are in New Hampshire some distinctively old New Hampshire families, whose ancestors originally set-

tled in Hampton, Exeter, Dover, or Portsmouth, the four towns into which the colony was at first divided, coming directly from the mother country, or tarrying but a short time in other provinces or settlements. Such have the advantage of nearly a century of occupation over the later comers, who flocked up the Merrimack and Connecticut valleys, or started from Londonderry as a centre.

The Gilman family of America trace their descent from three brothers—Edward, John, and Moses—who came from Hingham, England, and settled in south-eastern New Hampshire in the early part of the seventeenth century; and for two and a half centuries their descendants have been active and influential citizens, both in province and state, in secular and clerical life. They form one of the oldest and most respected families in New Hampshire. As early as 1827 it was said of the Gilmans,—“They are as numerous as the sands of the seashore. There is hardly a state in the Union where they may not be found. The family have been in civil office from the time our colony became a royal province to the present time. John Gilman was one of the first councillors named in President Cutt’s commission, and died in 1708. Col. Peter Gilman was one of the royal councillors in 1772. Hon. Nicholas Gilman was councillor in 1777 and 1778; Hon. John Gilman, in 1787; while the present venerable John Taylor Gilman was for fourteen years, eleven in succession, our highly respected chief magistrate. His brother, Nicholas Gilman, was a member of the house of representatives in congress eight years, and in

the national senate nine years. Our ecclesiastical annals have, also, Rev. Nicholas Gilman, Harvard college, 1724; and Rev. Tristram Gilman, Harvard college, 1757; both respected clergymen and useful men.”

“Had the writer written forty years later,” writes Arthur Gilman, the author of “The Gilman Family in England and America,” “he would have found the family still more numerous, and many additions would have been made to his list of prominent men bearing the Gilman name. The family of Gilman is not one furnishing a few brilliant exceptions in a long list of commonplace names. Its members appear to have been generally remarkable for the quiet home virtues, and rather to have desired to be good citizens than men of great name. To an eminent degree they appear to have obtained the esteem and respect of those nearest to them for sound judgment and sterling traits of character.”

VIRGIL CHASE GILMAN,

a descendant of the pioneer, Moses Gilman, son and third of a family of eight children of Emerson and Delia (Way) Gilman, was born in Unity, Sullivan county, May 5 1827.

His father, Emerson Gilman, was the oldest son and the first of twelve children of Stephen and Dorothy (Clough) Gilman, who were married September 5, 1793. This was his second marriage. His first wife’s name was Anna Huntton. Of their nine children, several died in infancy.

His grandfather, Stephen Gilman, was a native of Kingston, and served as a cavalry officer in the war of the Revolution.

Emerson Gilman followed the trade of clothier until the introduction of machinery supplanted the hand process, when he, after pursuing the business of farming for a few years, removed to Lowell, Mass., in 1837, relying upon his strong and willing hands to find support for his large family, and to give his children the advantages of education which that city signally afforded.*

Young Gilman was then ten years of age, and eagerly embraced the advantages afforded by the graded schools of Lowell, and made fair progress in his studies. His preparatory education ended with the high school. In 1843 he settled in Nashua. At the age of twenty-four years he started in business for himself, becoming associated with Messrs. Gage and Murray in the manufacture of printers' cards of every variety, and fancy-colored, embossed, and marble papers, a business introduced then for the first time into this country. For over twenty years he successfully carried on this business until close and unremitting application rendered it advisable for him to relinquish it for a more active out-door employment. Having a choice of occupation and a great love for rural affairs, he decided to carry on a farm; and coming into possession of one hundred acres in the outskirts of the village of Nashua, he turned his attention to highly cultivating his land, and indulged to some extent in the usually expensive luxury of breeding Jersey cattle, gentlemen's driving horses, and Plymouth Rock fowls, then a new breed, which he has been largely instrumental in disseminating.

A few years of this life had the desired effect of improving Mr. Gilman's health, and afforded a scope for his executive ability. In 1876 the office of treasurer of the Nashua Savings-Bank becoming vacant by the resignation of Dr. Edward Spalding, Mr. Gilman was selected to fill the vacancy, and still continues in this responsible position, which involves the watchful care and secure investment for the depositors of more than three millions of dollars.

Outside of the bank he is identified with many of the leading industries of the city, having a large interest in the Nashua Iron and Steel Company, of which he is local director, holding stock in the Underhill Edge Tool Company, of which he is also a director, in the Amoskeag Axle Company, and in the Indian Head National Bank. He is one of the directors of the latter institution, and was chosen president, but declined to serve.

He is a trustee and one of the executive committee of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home, at Franklin, and takes great interest in its welfare.

In politics Mr. Gilman is a Republican, and in a marked degree has always enjoyed the confidence of his party associates, and has shrunk from no duty or trust confided to him. In city affairs he has served from ward clerk to mayor, conscientiously attending to every detail. He represented the city of Nashua in the New Hampshire legislature in 1879, serving as chairman of Committee on Banks, and taking a deep interest in the work of that session. He was especially zealous in opposition to

* "Successful New Hampshire Men."

the taxation of church property, which was a prominent issue of the session.

In 1881 he was elected to the state senate, and during that session was chairman of the Judiciary Committee, the most important committee of that body. There his business-like and methodical habits were of great advantage, and were fully appreciated by the senate and by the public. In this office his sound judgment and sterling common-sense had ample opportunities for exercise. He introduced an important innovation in the work of this committee by keeping a record of its work at every stage, accessible to all having business with the committee. His unremitting application to business, and his sound decisions, demonstrated the wisdom exercised in his selection to this important office.

Mr. Gilman has served Nashua as an assessor and as a member of the board of education, and is now a trustee of the public library and secretary and treasurer of the board.

In military affairs, in the old militia days, he wore the epaulets of a major of battalion in the Governor's Horse Guards, having won his promotion from the ranks.

He was for a time a trustee of the New Hampshire Agricultural Society, and also a trustee of the New England Agricultural Society. He retains a strong love for the farm and agricultural pursuits, and finds in it almost his only recreation.

For many years he has been a communicant in the First Congregational church of Nashua,—a church which was organized in Old Dunstable as early as 1685. He is one of its most active and influential members, a liberal contributor to its support and its benevolences, a teacher in its Sabbath-school, an efficient helper in its social meetings, and a director of the society with which the church is connected.

In his religious convictions he is clear and firm, though always courteous in the expression of his views, and charitable in his feelings toward those whose belief differs from his own.

In 1850 he married Sarah Louisa, daughter of Gideon Newcomb, Esq., of Roxbury. Of their two children, Alfred Emerson died in infancy, and Harriet Louise is the wife of Charles W. Hoitt, a lawyer of Nashua.

Mr. Gilman is very fond of his native state, proud of her history, interested in her annals, identified with her interests. He has been public-spirited in forwarding every good work in the city of his adoption, his home for so many years, and fills many useful and responsible positions. His energy, integrity, and discretion are recognized by a wide circle. He possesses those qualities which make him a leader and an organizer. He enjoys the confidence of all, and commands the respect of all. No one deserves better of the state.

THE IRISH-SCOTS AND THE SCOTCH-IRISH.—Concluded.

BY HON. JOHN C. LINEHAN.

In New Hampshire, as early as 1631, according to the military record, the first representative of the Emerald Isle makes his appearance in the person of "Darby Field, an Irish soldier," and one of the first to see the White Mountains. After him in the Colonial military rolls are distinctive Irish names, long before the settlement of Londonderry, keeping up the connection in a thin line until the emigration of 1719.

In vol. 1, "Provincial Papers," 1641 to 1660, are found such names as Duggan, Dermott, Gibbon, Vaughan, Neal, Patrick (minus the Kil or Fitz), Buckley, Kane, Kelly, Brian, Healey, Connor, MacMurphy, McPhædris, Malone, Murphy, Corbett, McClary, McMullen, Martin, Pendergast, Keilly, McGowan, McGinnis, Sullivan, and Toole.

In a company commanded by Captain Gilman in 1710 are enrolled the names of Jerry Connor, Daniel Leary, John Driscoll, Cornelius Leary, Thomas Leary, Alexander McGowan, Timothy Connor, and Cornelius Driscoll. In 1724 the names of Hugh Connor, John McGowan, John Carty, Patrick Greing, Moses Connor, and John Leary appear.

To one accustomed to the given names of the Irish people, many of the foregoing will sound tolerably familiar. In the regiment commanded by Colonel Moore, at the taking of Louisburgh, Cape Breton, in 1745, are the following names enrolled: Richard Fitzgerald, Roger McMahon, John Welsh, Thomas Leary, Daniel

Kelly, Daniel Welsh, Patrick Gault, Andrew Logan, James McNeil, John Logan, Thomas Haley, John Foy, John McNeil, James McLoughlan, James McLeneehan, Nicholas Grace, Richard Kenny, Lieut. Richard Malone, Lieut. Samuel Connor, John McMurphy, John McLoughlan, Stephen Flood, Henry Malone, Jno. Moore, Jno. Griffin, Jos. McGowan, Paul Healey, James Moore, Wm. Kelly, Andrew McClary, Thomas McLaughlan, John McClary, David Welch, Dennis McLaughlan, Timothy Farley, James Moloney, William O. Sellaway, Jerry Carty, and John O'Sellaway.

How Sellaway came by the O' is a puzzle, but it is there, and is the Gaellic pronunciation of O'Sullivan, O'Suilawon. In the war beginning at Crown Point and ending with the invasion of Canada, 1756 to 1760, are enrolled the names of Capt. John Moore, Samuel McDuffy, James O'Neal, Alexander McClary, John Mitchel, John Logan, Sergt. John Carty, Daniel Carty, Samuel Connor, John Flood, Edward Logan, Robert McCormick, Jonathan Malone, Patrick Strafon, James Kelly, John Kelly, Darby Kelly, Capt. James Neal, John McMahon, Lieut. Col. John Hart, Quartermaster Bryan McSweeney, Daniel Murphy, Daniel Moore, James Moloney, John Ryan, James McMahon, John Moloney, John Cunningham, Benjamin Mooney, William McMaster, William Ryan, Daniel Kelly, John Malone, John McGowan, Darby Sullivan, George Madden, Edward Welch, James Molloy, Jeremiah

Carty, James McLaughlan, John McLaughlan, Jeremiah Connor, Jonathan Conner, John McCarrill, Capt. Hercules Mooney, Patrick Tobin, Michael Johnson, Lieut. John McDuffy, Ensign James McDuffy, William Kelly, Patrick Clark, Patrick Donnell, Robert McKeon, John Driscoll, Daniel Driscoll, John Rowan, Dennis Sullivan, John McClellan, Ebenezer Maloon, Daniel McDuffy, John Kenny, John Connolly, John Borland, Michael Davis, James Kelly, Joseph Moylan, John Haley, Thomas Kennedy, Stephen McConnell, Thomas Laney, William Clary, Samuel McConnehie, James McMurphy, James Broderick, Robert Rankin, James Connor, Samuel McGowan, Thomas Welch, Clement Grady, Patrick Maroney, John Lowd, Daniel Driscoll, John Neil, Philip Kelly, Daniel Sullivan, Levi Connor, Lieut. McMillan, John Conner, Stephen Kenny, Samuel Kenny, James Leary, Joseph Moloney, Peter Driscoll, John Ennis, Capt. James McGee, Michael Moran, Joseph McCarthy, Daniel Murphy, 2d, Valentine Sullivan, Peter Flood, John Mooney, Andrew McGrady, Major Nathan Healey, and John McGowan.

Many of these had fought nine years before at the capture of Louisburgh, and lived to take part in the war of Independence fifteen years later. How any writer can, after looking over a list like this, claim that those who settled in New Hampshire before the Revolution, and who were called Irish, were simply the descendants of English or Scotch who had settled in Ireland, and from thence had emigrated to America, is hard to understand. The names printed here, both proper and given, are more Irish in appear-

ance than those printed on the muster rolls of the Irish companies in the Third, Fourth, Eighth, and Tenth regiments of volunteers of the civil war, as can plainly be seen on comparing them.

The names of the Starks, McKeans, McGregors, Morrisons, McLeans, Cochrane, Nesmyths, etc., more peculiar to Scotland, are not written with those mentioned, but on the rolls they are printed side by side, as in life those who bore them touched elbows and marched and fought in all of the skirmishes, battles, and engagements, ending only at Yorktown, and resulting in the establishment of the Republic. But there is no doubt that careful research in Irish history will find that nearly all of those names have a Gaelic origin.

The Scotch MacKeans are not far removed from the Irish McKeons. The Cochrane of the Highlands are not strangers to the Corcorans of Munster. The Morrisons of Caledonia are akin to the MacMurrroughs of Linster, and the well known Ferguson—MacFergus of the same name as the first Irish-Scottish king of Argyle—Fergus, crowned in 503. The O'Loughlans and McLaughlans of Conneught can find an affinity in the McLachlans of Dundee. The O'Lenaghans, modern Linehans of Limerick, can find their kindred, the MacClannahans, modern Lanahans, on the banks of the Clyde. Representatives of both names are well known in this country in the persons of Bishop John Lanahan of Virginia, of the Methodist church, and Charles T. McClannahan, the well known publisher of Masonic works in New York. Whether or not Stark is an abbrevia-

tion of Starkey is a question to be settled by those who bear the name ; but to the unprejudiced reader, without the slightest knowledge of the Gaelic language, the similarity can be noticed. It cannot be accidental, as in nineteen cases out of twenty a foreigner's nationality can be determined by his name.

One of Concord's first schoolmasters, according to Dr. Bouton's history, was Patrick Guinlon. Rev. Edward Fitzgerald was pastor of the Presbyterian church in Worcester in 1725. Maurice Lynch was the first town-clerk of Antrim, one of its most prominent citizens, and, it is recorded, a beautiful penman. Tobias Butler was an associate, also a fine scholar, both born in Ireland. Benjamin Evans, soldier and teacher, born in Ireland, lived in Canterbury, quartermaster of Stark's regiment. His epitaph, after Virgil, is cut on his tombstone in Latin :

"Hibernia begot me, Columbia nurtured me, Nassau Hall taught me. I have fought, I have taught, I have labored with my hands."

But it is not alone in New Hampshire that men of this blood were found in those days. They were all over the thirteen colonies, meeting the same obstacles through race or religious prejudice, but overcoming them in the end. Outside of the colonies they filled high positions in Florida and Louisiana. The O'Donahos in the latter, and the O'Reillys in the former, have their memories preserved in the archives as royal governors of the two provinces, and no colonial ruler was held in higher esteem than the Irish Catholic Dongan, governor of New York, under the ill-fated

James. From the same colony during the Revolution went forth Generals Richard Montgomery and James Clinton—one of Irish birth, the other of Irish parentage.

In Maine, the five O'Brien brothers, sons of Maurice O'Brien, from Cork, immortalized themselves by making the first capture on sea after the Declaration of Independence, and rendered solid service to the colonies for the seven years following. Their descendants are still noted men, ship-builders and ship-owners in the "Pine Tree State," and have kept the O' to the name for over a hundred years, when others were prone to drop it.

A representative of another of the noted old Irish families—Kavanagh—was one of its first governors ; and a son of Governor James Sullivan—the Hon. William Sullivan—one of its founders and one of the original proprietors of Limerick, Me., named in memory of the birthplace of his grandfather in the south of Ireland. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last survivor of those who affixed their names to the immortal roll, Bishop John Carroll, and Daniel Carroll were good scions of the race in the colony of Maryland, the home of the "Maryland Line," on whose rolls were many of the well known old Milesian names of O'Reilly, MacMahon, O'Neil, O'Brien, etc. Thomas Lynch and Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, George Read and Thomas McKean of Delaware, Mathew Thornton of our own state, Thomas Nelson of Virginia, George Taylor of Pennsylvania, and James Smith, all associates of Carroll on the roll, were either natives of Ireland or of direct Irish origin.

One of the first heroes of the navy, and who is generally called its father, was Commodore John Barry, an emigrant from Wexford, Ireland. As a man, an officer, and a citizen, his character was stainless, and a perusal of his life will be an interesting study for all who love honesty in public and purity in private life.

Of the aid rendered the colonies by the Irish in the Revolution, the testimony of Joseph Galloway, a Pennsylvania tory, before the English parliament in 1779, bears witness. In answer to the question of the nativity of the army enlisted in the service of the Continental congress, he said,—“The names and places of their nativity being taken down, I can answer the question with precision. They were scarcely one fourth natives of America,—about one half Irish,—the other fourth English and Scotch”¹ (vol. xiii, page 431, British Commons Reports). This statement, in view of what has been said of the character of the Irish before the Revolution, sounds strange, but there is the record.

General Robertson, who had served in America twenty-four years, swore, “I remember General Lee telling me that he believed half of the rebel army were from Ireland.” (*Ibid.*, page 303.)

Washington’s adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, says in his “Personal Recollections,”—“Of the operatives in war—soldiers, I mean—up to the coming of the French, Ireland furnished in the ratio of a hundred for one of any foreign nation whatever.” “Tell me of the aid we received from another European

nation in the struggle for independence.” “The rank grass had grown green over the grave of many a poor Irishman who had died for America ere the flag of the lilies floated in the field by the star spangled banner.” “Then honored be the good old service of the sons of Erin in the war for Independence. Let the shamrock be intertwined with the laurels of the Revolution, and truth and justice, guiding the pen of history, inscribe on the tablets of America’s remembrance, Eternal gratitude to Irishmen.”

In July, 1780, the “Friendly Sons of St. Patrick,” of Philadelphia, or twenty-seven of them, subscribed for the relief of the starving patriots at Valley Forge the sum of \$103,500. General Stephen Moylan, of the dragoons, was the president of the society, and among those who paid towards the fund was George Meade, grandfather of the hero of Gettysburg. In accepting membership in this society, General Washington wrote to the president,—“I accept with singular pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick, in this city, a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked.” This organization is still in existence, and our governor, Hon. Charles H. Sawyer, had an opportunity to test its hospitality and the character of its members at the recent centennial of the constitution, in Philadelphia.

Again: In reply to an address of the Catholics of the United States in 1789, Washington said,—“I pre-

¹ From “North American Review,” October, 1887.

sume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government."

This is strong testimony to the plea that not only were there Irish here before the Revolution, but that they were here in large numbers; and that the sympathy for the cause of the colonists extended to the Irish in Ireland is evident from the testimony of Governor Johnston, in the English house of commons in 1775, when he said,—“I maintain that some of the best and wisest men in the country are on the side of the Americans, and that in Ireland three to one are on the side of the Americans.”

That the delegates to the Continental congress, held in Philadelphia early in the year 1774, realized the obligation due the people of Ireland, and that they appreciated their friendship and sympathized with them in their efforts to alleviate their own sufferings, is evident from the address issued from that body to the Irish people on May 10, 1774, where they say,—“We are desirous, as is natural to injured innocence, of possessing the good opinion of the virtuous and humane. We are particularly desirous of furnishing you with a true state of our motives and objects, the better to enable you to judge of our conduct with accuracy, and determine the merits of the controversy with impartiality and precision.” After giving in detail the grievances under which they suffered, the monopoly of trade enjoyed, and the imposition of unjust taxes by the British government, the address goes on to state that “they agreed to sus-

pend all trade with Great Britain, Ireland, and the West Indies, hoping by this peaceable mode of opposition to obtain that justice from the British ministry which had so long been solicited in vain. And here permit us to assure you that it was with the utmost reluctance we could prevail upon ourselves to cease commercial connection with your island. Your parliament had done us no wrong, you had ever been friendly to the rights of mankind, and we acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude that your nation has produced patriots who have nobly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and America. On the other hand, we are not ignorant that the labor and manufactures of Ireland, like those of the silk-worm, were of little moment to herself, but served only to give luxury to those who neither toil nor spin. We perceived that if we continued our commerce with you, our agreement not to import from Britain would be fruitless, and we were, therefore, compelled to adopt a measure to which nothing but absolute necessity would have reconciled us. It gave us, however, some consolation to reflect that, should it occasion much distress, the fertile regions of America would afford you a safe asylum from poverty, and, in time, from oppression also—an *asylum in which many thousands of your countrymen have found hospitality, peace, and affluence, and become united to us by all the ties of consanguinity, mutual interest, and affection.*”

Continuing, the address in vigorous language describes the treachery, cruelty, rapacity, and cowardice of the British officials and soldiery, in

a strain familiar to all readers of Irish history, the murders and bloodshed committed in Ireland by the same soldiery being repeated in New England. It closes by saying, — "Accept our most grateful acknowledgments for the friendly disposition you have always shown toward us. We know that you are not without your grievances, we sympathize with you in your distress, and are pleased to find that the design of subjugating us has persuaded the administration to dispense to Ireland some rays of ministerial sunshine. Even the tender mercies of government have long been cruel towards you. In the rich pastures of Ireland many hungry paricides have fed, and grown strong to labor in its destruction. We hope the patient abiding of the meek may not always be forgotten.

"But we should be wanting to ourselves, we should be perfidious to posterity, we should be unworthy that ancestry from which we derive our descent, should we submit with folded arms to military butchery and depredation to gratify the lordly ambition or sate the avarice of a British ministry. In defence of our persons and property under actual violation, we have taken up arms; when that violence shall be removed and hostilities cease on the part of the aggressors, they shall on our part also. For the achievement of this happy event we confide in the good offices of our fellow-subjects beyond the Atlantic. Of their disposition we do not yet despond, aware, as they must be, that they have nothing more to expect from the same common enemy than the humble favor of being last devoured."

How prophetic these words have proven can be seen by the millions of Irish blood in the United States to-day. America has as truly been the asylum and home of the descendants of those in Ireland to whom this address was made, nearly one hundred and fourteen years ago, as it was for the thousands of their countrymen at the time it was written, and whose efforts in the War for Independence hastened the establishment of the republic. Sir Henry Maine has been quoted in regard to the morals of the Irish people, and the name of Lecky mentioned. The reader will pardon, in an article already too long, an extract from the latter. In the "History of European Morals," vol. 1, he quotes from "Wayland's Elements of Moral Science," page 298, what will with force apply to the Irish nation: "That is always the most happy condition of a nation, and that nation is most accurately obeying the laws of our constitution, in which the number of the human race is most rapidly increasing. Now, it is certain that under the law of chastity, that is, when individuals are exclusively united to each other, the increase of population will be more rapid than under any other circumstances."

Again, in vol. 1, p. 153, he writes, — "The nearly universal custom of early marriages among the Irish peasantry has alone rendered possible that high standard of female chastity, that intense and jealous sensitiveness respecting female honor, for which, among many failings and some vices, the Irish poor have long been pre-eminent in Europe." "Had the Irish peasants been less chaste, they

would have been more prosperous.” “Had the fearful famine which in the present century desolated the land, fallen upon a people who thought more of accumulating substance than of avoiding sin, multitudes might now be living who perished by literal starvation on the dreary hills of Limerick or Skibber-ean.”

“The example of Ireland furnishes us, however, with a remarkable instance of the manner in which the influence of a moral feeling may act beyond the circumstances that gave it birth. There is no fact in Irish history more singular than the complete and I believe unparalleled absence, among the Irish priesthood, of those moral scandals which in every continental country occasionally proves the danger of vows of celibacy. The unsuspected purity of the Irish priests in this respect is the more remarkable, because, the government being Protestant, there is no special inquisitorial legislature to ensure it, because of the almost unbounded influence of the clergy over their parishioners, and also because, if any just cause of suspicion existed, in the fierce sectarianism of Irish public opinion it would assuredly be magnified. Considerations of climate are inadequate to explain this fact, but the chief cause is, I think, sufficiently obvious. The habit of marrying at the first development of the passions has produced among the peasantry, from whom the priests for the most part have sprung, an extremely strong feeling of the iniquity of irregular sexual indulgence which retains its power even over those who are bound to vows of perpetual celibacy.”

Considering the attack on the priesthood of the Catholic Church, at the present time, by a noted sensational clergyman of Boston, the quotations from Lecky and Maine are timely, as the greater part of the membership of the Church in the United States, and the same proportion of its ecclesiastics, are of the same race and sprung from the same class. The tribute thus paid to the Irish priesthood of the present day is in accord with what he writes of the missionaries of the Scotia of the 6th and 10th centuries. Vol. 2, p. 261. “The Irish monasteries furnished the earliest and probably the most numerous laborers in the field. A great portion of the north of England was converted by the Irish monks of Lindisfarne. The fame of Saint Columbanus in Gaul, in Germany, and in Italy, for a time even balanced that of St. Benedict himself, and the school he founded at Luxeuil became the great seminary for mediæval missionaries, while the monastery he planted at Bobbio continued to the present century. The Irish missionary, Saint Gall, gave his name to a portion of Switzerland which he had converted, and a crowd of other Irish missionaries penetrated to the remotest forests of Germany. The movement which began with St. Columba, in the middle of the 6th century, was communicated to England and Gaul about a century later. During nearly three centuries, and while Europe had sunk into the most extreme moral, intellectual, and political degradation, a constant stream of missionaries poured forth from the monasteries, who spread the knowledge of the cross and the seeds of a future civil-

ization through every land from Lombardy to Sweden."

If any more authorities are required to prove that the position taken by the writer at the outset is sound, the supply is simply inexhaustible. There is less known in this country to-day of the real history of Ireland, of its ancient civilization, and of the gallant, deathless struggles of her sons to preserve their nationality, than of the workmen in "King Solomon's Mines." And if the perusal of these pages arouses a spirit of inquiry and research, it is not probable that the descendants of the Londonderry exiles will knowingly shatter the cornerstone of the beautiful fabric which they have so laboriously constructed. For if they cut the Irish off, they will be guilty of that crime unknown to the Romans for six hundred years from the founding of the Eternal City, and, like the poor foundling, will be forever ignorant of the author of their being.

The testimony of Lecky is that of an Irish Protestant to the virtues of his Catholic countrymen and women. His conclusions are in accord with those of Sir Henry Maine. A comparison, then, between them and their Scotch cousins, or between them and the people of any nation on the globe, so far as morals are concerned, will not bring a blush to the cheeks of the sons or daughters of the ever-faithful Gael. And this is said without a thought of reflecting on the morals of any nation under the sun.

Here, then, is evidence sufficient to prove that if, as is claimed, the Irish of New Hampshire were "Scotch-Irish" in the estimation of some writers, or Scotch simply, in the

opinions of others like Mr. Morrison, outside of the Granite State the emigrants from Ireland called themselves Irish, were known by others as Irish, are set down in history as Irish, named their towns like their kindred in New Hampshire, after their homes in Ireland—witness Ulster and Tyrone counties, New York; Limerick, Maine; Donegal, Pennsylvania; Lynchburgh, Virginia; Murfreesborough, Tennessee. Even New Hampshire has two counties named in honor of two men of undoubted Irish blood—Sullivan and Carroll; and each one of the colonies bears similar testimony in the names of persons and places. Gettysburg, of historic fame, takes its name from James Gettys, a native of Ireland; and the name of another of the race, O'Hara, the Kentucky soldier-poet, is immortalized by the adoption of his well known poem. "The Bivouac of the Dead," by the government, in having the verses cast in bronze, and placed in each of the national cemeteries throughout the land.

Allen Thorndike Rice, in an article in the "North American Review" for October, 1887, says,—“In the science of government the United Kingdom has no right to exult. Seven centuries have passed since she overran and annexed Ireland, and yet the Irish of to-day hate the United Kingdom as much as did their fathers who followed the standard of Brian Boru. British statesmen and writers have hitherto excused their failures to conciliate Ireland by attributing them to the incorrigible character of the Celtic race. But the same people whom she practically drove into exile

by the million,—the most ignorant and poorest of her population,—have been absorbed into the American nationality, and are not surpassed in their loyalty by the descendants of the men of the Mayflower.”

According to statistics given by the *Army and Navy Journal* as to the nativity of the men who fought for the suppression of the Rebellion, one hundred and forty-four thousand two hundred were born in Ireland. Of the number of men serving in the Union army, natives of this country, but of Irish parentage, statistics cannot tell, as they are set down as Americans, but that the number will largely exceed those of Irish birth, all soldiers, either in the East or West, well know.

Among those who were leaders in the great struggle, and whose names are well known by every school-boy in the nation, were Generals Sheridan, Meade, Logan, Ord, Gilmore, Gibbon, J. F. Reynolds of Pennsylvania, McReynolds of Michigan, Smythe of Delaware, Kilpatrick, Kearney, Shields, Meagher, Corcoran, R. H. Jackson, Meagher, Lawler, Mulligan, McGinnis, and McNulta of Illinois, Harney and Sweeny of Missouri, Guiney and Cass of Massachusetts, Donohoe of New Hampshire, Lytle of Ohio, Geo. A. Sheridan, J. C. Sullivan, Egan, and scores of others, all of Irish blood.

It may seem needless to recall either names or events, but as Rice has alluded to it, it is well to mention the fact that even in our own day the slander that the people of the north of Ireland are superior to those of the other sections of the country is heard on the platform, or read in the

magazines or newspapers, and that this assumed superiority is due solely to the nationality of the people who are, it is claimed, either of Scotch or English origin. Admitting, for argument's sake, that the people of the north were more intelligent, it would not be at all surprising: they were the favored sons of Ireland. The screws might occasionally be put on the stubborn Presbyterians, but they could give their children an education without violation of legal enactments; and those who were of the English Church lived off of the fat of the land at the expense of the rest. But despite these advantages, it is not true that they were more thrifty, capable, honest, or moral than their less favored brethren.

It would seem, on investigation, that where the old race had half a chance it went straight to the front, and in other countries, relieved of the load it carried in Ireland, it held its own with races more favored by law or custom.

Within a quarter of a century we have seen a Nugent commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, and a Taaffe premier of the empire; an O'Donnell ruling the destinies of Spain, and under his leadership its armies winning new laurels from their ancient enemies the Moors, and a ducal coronet for their general; a MacMahon marshal of France, and president of the French republic; a Pendergast representing her most Christian majesty as governor-general of Cuba; a Lynch commander of the combined land and naval forces of Chili, and reviving in his person the glories achieved by O'Higgins, the liberator. Under the English government, those of the race who were

favoured by birth, who preferred place above love of country, or who were of the dominant faith, proved themselves fully equal to their more favored associates of English, Scotch, or Welsh birth,—Bourke, Lord Mayo, governor-general of the Indias; John Pope Hennessy, governor of Hong Kong; the Earl of Dufferin, governor-general of the Canadas; Sir Hastings Doyle, governor of Nova Scotia; Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the English army; Daniel Maclise, the painter; Foley, the sculptor; Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the houses of parliament; Leech and Doyle, the artists of the London *Punch*; Michael Balfe and William Vincent Wallace, the only operatic composers of note born within the confines of the British empire; Sullivan, of "Pinafore" fame; and many others, are among those who won distinction in England or in the colonies.

In Ireland, O'Connell, and those who have followed him, in the face of the most adverse circumstances, have drawn even from their opponents respect as well as fear, and the home of the race has no reason to grieve for the degeneracy of its sons. Parnell and his associates, O'Brien, Healey, O'Connor, Harrington, Dillon, O'Gorman, Egan, Brennan, and the balance of the noble band fighting for Home Rule, have achieved the greatest moral victory that can be found in history; and this has been accomplished not alone by their patriotism, pluck, and eloquence, but by the honesty, sincerity, and purity of their lives.

In the United States their record is still more marked; and among those who won imperishable honor in

the war for the Union the Irish race need not take the second place. From the first Bull Run down to the day when the last shot was fired at the close of the war Irish blood mated many a gory field, Irish valor brightened many dark hours, and the genius of sons of Irishmen turned more than one engagement from certain defeat into victory. Sheridan, the son of an emigrant from Ireland, commands its armies, and Rowan, a native of Ireland, is second in command of its navies. Charles O'Connor, of the old historic clans of the west of Ireland, has but just stepped down from the pedestal where he was placed by the unanimous voice of his associates of the American bar to respond to the last call of nature. John McCullough and Barrett, on the American stage, in their persons revived the glories achieved by the Sheridans, Quinns, O'Neals, Powers, and scores of others in days gone by. Richard O'Gorman, Hon. James T. Brady, Judge John R. Brady, Hon. Charles P. Daly, Judge William C. Barrett, and Judge Donaghue, all of New York city, are too well known to require but the bare mention of their names. John Lee Carroll, recently governor of Maryland, a grandson of the immortal signer, and A. P. Gorman, U. S. senator from the same state, are good types of the race in that proud old commonwealth. John Roach was removed but recently by death from the head of the ship-builders of the nation. William Corcoran, of Washington, and Eugene Kelly, of New York, represent the race among the bankers, as Hon. William R. Grace does among the great shipping houses.

Kiernan from New York, Sewall from New Jersey, Jones of Florida, Farley of California, Kenna of West Virginia, and Mahone of Virginia, in the United States senate ; and O'Neal, Kelly, Lynch, Curtin, McAdoo, Collins, O'Donnell, MacMahon, Lawler, and Foran, in the house of representatives, are but a few of the many who have distinguished themselves in congress. Very few of those named sprung from north of Ireland stock ; but among the few men, like Shields and McReynolds of Michigan, both of historic Dungannon, would feel insulted to be called anything but Irishmen. No North, South, East,

or West—all should be brothers ; and from appearances the time is coming, under Gladstone's leadership, when the hateful cry of ascendancy will cease there, and bring peace here.

There is, then, no need to be afraid or ashamed to say that from this stock comes neither socialist nor anarchist, degeneration nor decay, physically or mentally ; and the vivacity, elasticity, vigor, and strength of this old but ever young people will contribute largely to make the future American the best type of men, physical and intellectual, that has yet been produced through God's furnace from the mixture of races.

MODES OF AMENDING THEIR CONSTITUTIONS BY THE SEVERAL STATES.

BY HON. ALB. B. THOMPSON, SECRETARY OF STATE.

Alabama Constitution of 1875. Two thirds of each house may propose amendments, which, if adopted by a majority vote of the people at the next election, shall become a part of the constitution. There may be a convention.

Arkansas Constitution of 1874. A majority in each house may propose amendments, which, being ratified by a majority of electors, become part of the constitution. No more than three shall be submitted at the same time.

California Constitution of 1849. A majority in each house may propose amendments to be referred to next legislature, and if agreed to by it by majority vote, then to be submitted to the people ; and

if ratified by a majority of electors, to become a part of the constitution. If two thirds of senate and house think the whole constitution should be revised, then a convention may be held.

Colorado Constitution of 1876. Two thirds of each house may propose amendments, which, if ratified by a majority of electors at next election, become part of constitution. But one amendment to each article can be proposed at the same time. A convention may be held.

Connecticut Constitution of 1818. A majority of the house of representatives may propose amendments, which, if agreed to by two thirds of each house at the next session, and ratified by the

people at a subsequent election, become a part of the constitution.

Delaware Constitution of 1831. Two thirds of each house, with the approbation of the governor, may propose amendments, which, if agreed to by three fourths of each house at the next session, shall become a part of the constitution. A convention may be called.

Florida Constitution of 1868. Either house may propose amendments, which, if agreed to by a two-thirds vote of two successive legislatures, and ratified by a majority vote of electors, become a part of the constitution.

Georgia Constitution of 1868. Amendments proposed by two thirds of two successive legislatures, and ratified by the people, become part of the constitution. A convention may be held.

Illinois Constitution of 1870. Two thirds of each house may propose amendments, which, if ratified by a majority of voters, become part of the constitution. Amendments to but one article at the same session, nor to the same article oftener than once in four years. There may be a convention.

Indiana Constitution of 1851. Amendments proposed by a majority of two successive assemblies, and ratified by a majority of electors, are valid.

Iowa Constitution of 1857. Same as Indiana.

Kansas Constitution of 1859. Amendments proposed by two thirds of each house, and ratified by a ma-

jority of voters, are valid. Not more than three propositions to amend at one election. A convention may be called.

Kentucky Constitution of 1850. A convention the only mode of amending.

Louisiana Constitution of 1868. Amend by two thirds of each house; ratified by a majority of voters.

Maine Constitution of 1820. Same as above.

Maryland Constitution of 1867. Amend by three fifths of each house; ratified by a majority of voters. A convention may be held once in twenty years.

Massachusetts Constitution of 1780; amended in 1822. A majority of two successive senates concurring with two thirds of two successive houses may propose amendments, and a majority of voters may ratify the same.

Michigan Constitution of 1850; amended in 1862 and 1876. Two thirds of each house and a majority of electors may amend. A convention may be held.

Minnesota Constitution of 1857. A majority of each house and a majority of voters. There may be a convention to revise.

Mississippi Constitution of 1868. Two thirds of each house and a majority of electors.

Missouri Constitution of 1875. Same as Minnesota.

Nebraska Constitution of 1875. Same as Maryland. May have a convention when three fifths of each branch deem it necessary.

Nevada Constitution of 1864. Same as Indiana. A convention may

be held to revise the entire constitution.

New Hampshire Constitution of 1792. [Convention only. The constitution submitted to the people by the convention of 1850 provided that amendments agreed to by a majority of two successive legislatures, and ratified by a two-thirds vote of electors, should be valid. Amendments not of tener than sexennially. No provision for a convention. The constitution of the convention of 1850 was rejected by the people.]

New Jersey Constitution of 1844. Same as Indiana.

New York Constitution of 1846. Same as New Jersey, and there may be a convention.

North Carolina Constitution of 1876. Same as Maryland. May have a convention.

Ohio Constitution of 1851. Same as Maryland. May have a convention.

Oregon Constitution of 1857. Same as Indiana.

Pennsylvania Constitution of 1873. Same as Indiana.

Rhode Island Constitution of 1842. A majority of two successive as-

semblies; ratified by three fifths of the electors.

South Carolina Constitution of 1868. Two thirds of each house, agreed to by a majority of voters, and then ratified by two thirds of next assembly. May have a convention.

Tennessee Constitution of 1870. A majority of each house may propose, two thirds of the next assembly agree to, and a majority of the voters ratify. May have a convention.

Texas Constitution of 1876. Same as Michigan, except that there cannot be a convention.

Vermont Constitution of 1793; amended 1870. Once in ten years two thirds of the senate may propose, and a majority of house may concur, and a majority of each house at the next session may agree to, and a majority of freemen ratify at the polls.

Virginia Constitution of 1870. Same as Indiana, and there may be a convention.

West Virginia Constitution of 1872. Same as Michigan. May have a convention.

Wisconsin Constitution of 1848. Same as Indiana. May have convention.

COL. JOHN H. GEORGE, of Concord, died at his home, Monday, February 6, 1888, of Bright's disease. In his death Concord loses one of its most distinguished citizens, and the New Hampshire bar one of its most eminent members. A sketch of his life will be found in Volume 2 of the

GRANITE MONTHLY. He left five children by his first marriage,—Jennie Appleton, wife of Henry E. Bacon, John Paul, Annie Brigham, Charles Peaslee, and Benjamin Pierce; and one daughter, Charlotte Graham, by his second marriage.

THE ETERNAL ONE.

BY HON. MOODY CURRIER.

O tell me, man of sacred lore,
Where dwells the Being you adore?
And where, O man of thought profound,
Where can the Eternal One be found?
Throughout the realms of boundless space
We seek in vain His dwelling-place.

He dwells where'er the beams of light
Have pierced the primal gloom of night;
Beyond the planet's feeble ray;
Beyond the comet's devious way;
Where'er amid the realms afar
Shines light of sun or twinkling star.
Above, below, and all around,
Th' encircling arms of God are found;
Where'er the pulse of life may beat,
His forming hand and power we meet:
While every living germ of earth,
That sinks in death or springs to birth,
Is but a part of that great whole
Whose life is God, and God the soul.
From plant to man, below, above,
The power divine still throbs in love.
He is the life that glows and warms
In tiniest mote of living forms,
Which quick'ning nature brings to birth,
To float in air, or sink in earth.
And every shrub, and plant, and flower,
That lives an age, or blooms an hour,
Has just as much of God within
As human life, or seraphin;
For all that bloom and all that shine
Are only forms of life divine.
And every ray that streaks the east,
And every beam that paints the west,
With every trembling gleam of light,
With every gloom that shades the night,
Are but the trailing robes divine
Of One whose garments ever shine.

The human soul may bend in love,
And seek for blessings from above,
As well in busy haunts of men,
In forest gloom, in silent glen,
As in the altar's solemn shade,
Beneath the domes that men have made ;
As well may seek a Father's love,
And ask assistance from above,
Amid the ocean's solemn roar,
Or on its barren waste of shore,
As in some distant promised land,
Where sacred fanes and temples stand.
The soul that beats in sweet attune,
Finds in itself the Eternal One ;
Nor needs to seek for other shrine
Than God's great temples all divine.

THE BULOW PLANTATION.

The whole plantation had been long asleep, save two faithful Minorcan watchmen, who with their trusty hounds had been making the rounds of the place to guard against fire, thieving, or a possible Indian surprise. At sun-down there had been a light breeze from the sea, which had grown more and more powerful as the night advanced, until at two o'clock it was blowing a gale. Tall trees were swaying, struggling to withstand the blast, and the doors and windows about the mansion were rattling continuously.

"Well, Pedro, I find everything quiet except this howling storm," said Juan, as they approached each other to the eastward of the house.

"So do I," answered Pedro. "The darkeys are quiet for the night, the family have turned in, the castle is closed, and Pompey lies across the threshold."

"Come and sit on the steps, Pedro. What did you think of Don Tristan's talk to the hands to-night?"

"I do not think there is much danger of our losing the Don at present. He will not go to Europe unless Miss Helen goes with him, for it is easy to see that he is in love with her."

"That was a liberal offer about the land, but I do not believe it will cost Col. Bulow a very large farm to fulfil his promise," said Juan, seating himself on the steps, while one of the hounds laid his head in his lap for the expected caress.

"I do not know as to that," replied his companion, Pedro. "Some of the hands are descended from the Ashantees, who are perfect demons in a fight. Only give these negroes a good chief, and they will fight to the death. They do not possess the wily cunning of the Indians, but in an

open field or behind fortifications they are as good as any troops in the world."

"What gives you so much confidence in them?" asked his companion.

"Why, they showed what negroes could do in Hayti, when the French troops, fresh from victory in Europe, were badly beaten, and at last compelled to abandon the island."

"And I have heard my brother, who was once in the slave trade, tell of his desperate conflicts with the negroes on the west coast of Africa," said Juan; "but I had an idea that the trip across the ocean took all their spirit out of them."

"Do you not remember Garcia and his negro followers on the Apalachicola river? They defended the fort left them by the English until a hot shot, striking in the magazine, blew it up."

"Well," returned his friend, "they are all the troops we can depend on at present, and I hope they will not fail us."

"Now what do you think of Don Tristan's sale of the property to Col. Bulow?" continued the gossiping Pedro. "Now that the sale is completed, he will not be very anxious to go to Spain."

"I think he is fascinated by the beautiful Miss Helen, and she will keep him here," said Juan.

"The colonel evidently prefers his own nephew for his daughter's husband," continued Pedro, "but I think Miss Helen prefers Don Tristan. He will have to obtain a special dispensation from the pope, I reckon, but that is easily accomplished by a man of his station."

"Hark! Pedro. Did you not hear a distant gun?"

"Yes," cried Pedro, springing to his feet, "and it was over the point, out towards the beach."

"There it is again," said Juan. "And see, there goes a rocket!"

"Ought we not to call the gentlemen, and let them know that probably there is a vessel in distress right abreast of here?"

"By all means," said Pedro, "and while you are doing so I will bring up the horses from the enclosure; for they will surely want to ride over to the beach."

So, springing up the steps, a few heavy blows on the portal aroused every member of the household. The colonel first made his appearance, followed quickly by the other three gentlemen.

"What is the alarm now?" called Col. Bulow, opening the door.

"There is a vessel ashore over on the beach," cried Juan, "and I ventured to call you, thinking you might want to be of some service."

"You did right, Juan," said Col. Bulow. "Who will volunteer to ride over with me?"

"You should let us younger men venture out to-night, sir, while you remain here to prepare to receive those who may return with us," said Homer, "for with this gale blowing, a vessel cannot hold together long if she's on the beach."

"Be it as you say, nephew," replied Col. Bulow. "There is the gun again, and another rocket! Here comes Pedro, riding one and leading three horses."

In a few minutes they were ready, and mounted eager for departure.

"I think it would be well to send your boat's crew over after us," said Tristan, addressing Col. Bulow. "It may be possible that we shall have to board the vessel."

"Very well. Juan, will you hasten to the quarters and rouse them up?"

The little party—Capt. Homer, the brothers Hernandez and Pedro—at last rode off. The moon, in its last quarter, was just rising, and the light was sufficient to guide them had the road been unfamiliar to them all. As both Tristan and Pedro were well acquainted, they let their horses lope along at an easy pace, crossed the gate which confined the waters of Benito creek from those of the river below, rode over the causeway which protected the rice-fields, thence crossed over the peninsula which extends several miles below the Bulow plantation, through deserted cotton-fields, over a lawn very English in its beauty, with groups of flowering trees and an occasional oak, and, still following the road, entered a belt of heavy timber, that continued to the edge of the salt marsh which forms the head of Halifax river. A wide creek was here spanned by a rustic bridge on palmetto piles, and beyond this the salt marsh extended to the sand bluff at the ocean beach. A causeway, in good repair, led them across this, and their horses were soon climbing the slight ascent of the outer ridge. On its summit they paused, for before them, at no great distance, they could dimly see the ill-fated vessel in the midst of the boiling surges. Every sea seemed to wash over her as she lay broadside to the shore. Another gun now boomed out over the waters, and told the story of distress.

"They must have lost their boats," said Pedro, "or they would venture to land."

"They were evidently carried away or broken up when she lost her foremast," said Homer.

"You start a fire, Pedro, in this dry palmetto scrub, and we will let them know there are human beings near, and, it may be, assistance, too," said Tristan. "Antonio, will you picket the horses out on the marsh in the lee of the hill, and then join Capt. Homer and myself at the boat? We must see that it is all right, for I think we shall have to use it."

As Homer and Tristan proceeded a short distance up the beach to where the boat was left in a gully in the abrupt cliff, Homer asked, "What use do you have for a boat here?"

"We have used it for years to board passing vessels, to send our mails or to receive freight or papers. Most of the vessels passing here are either bound for Havana or for New York, so we can take our choice as to direction."

"But do you not have trouble in going through the breakers?"

"Oh! yes, we sometimes get a ducking, but ours is a life-boat, and that is all we have to fear; the trouble is always in the outer bar inside of where you see yon vessel."

The boat proved to be in good condition, but the united strength of the party was insufficient to launch it. The fire now burned brightly, and the firing on ship-board had ceased. While they stood awaiting the arrival of the negroes to give more power to their efforts, they became aware that a man was advancing toward them from the surf. As he finally came

out on to the dry land, he shook himself some like a Newfoundland dog, gave his trousers a hitch, and advanced toward the fire, exclaiming, "Waal, that's cool, is that water!"

"What, my good man, are you from yonder vessel?" asked Homer, in astonishment.

"Aye, aye, sir! that's me; Jack Keeler and I left her without discharge papers, on the top of a big wave," replied the new comer. "Can you give me a little tobacker?"

"Will she last much longer, do you think?" inquired Homer, complying with his request.

"You mought think so from this soft sand, but she grates and grinds on the bottom like as she would on the pint of Holyhead."

"She must be on the coquina ledge that runs along here for miles," said Antonio. "But why did not all of you swim ashore, my man?" addressing the sailor.

"Faith, there are land-lubbers aboard, not to speak of a couple of women folks," said Jack.

The blacks now came up, and launched the boat to the water's edge with the assistance of the white men. Generally it was moved on rollers, but they were misplaced at the time most needed.

It was quickly decided that Antonio and Homer should take the bow oars in place of two of the negroes, while the other four should proceed in their places, Tristan taking the steering oar: for a rudder would have been useless in the breakers. He demanded explicit obedience from the whole boat's party.

"Are you all ready?" cried Tris-

tan, as the six men ranged themselves on either side ready to launch.

"Aye, aye, sir!" cried Jack for the party; for those left behind were called on for assistance in the launching.

"Then away together!" and the boat was soon in deep water, tossing about in the breakers and surf, each man springing into his place.

"Up oars! Let fall! Give way, all!" and the boat plunged into the incoming waves, rose wildly, and plunged again—six strong ash oars, in twelve stalwart arms, forcing the boat against wind and wave. Tristan let the wind and seas cut him on the port bow, and worked down the coast toward the lee of the stranded vessel, assisted by the tide, which generally runs to the southward along this coast, eddying from the gulf stream. The hard struggle was in passing the inner bar. The boat had got good headway, and being very buoyant, had struggled through, shipping very little water. Tristan had now perfect command of the boat, and guided her toward the wreck, which was seen to be a brig of about three hundred tons burden.

"Lay in, bow oar, and take line from wreck," commanded Tristan; and in another moment they were rising and falling in the comparatively quiet lee of the vessel. The scene was a wild one, lighted by the moon, in its last quarter, as it occasionally shone through the clouds, and by the phosphorescence of the waves, which constantly dashed over the brig from stem to stern. The crew and passengers had sought refuge in the rigging of the mainmast, which was still standing, although the topmast

had been carried away, and all seemed thoroughly drenched by the dashing spray.

"There are ten of us on board, including two ladies," shouted the captain, who stood in the main shrouds and delivered a rope's end to the approaching boat. "Can you land us at one load? My boats are gone, and this craft will go to pieces in a short time, I guess."

"We will try to do so, any way, captain," answered Tristan.

It was a delicate operation to embark the two ladies from the shrouds, but the boat was kept under perfect control by the five oarsmen, while Homer stood in the bow to receive them. As the boat rose on a great wave he gave the word, and one of the ladies sprang into his arms, and was quickly helped to the stern-sheets. In a few minutes she was followed by her companion, and the crew of the brig found no difficulty in boarding the life-boat. Last of all came the captain, first carefully handing to Homer a very heavy leather bag.

The crew soon found seats on the thwarts when the boat was backed from the wreck, and her course laid towards the fire on the beach.

"One word, now, my men, before we start. We are deeply loaded, and will probably swamp on the inner bar. At the word of command I want every man, except you black fellows, to jump overboard, and cling to the side of the boat nearest you, and, by your weight, you will keep her from capsizing; and you boys must give way for life till we reach the calm water near the beach. Are you ready?" cried Tristan.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the crew.

"Together all; give way with a will." And with wind and waves and good ash sticks they dashed towards the inviting shores.

All were too intent on the business on hand to speak while the oarsmen bent to their task. At length the boat seemed raised on a great wave, and was dashed towards the shore until she seemed to settle into the white froth, and the water came pouring in on each side: she had been poised on the crest of a great breaker.

"Overboard all!" rang out over the noise of many waters. "Give way for your lives." And, glancing behind him, Tristan saw a long, black breaker combing over his head.

"Cling to your seats, ladies;" and then they were in the midst of it, completely submerged by the overwhelming waters. At last they arose from their watery covering, and had been dashed so far in shore that the next wave broke astern of them. It was now only a question of time, propelling the boat to where the wet crew could assist its advance by touching the bottom. They soon struck the shore, and Capt. Homer hastened to assist one of the ladies to the dry beach, Antonio helping the other.

"Here, Pedro, bring up the horses quickly," cried Capt. Homer; but Pedro had foreseen their demand, and now led forth the horses.

"We can give you a little better cheer at Col. Bulow's plantation, ladies, than this beach affords," said the captain, turning to where the ladies stood shivering in their wet

garments. "Can you ride on the horse's crupper, think you?"

"Oh! yes, sir," cried one approaching the captain, and by Pedro's assistance she was placed behind him on the horse. The other lady being assisted on to the horse with Antonio, Pedro started to lead the way to the castle. "You had better come too," cried Homer as he passed Tristan.

"I shall follow soon with these mariners," replied Tristan. "You ride ahead with the ladies." The day was just breaking as they started to retrace their steps; and the sun was just peeping over the trees when they arrived at the mansion.

The colonel and Helen stood on the piazza to receive them, having been assured by their smiling faces that all was well with their comrade Tristan. Helen immediately led the ladies to her own apartments; while Capt. Homer and Antonio sought dry clothing from the colonel's and Tristan's wardrobe.

An hour later the captain and crew came to the house with Tristan. Jack and his seven mates were assigned to the care of Pedro and Juan; while the captain was entertained at the mansion. They were all supplied with dry clothing from the plantation stores, and the party were all assembled in the breakfast room save the ladies.

While awaiting their appearance the captain proceeded to narrate his troubles.

"You see, sir," he said, addressing Col. Bulow, "we were sailing along last night with the wind in the southward and westward blowing a good breeze and steady like, when about twelve o'clock the mate called me,

and reported a dead calm. I glanced at my barometer and saw that it had fallen an inch since I turned in. I was on deck in a moment, and called all hands to shorten sail; but, bless you, sir, before I could say 'Jack Robinson' a white squall struck us all aback, and both topmasts and the foremast went by the board. The sails went out of the bolt ropes like kites, and I have been looking all the way across country thinking they might have blown up this way. There was no controlling the 'Lucy Jane' after that. We let go both anchors and the kedge, but the cables parted like pack-thread. In ten minutes we struck, and I think we took off the whole keel at the first blow."

"How did you happen to be so near in shore. captain,—eh? Captain——" hesitated the colonel.

"Capt. Smith, gentlemen, Capt. Abraham Smith, late of the good brig 'Lucy Jane,' which hailed from Belfast, state of Maine, and I anchors to home in Sedgwick, which is up Eggemoggin Reach twenty miles off Penobscot bay. You was askin', general, how I came so far in shore. Well, it happened this wise: I have been trading down in the Gulf for the past two years, running lumber from Mobile and Pensacola to Galveston, Matagorda, Rio Grande, Vera Cruz, and Minnititland, thence running down the coast and picking up a freight for Matanzas and Havana.

"Having paid for the old boat several times, I concluded to make a last venture in Spanish cedar, and take it over to Havana and sell out to some Englishman. There was no demand for it at the time, so, hap-

pening to see an American paper that stated there was a demand for it at Baltimore, I cleared for there. Just as we were getting under way, an old priest came off in a harbor boat and wanted to send two ladies to St. Augustine by me. He began to talk business to me, and showed the dollars to tempt me, and I resolved to take my chances and land them there. I knew I could not cross the bar with my vessel, but I reckoned on being able to land them by a small boat, as their baggage was not very extensive."

"Who were the ladies?" cried Antonio and Tristan in a breath. Before the worthy captain could reply, the three ladies entered the room, and Helen exclaimed gleefully,— "Let me introduce the ladies! This lady is Miss Maud Everett, friend and companion to this lady, Signorita Isabella Hernandez."

"What, sister!" exclaimed Tristan and Antonio, both uttering the same words."

"Yes, your sister, gentlemen," said Helen. "And after you salute, we will discuss breakfast."

[To be continued.]

HON. EBENEZER SMITH.

The article entitled "New Hampshire in 1784," in the tenth volume of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, aroused great interest throughout the state. One of the direct results was the article from the pen of Hon. A. S. Batchellor, of Littleton, on Joseph Emerson Dow, the first settled lawyer of Littleton. We have received information about another member of that memorable body, the first legislature of New Hampshire, which we are pleased to give our readers,— Hon. Ebenezer Smith, then a young lawyer just entering upon the practice of his profession, who for many years was a power in the south-eastern part of the state. He was a member of the house of representatives from Durham that year.

Ebenezer Smith was the second son of Deacon Ebenezer Smith. His mother was Margaret Weeks, of Strat-

ham. He was born at the garrison on the bay side, Loubertan, March 13, 1758, and was married to Mehitable, daughter of Jacob Sheafe, of Portsmouth, May 5, 1785, by Rev. Mr. Ogdon. She was born April 12, 1760. Their children were Jacob Sheafe, born April 28, 1786, an attorney-at-law at Gorham, Me.; Ebenezer, Jun., born Oct. 22, 1787, merchant at Durham; Henry, born June 2, 1789, clergyman at Rome, N. Y.; Alfred, born Feb. 11, 1791, merchant at Saco, Me., and Durham; Margaret, born Oct. 12, 1792, died April 3, 1796; Mehitable, born June 24, 1794, married to Ebenezer Coe of Northwood; Charles, born Nov. 19, 1795, merchant and farmer, Gilmanton; Addison, born June 21, 1798, died Aug. 31, 1800; Emily, born Aug. 17, 1799, died Sept. 2, 1800; Charlotte, born Oct. 3, 1801, died May 16, 1803;

Mary W., born May 10, 1807, married to Rev. John K. Young.

Mr. Smith was educated at the Dummer School in Byfield, Mass., under the instruction of Master Moody. After leaving school he entered the law office of Major General John Sullivan at Durham, and there studied his profession. He commenced the practice of the law at Durham in 1783, and continued in the practice for more than forty years. He was president of the Strafford Bar Association for twenty-eight years. He was representative to the legislature, elected December 1, 1783, and March 29, 1784, 1789, 1790, 1792, and 1793; councillor in 1793 and 1794. He was appointed as Aid upon the staff of Governor Gilman,

and in 1798 was offered a judgeship upon the bench of the superior court, but declined. He frequently served in the various town offices,—moderator, selectman, auditor, and assessor, and had the confidence and respect of the people, and always, till his death, took a lively interest in the welfare of the town. He was a gentleman of fine address and popular manner, and very affectionate in his family. His law students were John Ham, of Dover, settled at Gilmanton; Bohan P. Field, of Northfield, Mass., settled at North Yarmouth; Jacob S., his son, settled at Gorham, Me.; William Boardman, of Newmarket. Mr. Smith died Sept. 24, 1831. His widow died Sept. 4, 1843.

ANNALS OF OUR VILLAGE.

BY W. A. WALLACE.

I grew up to strong youth on the shores of the beautiful pond which fronts our street. It was a pleasant resort for thoughtful people. Old and young used to linger about there, and many confidences were imparted, some of which I shall never reveal. I was very near, and was conscious of much that was said and done in society, in politics, and in religion. Opinions were freely expressed before me, because, being merely a duplex tree, no one supposed my ears might ever give tongue to my voice. I made note of many things and treasured them up.* Some of these events occurred so long ago that it is safe to write of them. They had an

interest for those who took part in them as similar events have to-day, and formed epochs in men's lives.

It is of the churches I first write, and will begin with that one which struggled into life, exerted a healthy and benign influence upon the people, flourished for a while in the love and respect of its members, then gradually faded away and became a thing of the past, the only present memento of its once dear life being the storm-beaten, unused meeting-house, standing upon the northern brow of that bleak hill.

Down to the year 1799 there had been but one church organized in Canaan. There was a good deal of

religion, but it was chiefly of the Baptist kind, and that had nearly exhausted itself in wrangling over the leadership of singing, praying, and exhorting; and in their personal strifes the Baptist church, which had been organized in 1780, had become almost powerless for good, so that any change seemed for the better.

In 1799 the town wished to settle Rev. Ezra Wilmarth as preacher, but the church refused to conform; and then the town voted to raise no money for preaching, which was quite a setback to the long-winded deacons. Meantime Rev. Aaron Cleveland,* of Norwich, had arrived here to visit Connecticut friends. He preached in the unfinished meeting-house. He was a Congregationalist, as were also many of the settlers from Connecticut. They offered Mr. Cleveland \$105 and 150 acres of land to come and be their preacher. It was not much of a temptation to the old gentleman; and when he left town he had raised such desires in the hearts of the brethren of his faith that they sent a committee to Hanover to lay their hopes and desires before the church in that town. As the result of this day's work, Rev. Eden Burroughs and one of his deacons came over to Canaan, where they found thirteen persons willing to enter into covenant relations as Congregationalists, after which they were constituted a branch of the Hanover church, and this relation continued until the spring of 1803; then Dr. Burroughs and Rev. Mr. Dickenson of Meriden came here,

and the "branch" was lopped off from Hanover and became the Congregational church of Canaan. This church was never self-sustaining, even in its best days. It was always a beneficiary of the Missionary Society. During several years the church and society enjoyed preaching by missionaries and neighbor preachers. Rev. Curtis Coe used to come up here from Newmarket and spend weeks, laboring lovingly without pay or the hope of reward in this world. After him Rev. Broughton White came occasionally and preached pure Congregational truth to the people. The labors of these men were acceptable and fruitful. Additions were made to the church, which gave the brethren courage and confidence to go on with their work.

In 1820 this church called Rev. Charles Calkins to preach to them. He was a son of John P. Calkins, one of the early settlers on South Road. He was not a great man, and was too much afflicted with nerves to be successful as a teacher and evangelist. The old Baptists of Canaan were not men of refinement, nor were they apt to choose soft words in reference to rival ministers. As a class, they saw no good in anything but baptism; all other isms were to be talked about and treated with contempt. They never missed an occasion to speak sharp words of Mr. Calkins and his church, thus engendering annoyance and ill-feeling. He remained here about three years, bearing, as he thought, a heavy bur-

* Rev. Aaron Cleveland was great-grandfather of Grover Cleveland. His old neighbors here were so anxious to have him settle among them that they secured a promise from him to return, if the Association of Connecticut, which was to meet in Norwich, September 1, would advise him to do so. The church sent Dea. Richard Otis to urge their request. Mr. Cleveland was not advised to return. He died in 1815, at a very advanced age, among the nineties.

den all the time. In 1823 he decided that preaching was not his strong point, and his relations with the church were brought to a close without regret on either side. For several months after this event there was no Congregational preaching in Canaan.

After this he engaged Jacob Trussell to go with him to Waterbury, Vt., and build a saw-mill, the pay being contingent upon the success of the mill. When it was completed and ready to operate there came a great rain; the swollen river crowded against the mill and carried it off. This catastrophe Mr. C. received as a demonstration of God's anger for abandoning His peculiar service. After this event he returned for a time to New Hampshire, and preached in Boscawen, but he was unsuccessful there also. He had evidently mistaken his calling, and, discouraged by his continued ill success, he started out upon what was then a perilous undertaking, a journey into the unsettled West. He reached western Pennsylvania, and there we lose all trace of him. I have followed him along until his disappearance, because his life was in a small way connected with the lives of many of our good citizens.

After the departure of Mr. Calkins the new church was without a pastor for a time. Rev. Mr. White came occasionally to preach, and when the brethren could do no better they waited upon the services of Elder Wheat. There was a young man at Hanover who had just completed his studies, and was waiting for an opening to preach. Mr. White sent him over here in the spring of 1824. He was

about here more than a year, gaining friends by his sincerity, his pleasant ways, his refined manners, and the Christian graces which adorned his life everywhere. Even those rough natures that saw only pride and dandyism inside of a nice-fitting suit of clothes, withheld their surly remarks when they became acquainted with the sentiments that governed the life of Amos Foster.

On his first visit Mr. Foster rode horseback from Hanover to Canaan, arriving here on Saturday afternoon. He first stopped at the house of Mr. Wallace, whose wife was an ardent Congregationalist. He found here also Mrs. Jacob Trussell, whose husband was the miller at the village. He accompanied Mrs. T. to her house. The next morning Elder Wheat came plodding along on his way to church. Mr. Trussell hailed him with the remark, "Elder, I've got a young man here from Hanover, and he will preach for you a part of the day if you like." "Ha! wa'al," replies the elder, "le' me see," and turning short about he went into the house without rapping, and, without removing his hat or waiting for an introduction, addressed the young minister with "Wa'al, what part of the day do you want to preach?" "Oh! the part that will suit you best," was the modest reply. The elder took a full survey of the young man, and without making any further remark started on his way. But he lingered at the door of the church, talking with the people, until Mr. Foster arrived, when the elder went to him and said abruptly, "I guess you'd better preach all day if you want to," and escorted him up into

the pulpit, where he sat all day listening, declining to take any part in the exercises. The old man was greatly pleased, and afterwards displayed all the friendliness he was capable of feeling during their lives.

The old man was very opinionated, and never was known to own up that he was wrong in anything. As a general rule he despised "education." He "never had no larnin'"; he was like the 'postles whom Christ selected for their ignorance, and thought he knew he could get closer up to God than college-larnt men, because his head and heart wa'n't full of dictionary words and high notions that only make men proud." "He'd preached the gospel nigh on to forty year, and Bible larnin' was all he could ever make any use of."

The elder, when he had once commenced his services, was oblivious to all outside influences. He had a great, sonorous voice that rebounded from the sounding-board above him and filled every corner of the house. Once in that spacious pulpit, and he had neither eyes nor ears nor the perception of time till his subject was exhausted. The galleries were well filled with singers, young people from all over the town, who came to Elder Wheat's meeting to have a good time singing his long psalms, and whispering together during his long prayers and longer sermons. They never disturbed him, for he neither saw nor heard them. But on this occasion their levity and playfulness annoyed Mr. Foster, and nearly interrupted the services. He supposed they might be laughing at him; but when he learned that they were only engaged in their usual pastime, he thought the

matter over, and concluded to give these young persons some good advice. Not long afterwards the elder invited him to preach again, and this time he took for his text the famous paragraph, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth," etc.

It is said to have been a very excellent sermon, and was addressed very pointedly to the gallery, so that for the time they were shamed into a decent observance of the proprieties of the place. But they pretended also to be very much annoyed at the rebuke administered to them. To show their resentment, and to make the minister and the congregation feel it also,—they all stayed out of the seats in the afternoon, and there was no singing; neither was there any disturbance. This event afforded a whole week's gossip for the town, and it was improved to such good advantage, that, before Sunday came around again, the principal singers went to Mr. Foster and apologized for their rudeness. And he ever afterwards had good singing and attentive listeners.

The arguments and teachings of that sermon had a life-long influence upon the life and conduct of at least one man. Old people tell us of the early life of J. D——, how his days and years were a continued profane riot, and that on all occasions he led the crowd when any violence was contemplated. He had always scorned religion, and laughed at the clumsy way Elder Wheat had of bringing souls to God. There was nothing cheerful, or loving, or refined in his religion; and his God was a good deal like himself—without "edica-

tion or larnin’,” and rendered blind and deaf by his own thunder. But here was a style of argument and a refinement of expression, in speaking of God’s love to man, that arrested D.’s attention, and struck conviction deep into his mind that it was time for him to begin a new life. It was not long afterwards that he became a professed Christian and a praying man; and for more than fifty years he did not fail to proclaim his belief in the God who “took his feet from the horrible pit and miry clay, and placed them upon the rock Christ Jesus.” But what created surprise was, that instead of uniting with Mr. Foster’s church, to whom he has always been much attached, he should join the Methodists, with which he has always since been identified. But this is readily accounted for when we consider that his temperament was very demonstrative; and it is only among Methodists that religion is allowed to fill a man bursting full, so that it runs over and displays its happiness in shouts of amen and hallelujah, and in songs and praises. Mr. Foster was always earnest, and there was a gentle dignity in his manners that attracted all hearts to him, but it was not common for his congregation to interrupt him with shouts of approval.

I have wondered why Mr. Foster, all through his long life, should have entertained strong affection for the people of Canaan. They did not treat him well; in fact, they never really appreciated him. He came here from school, in debt for his education. He lived here, and worked faithfully about nine years, and then his debt was not paid—it was scarcely reduced; and when he left, he had borrowed

money from one of his brethren, who threatened to sue him if it was not paid—and suing a man without money in those days was to shut him up in jail. Up to that time our laws in relation to debt were barbarous, relics of ages when poor men had no rights, and the grave was often more merciful than the creditor. There was a young tanner here fifty years ago, named David March. Just about that time he married Phebe Dow. He was industrious and steady, but he owed a sum of money in Croydon. His creditor sent the sheriff here, who took March away from his young wife and from his labor, and carried him to jail at Haverhill. The day he started I was the small boy looking on, and just beginning to think. Some one expressed sympathy, hoping he might soon return. March replied, “If I were dishonest I should feel disgraced to be in the hands of the sheriff, going to jail; but the laws are not friendly to the poor man.” No, indeed, they were not, and it was not until years afterwards that an enlightened public sentiment demanded the abolition of that wolfish law that put poor debtors into jail. I remember another case, that occurred about 1831, and which to me seemed to be a very hard one. Old Dr. T., who used to ride a black pacing horse, and was welcomed into every house in town, was in debt. In fact, he never was out of debt. He was a learned man, a good lawyer as well as physician; but all his learning could not save him from the sheriff’s hands, and he was sent to Haverhill: his indebtedness was an endorsement for a friend. He used to say that he hoped “the time for sending men to jail for debt would soon come

to an end. It was no benefit to the creditor nor to the community to take an able-bodied man from his business and shut him up because he was unable to pay his debts." Dr. T. remained in Haverhill several months.

Mr. Foster went from this town to Putney, Vt., and it was friends in Putney who came to his relief when threatened with such dangers. I have before stated that the Congregational church in Canaan was never strong enough to sustain itself. It increased and flourished in those years, and promised to do more for itself than it ever performed. There was need of a house. Although Elder Wheat and the Baptists claimed the meeting-house because they had possession of it, they very kindly yielded the pulpit sometimes to Mr. Foster; still there was considerable inconvenience in it, and some feeling. There was no question as to the title to the house. It was the property of "the proprietors," and these embraced all the beliefs in town. But the Baptists were most numerous, and had maintained an organization in it ever since it was built. They disliked to yield it up, and they did not. Previous to this time, several years, the Methodists had formed a church; and though they are not in the habit of yielding any of their rights, yet, that they might have the good-will of the people while they were weak, they prudently went to work, and in 1826 dedicated a church on South Road, and there they shouted and sung; and many of them got as near to God, and talked as familiarly and lovingly to Him, as if their names had been Moses and Elisha. Simple times those were! and simple Christianity seemed a second time to

have found a resting-place upon earth. Brotherly love prevailed, and charity and forbearance abounded so largely that they almost ceased to be virtues. My mother would sometimes allow me to go over there of a Sunday. It was sixty years ago. The experiences of half a century, travelling side by side with my fellow-man, have not realized to me the truth of the impressions then made upon my boyish mind.

It seemed to be necessary that there should be another house, wherein Mr. Foster could preach all the time. A religious society makes slow progress when it has to alternate with another in the occupation of a house. They thought so here; and finally, through the enthusiasm of George Kimball, Esq., and the energy of Jacob Trussell, the project assumed form. A deed of land from John Fales secured a location on the brow of a bleak hill, where the air-currents are always strong. The house was built and dedicated in January, 1829, and paid for from the sales of the pews. There were two negroes in town in 1828—Nancy, a freed servant, whom Mrs. George Kimball brought from Bermuda, and Dennison Wentworth, a black boy, living with Mrs. Plastridge at the old Dole tavern. So scrupulous were these people not to mix the races, that a pew was built in the north-west corner of the gallery for their special use. It is there now. This did not look as if religion was to be an even thing all round; and some of the old people, who had never before seen any difference in anybody in a church, made amusing remarks upon the "nigger pew." Mr. Kimball was not pleased with

the arrangement, and declined to let Nancy occupy the pew. They all sat together, like one family. Dennison had associated with the boys, and had been considered about as good as any of them. He also declined the honors intended for him, and that pew fell entirely into disuse. I have a letter from N. P. Rogers to George Kimball, dated Aug. 5, 1829, in reference to Nancy and the trouble in changing servants, which reads very much as people talk in these days. I give only a short extract. He had been to visit Kimball at Canaan. He says,—

“We got home after a dismal ride from Canaan. I was sick, wife tired, Daniel restless; spirits depressed; visit over; journey ended; road rocky, hilly—hilly as Satan; picked raspberries all along the wayside; unwell several days; money scarce; business dull. Wish we had as good a little Bermudese as Nancy, instead of the white birds of passage. They are as restless and troublesome as French Jacobins. I can’t keep one a week. Our Lydia is about retiring to her Peeling, and then we have got the whole planet to circumnavigate after another. This notion of having

a president only one term is making these jades as restless as king-birds. They want to keep in perpetual rotation. When you next go to Bermuda you must bring Mary a neat little Bermudean *she-Othello*, as black as a blackberry, and as clean as a penny. Blind her when you start, or she will find her way back in six weeks *on foot*. . . . You are better situated than anybody on earth. Your dwelling is an elegant retirement in a truly *original* neighborhood. Your faithful servant is cut off by her ebony hue, and by the waves that wallup towards our shores and the ‘vexd Bermoothes,’ from all propensity to quit your service and run home among white clowns, and send you polling about after another witch, to run away as soon as you have got her half learned. You have no bitter enemies except poor Elijah, and his enmity is as good as a milch cow to you in Cannan. You are a scholar, with inexhaustible resources to amuse and entertain. You are an Episcopalian, and your *piety* is not of a sort to disquiet or alarm you; and your wife is a Christian, if you are not, and may sanctify her unbelieving husband.”

[To be continued.]



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HON. EDWARD HENRY DURELL.

Late in the fall of 1887 there was erected in Pine Hill cemetery, in the city of Dover, a noble monument to the memory of Judge Edward H. Durell, for many years a resident of Louisiana, a gentleman of national reputation, and one of New Hampshire's most distinguished sons. The monument is of granite, of the true sarcophagus style, massive in its proportions, weighing about forty tons. It is nine feet wide at the base, and stands ten feet above the ground. The lower base bears on front the family name DURELL in large raised letters. The die stone, which sets on the base, is highly polished on all sides, forming a beautiful contrast with the fine cut finished parts of the monument. On this block are the inscriptions. On the front is the record of his private life; on the right side a quotation from his own writings,—

God's laws are ever right; and of
all, Love is greatest.

The next side gives a brief record of

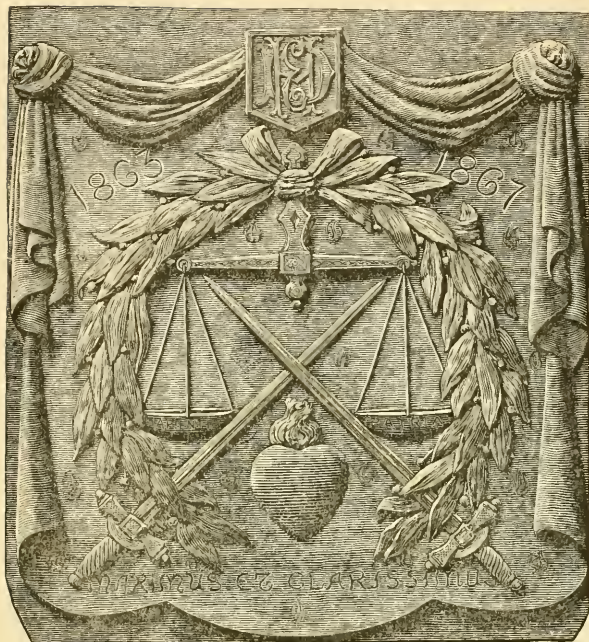
his public life; and on the fourth side is the quotation,—

The path of the just is as the
shining light, that shineth more
and more unto the perfect day.

The crowning piece of the monument is in the shape of the ancient tombstones, in which bodies used to be laid, and then hermetically sealed. On each side of the capstone is a large bronze tablet, showing in emblematic designs the events of his life. The front panel is emblematic of his long and upright career on the bench, and has the motto,—

MAXIMUS ET CLARISSIMUS.

The second panel has the coat of arms of New Hampshire, the state in which he was born; the coat of arms of Louisiana, where he won his fame; and an allegorical design, representing the Goddess of Liberty raising up a slave and pointing to the broken chains of slavery, showing his sympathy with emancipation. The third tablet is symbolical of his great learning and knowledge; while the



THE FRONT PANEL.



THE SECOND PANEL.

fourth commemorates his devotion to his native country.

The monument was erected by Mrs. H. E. Durell, on the lot where several generations of his ancestors had been buried, from her own designs, arranged by the artist builders, J. S. Hartley, of New York, and A. Schilling, of Albany, N. Y.

Judge Durell was an honored son of New Hampshire, wise, fearless, upright; United States justice for the state of Louisiana during the War and the Reconstruction period; a man who refused to be governor of a great state; who declined a mission to Austria as minister plenipotentiary; who moulded New Orleans and Louisiana into nineteenth century usages; who was demanded by the South as a candidate for vice-president; who was true to his love of country amid terrible temptations; a man of great learning, wisdom, and judgment; an active participator in the most stirring events of our national history; who, having lived a long and useful life, was in the fulness of

years gathered to his fathers, and buried on soil made sacred by the dust of his forefathers.

ANCESTRY.

Nicholas Durell, the grandfather of Edward Henry Durell, of Lee, New Hampshire, was born in 1730, and descended from an ancient Norman Huguenot family long resident in the Isle of Jersey. A Revolutionary patriot, he commanded a troop of horse in the provincial militia. He died in 1776.

Colonel or Judge John Wentworth, the great grandsire on the maternal side, was born at Somersworth (now Rollinsford), N. H., March 30, 1719, and descended from Elder William Wentworth, the ancestor of all the Wentworths in this country, and the American branch of the illustrious English family of that name, having an ancestor in common with King Edward VI of England, and with Sir Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, for whom Strafford county, N. H., was named by Col. Judge John Wentworth, who was also allied to the illustrious family of Montmorency of France.

Judge John Wentworth was state representative from 1767 to 1771; justice of the court of common pleas; one of the judges of the superior court from 1776 until his death; colonel of the Second New Hampshire Regiment; speaker of the New Hampshire legislature until it was dissolved in 1775. He died May 17, 1781.

John Wentworth, Jr., son of the above, grandsire of the subject of this sketch, was born at Salmon Falls, N. H., in the house built by his great uncle, July 17, 1745. He was a grad-

uate of Harvard in 1768; a Revolutionary patriot; member of the house of representatives at Exeter, N. H., from 1776 to 1781, when he was transferred to the council, to succeed his father. He served till 1783, when he was chosen a member of the first senate for the state of New Hampshire, organized in June, 1784, and served until June 7, 1786. He was a delegate from New Hampshire to the convention which formed the United States constitution, and was a signer of the original Articles of Confederation. His autograph is to be found upon the original parchment copy of the constitution at Washington, in the office of the secretary of state. He was also distinguished by the title of "Peace-maker." He died in 1787, and is buried in the Durell lot, at Pine Hill cemetery, in Dover.

Daniel Meserve Durell and his wife, born Elizabeth Wentworth, were the father and mother of E. H. Durell. He was born at Lee, N. H., in 1769; graduated from Dartmouth college, Hanover, in 1794; was representative in the New Hampshire legislature; member of congress; chief-justice of the first district court of common pleas; and U. S. district attorney of N. H. He died at Dover, N. H., April 29, 1841. His wife, Elizabeth Wentworth, was born August 9, 1774; married June 1, 1800; died June 24, 1836. Their children were four sons and four daughters, all of whom are deceased in 1888.

JUDGE EDWARD HENRY DURELL,

the third son and sixth child of his parents, descending from a family of judges on both paternal and maternal sides for three generations, was born

in the ancestral mansion, known as the "Governor Wentworth house," on Pleasant street, in Portsmouth, July 14, 1810. In that mansion are still preserved the family portraits, by Copley and his master, Blackburn, and other valuable historical mementos of colonial days and of royal state.

After studying at Phillips Exeter Academy, he entered Harvard in 1827,

together, "In good old Colony times, when we lived under the King;" Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtliff, Dr. George C. Shattuck, Thomas G. Appleton, the wit (who said, "When the good die they go to Paris," etc.), and the brother of Longfellow's wife, who inspired his "Hyperion," and other young gentlemen since known to fame. Contemporary with them at Cambridge, in other class-

es, were Charles Sumner, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Freeman Clarke, Benjamin Pierce, Rev. Dr. Osgood, and Dr. Bellows.

Studying law for two years under the direction of his father, Judge Daniel H. Durell, of Dover, although according to the latter's diary "he is intended for the ministry," in 1834 Edward Henry Durell started out upon his life's pilgrimage. He went to



GOVERNOR WENTWORTH HOUSE.

and graduated in 1831, in what is called Harvard's banner class, which included Charles Eames, the first scholar of the class, Wendell Phillips, John Lothrop Motley, the historian whom Bismarck recently referred to in his great speech "as his dear deceased friend, who taught him the song when they were boys at school

Pittsburg, Mississippi, afterwards rechristened by him Grenada, where he practised law until December, 1835.

In a letter to his younger brother, George Clinton (dated from Pittsburg, 1834), then at Bowdoin college, Brunswick, and who had informed him of his intention of leaving there

and entering Harvard, is found this advice: "Beware of the dissipations of Cambridge. I charge you not to connect yourself with any society which gives suppers; to avoid the company of those who have much money; and to visit Boston as seldom as possible, always on foot, and never with more than twenty-five cents in your pocket. Want of money is a great aid against temptation."

He removed to New Orleans, arriving there Jan. 1, 1836, where he remained until May or June of that year. In Charleston, S. C., where he then went, he remained until October of the same year, and here became acquainted with Bishop Clancy, R. C., Bishop of Malta. Bishop Clancy desired that Mr. Durell should enter the Romish Church, and gave him letters to Archbishop Eccleston, of Baltimore, which letters he delivered. For a time he contemplated entering that church, proceeding to Rome and studying divinity in the Propaganda, but subsequently changed his mind, and left for New Hampshire.

On March 27, 1837, he returned to New Orleans, where he remained in the practice of his profession, with the exception of fifteen months of Confederate usurpation, until elevated to the bench of the United States district court for the eastern district of Louisiana by President Lincoln, in May, 1863. In 1866, by law of congress, the western judicial district of Louisiana was abolished, and thereafter the whole of Louisiana was presided over by Judge Durell as one single judicial district until his resignation from the bench, December 4, 1874. Since his resignation, Louisiana has again been subdivided judicially.

In New Orleans, in 1843, he drafted a statute, among others of equal importance, that cannot be explained in the limits of this sketch, in two short sections, which subsequently effected a most important and beneficial change in the law of the descent of property in Louisiana. Prior to and at that date, the child, children, heir, or heirs, on the death of either father or mother, husband or wife, came into immediate possession, not only of the property brought by the deceased in marriage, but also of one half of the "acquets and gains" accumulated in marital partnership. The law as it then stood was the source of infinite family quarrels, heart-burnings, and disquietude. It undermined the obedience and destroyed the filial respect of children. His statute changed all this: it gave to the surviving parent, husband, or wife the usufruct, to be determined only by death or subsequent remarriage, of the share of the marital gains belonging to the deceased. The draft drawn by him, without outside consultation, but prompted thereby by the numerous recitals of family quarrels scattered through "the books," as lawyers call their literature, he put into the hands of the late Judge E. A. Cannon, then a member of the lower house of the legislature. It fitted most admirably into the case of Judge Cannon, whose fortune was made subsequent to marriage, and with a weak son as sole heir. He zealously engineered it through both houses of the legislature, and with the governor, to its final promulgation as a law.

As alderman, elected in 1854, and chairman of the Committee on Fi-

nance, he was the author of several very important measures during his term of office. Having seen it stated by Sir Charles Lyell, in his account of his second visit to the United States, that New Orleans, like much of the prairie of the Attakapas, rested on water as its foundation, and that at some time, with the increase of the city, the crust upon which it is built would yield to the weight of the superincumbent mass and deposit the inhabitants some fifty fathoms beneath the waters of the Gulf, Mr. Durell hastened to put this assertion to the test. With much difficulty, aided by some outside scientific pressure, he forced through the council a resolution appropriating money for the boring of an artesian well in the centre of the "neutral ground" upon Canal street, between Carondelet and Barronne streets. The boring of the well was begun in February, 1854, and was completed July 31, 1856, having penetrated six hundred feet and reached the bed of the Gulf of Mexico, thus proving that the city of New Orleans rests upon as solid a foundation as the everlasting hills. Thus did he banish forever the fears that beset all the old ladies and gentlemen who believed in the prophecies of Sir Charles, and gave undisturbed rest to a hundred thousand people. The total cost of the well was \$15,316.52.

In 1855 he inaugurated the policy of renting the city wharfs, in sections, for terms of years, thereby converting a burden upon the city's treasury into a source of large revenue.

He effected thorough and lasting reforms for the preservation of property from fire in New Orleans; after

which the "Fireman's Charitable Association," largely in debt, was able to pay its debts and put its coffers in a plethoric condition. He reorganized the fire department, introducing the steam fire engine, destroying its numerous petty, warring organizations, and reducing that arm of the public safety to order and to complete subjection to the city's authority.

In November, 1855, he made a "report upon the wealth, internal resources, and commercial prosperity of the city of New Orleans," which was received with great favor, giving to the citizens "a full statement of the foreign and domestic commerce of the city for the ten years preceding, together with an *exposé* of the radical defects pervading the city's methods of raising and expending its revenues," etc. This report led to the adoption of several important reforms not within the scope of a brief sketch.

His *magnum opus* was a labor which changed the whole polity of the city, and changed it for the better. In obedience to instructions of "resolutions," he alone, unaided, without counsel, and in the face of large opposition, drafted the statute which in 1856 became by legislative enactment "the charter of the city of New Orleans." Its distinctive features related to taxation, "subjecting to an equal taxation personal and real property." Prior to the charter of 1856, real estate, including slaves, was alone taxed by the city. It fixed the rate of taxation; it required action to be taken for the opening, widening, straightening, paving, and banqueting of streets; it barred the way to laying, at the expense of the city, of miles of

worthless plank roads through the open fields of the suburbs; it consolidated the public debt of the three municipalities, incurred during the period of their separate municipal independence, and fixed taxation, before ruinously unequal, at an equal per cent. throughout the city. The fiscal agent, called for by section 118 of the charter, he had before created by "resolution," owing to defalcations and absorptions by Mr. Garland, treasurer, the favorite and pet of the Whig party. There were other and very excellent points peculiar to the charter of 1856.

His draft, when presented to the legislature of the state for its approval and sanction, was opposed by every city member save one in both houses, and was opposed by every newspaper published in the city, Whig and Democratic, save one, the *Orleanian*, published in French. Notwithstanding such strong opposition, his project of a charter, by sheer force of its own excellence, beat down all its enemies, was put upon its passage, and became a law.

He labored hard to establish a uniform grade of all the streets of the city, so necessary to surface drainage, and did succeed in passing and carrying into effect an ordinance for raising eighteen inches the level of Canal street, which had been converted into a common sewer. He took a large interest in the question of the drainage of the outlying lake lands of the city.

He was author of the bureau system of the municipal government of New Orleans during the war and subsequently. He was president of the bureau of finance from July 1, 1862,

to July 1, 1864. He was made mayor of the city Oct. 9, 1863, and performed the duties of the two offices, but refused to receive two salaries.

He was author of an ordinance affecting reforms in the public schools of the city. During Mr. Durell's administration of the city's finances the public schools flourished exceedingly, and no teacher, male or female, or other employé about the schools, was delayed for a single day in the reception of the monthly wages. He also drew up an ordinance of "by-laws and rules for the organization and government of the public schools."

He was the author of an ordinance, March 21, 1864, "providing for the conversion of bonds issued by the city of New Orleans into notes of the city of New Orleans, and for the conversion of notes issued by the city of New Orleans into bonds of the city of New Orleans," interchangeable at will—his own idea, since appropriated by two prominent government agents in finance.

He was elected a delegate to the Republican National Convention for the nomination of candidates for president, held at Baltimore in 1864, while he was president of the Louisiana State Constitutional Convention. He was elected president of the state convention April 7, 1864, and presided over the same till its dissolution, July 25, 1864.

It amended the constitution of 1852 by abolishing slavery, in harmony with the results of the war. It brought Louisiana back into the Union—the first seceded state—with legitimate government restored.

Judge Durell's associates at the bar of New Orleans included among oth-

ers John R. Grimes, Christian Rose-lius, Alfred Hennen, Mazereau, Segur, Cannon, Judah P. Benjamin, McCaleb, Eustis, Bradford, Prentis, Wilde, W. H. Hunt, etc.

In accordance with a published notice, an assembly of the bar of New Orleans took place on January 7, 1865, in the room occupied by the United States circuit court,¹ Judge Durell presiding, to pay a suitable tribute to the memory of the late Chief-Justice Roger Brooks Taney. Judge Durell responded to the addresses of the bar as follows :

"The resolutions presented, and the remarks made upon this occasion by the bar of New Orleans, are fit to the occasion, and most honorable to the memory of the judiciary of the United States. Gentlemen, when a man of great moral worth, of great intellectual power, of great learning and of eminent station, who has given a large portion of his life to the service of his country, passes away from among his fellow-men, we naturally pause in our individual pursuits of interest and happiness to measure the loss we have suffered ; to contemplate the character, the labors, and the result of the labors of one, who, but yesterday, stood preëminent among us.

"The late chief-justice was raised to the bench of the supreme court of the United States in his mature age, and thereafter acted as its head through the long period of thirty years. During all that time, presiding over a court of an unequalled history, invested with judicial powers broader and more important than have

been intrusted by any people, other than our own, to similar tribunals, no one has questioned the honesty of his purpose, the soundness of his learning, or the singleness of his devotion to what he believed to be the true interests of his country. In that long period of judicial service he added largely to the record of wisdom of a court whose decisions bear with us the highest authority, and whose opinions are received wherever the science of jurisprudence is studied with the most profound respect. He was, indeed, *Vir maximus et clarissimus*.

"Growing old in the years of the quiet prosperity of the republic, the late chief-justice of necessity held strongly to the past. He did not see the trouble upon the horizon ; he did not see the coming of the great trial with which God sooner or later, in the history of every people, tests its manhood, tests its capacities of self-preservation, tests its devotion to the right. Therefore it was that he feared change as the greatest of evils, and saw not in the great charter of our liberties its wonderful adaptability to all the conditions of a nation's life—in peace, a lamb ; in intestine war, the waking lion. But such has ever been the quality of age, and the chief-justice must be pardoned the exhibition of a trait which belongs to humanity.

"The late chief-justice most worthily filled his part. As a member of a noble profession which has in every age asserted the rights of man he stood among the foremost, and died crowned with its highest honors."

The judge concluded his speech by

¹ Judge Durell also presided over the United States circuit court for several years after the war, until Justice Woods, the late Chief Justice at Washington, was appointed.

directing the resolution of the bar to be spread upon the records of the court in accordance with the motion offered, and ordered the adjournment of the court.

Congress adopted a system of confiscation of the real property of the rebels, and it was in active operation in Louisiana early in the term of his judgeship. In the spring of 1867, finding the enforcement of the law worked great hardship without any corresponding benefit to the treasury of the United States, Judge Durell visited Washington and urged upon the president, upon the secretary of state, and upon the attorney-general of the United States, the policy of discontinuing all action under the law. His efforts were successful; and from that day all prosecutions against the estates of the rebels in Louisiana were discontinued except so far as concerned cases in which judgment had been rendered and matured.

In a letter referring to the spring of 1867 he says,—“I consider the greatest mistake of my life to have been the refusal of the mission to Austria, offered me by Secretary Seward in April, 1867. I was sitting conversing with him in the state department at Washington when he tendered me the position, and from a foolish delicacy touching my classmate, Motley, the then minister with whom the administration was in quarrel, declined it. That offer opened an easy and most honorable retreat from the sty of all unclean things which then existed and still exists in Louisiana, and my great mistake in my own opinion was the refusal thereof. A judge may do an act of large

unpopularity, but so the act be within the line of his authority and he moves with a clean conscience, he owes no responsibility to, nor can he compromise with the howls of, the ignorant and vicious.”

In 1868 he was strongly advocated as the candidate for vice-president with General Grant. From the *New Orleans Republican* of that year the following extract is taken :

“The approaching presidential election, and the much nearer Republican nominating convention, are eliciting suggestions from the press all over the country with reference to the nominee for the office of vice-president. Under these circumstances it is our most agreeable duty to bring forward the name of the Hon. Edward H. Durell for that responsible and honorable position. The loyal men of the South, with their seventy or eighty electoral votes, which are certain to be cast for the Republican candidate, with their baptism of blood and grand records of loyalty, may surely ask if they may not claim that the vice-president should be taken from their section of the Union. We believe that the great heart of the North will concede this to us, and we therefore use the name of Judge Durell with confidence that soon he will honor the office of vice-president as much as the office will honor him. The great ability, the great learning, the unblemished character of Edward H. Durell, as well as his unswerving fidelity to the cardinal principles of liberty as represented by the Republican party, clearly point to him as the candidate of the loyal people of the South for that important position. Nor is Judge Durell without a large

circle of influential friends at the North. A New Englander by birth, a graduate of Harvard University, and for many years a resident of Louisiana, he combines a thorough knowledge of the peculiarities and wants of all sections of the country with a general knowledge of law, of literature, and of statesmanship which is equalled by few; he combines rare capacity for conceiving and applying practical ideas for shaping the conclusions and actions of men.

"The great dignity and ability with which he presided over the convention of 1864, when the danger to our country was the greatest, stamp him at once as possessing in a rare degree the qualities so essential for the president of the United States senate. Judge Edward H. Durell will make a vice-president of the United States of whom not only Louisiana and the South, but the whole country, will be justly proud. We therefore cordially urge his claim for the second office in the gift of the American people."

In 1871 he contemplated resigning from the bench. In consequence thereof, the New Orleans bar addressed to the judge the following letter:

NEW ORLEANS, June 6, 1871.

HON. EDWARD H. DURELL:

Dear Sir:—The undersigned, members of the New Orleans bar, having heard with profound regret current rumors that you intend to resign your office of judge of the district court of the United States, trust and believe that these rumors are unfounded; but that no efforts may be spared in preserving to the country the services of a tried, faithful, able, learned, and incorruptible judge, we do respectfully remonstrate against your intended

resignation, and ask that, should there be any truth in these reports, you may reconsider the matter, and for the good of the country remain upon the bench in the courts of the United States.

[Signed]

J. A. Campbell, d.
Emmet D. Craig, d.
Given Campbell, d.
Cristian Roselius, d.
[Leader of the bar.]
A. P. Field, r.
P. H. Morgan, r.
Thomas Hinton, d.
E. T. Merrick, d.
John H. Kennard, d.
T. J. McCoy, d.
Samuel C. Reid, d.
J. McConnell, d.
C. S. Kellogg, r.
A. A. Atveher, d.
Wm. R. Whittaker, d.
Geo. A. Breaux, d.
A. de B. Hughes, d.
Simeon Belden, f.
[Gov. Warmouth's attorney-general.]
John B. Weller, d.
[U. S. ex-senator.]
John S. Isley, d.
Henry C. Miller, d.
James C. Walker, d.
Charles Rice, d.
J. L. Whittaker, d.
J. E. Wallace, d.
George S. Bright, r.
J. R. Beckwith, r.
[U. S. district-attorney.]
Octave Morel, d.
W. W. Handling, r.
Wm. Grant, r.
G. Schmidt, d.
E. C. Billings, r.

This letter, it will be seen, was signed by the leading members of the Louisiana bar, many of whom have a national reputation as Democratic leaders.

From a copy of the *New Orleans Republican* of June, 1871, the following extract is taken:

d, Democrat.

r, Republican.

f, Fusionist.

In view of the rumors of the resignation from the bench of the Hon. E. H. Durell, our United States district judge, we cannot withhold our tribute of respect and esteem to one of the brightest ornaments of the federal judiciary.

The appointment of this gentleman to the place which he now occupies was made by President Lincoln, and we consider it one of the best made during his administration.

Judge Durell was called to the bench at one of the most eventful periods of our national history, when the country was convulsed with a strife and contest in which the life of the nation was at stake, and when in this section of the country the interests of the Federal Union demanded for that position the selection of a man of honesty and fearlessness of character, thorough familiarity with general and constitutional law, and undoubted patriotism. Such an one was found in Judge Durell.

Since he has filled his present position it has been his lot to hear and determine some of the most difficult, intricate, and interesting questions connected with the jurisprudence of this country, and also some of the nicest and most delicate principles of international law, the most important of which, upon appeal to the highest tribunal in the land, has been approved and sustained. His labors have been incessant, and it is a notable fact that in no district within the bounds of these United States has there been so much work done by a single judge during the same space of time. It will be remembered that when he was called to the bench there had been a judicial hiatus of nearly three years, during which time the business of this district court had increased and accumulated, besides which there was thrown upon him the additional duty of conducting the business of the circuit court, which continued until the appointment of Judge Woods to this important place.

The records of these two courts bear

witness to the Herculean labors of an honest and faithful public servant, who has not been rewarded in proportion to the work he has done. With it all he has never complained, but with patient and untiring assiduity discharged the duties of his office, meting out equal, impartial, and exact justice to all classes, satisfied with the reward which all good men prize and esteem, that of an approving conscience.

He has been a lifelong and devoted and consistent Union man, ever and always maintaining the integrity of these United States as "one and indivisible," and firmly believed that the power and authority of the Federal government in all its departments should be exercised, and was sufficient for the enforcement of its laws and to overthrow and overcome all its enemies, internal and external. To the lately emancipated race while upon the bench he has been a true and tried friend, and has firmly enforced all the laws of the United States passed in their behalf, especially that statute known as the civil rights bill. They, above all other citizens of this state, will have cause for sorrow and regret should he depart hence, for in him will be lost one of the best friends of that people, one who sympathized with them in their servitude, and rejoiced with them in their liberty and emancipation.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1864, of which he was the presiding officer, it was observed that the deliberations of that body were without personal bickerings or detraction, chiefly because of the intelligent decisions, patient forbearance, and the calm and dignified deportment of the president.

As a member of the common council of this city he was prudent and sagacious, and in the financial administration of one of its bureaus, when intrusted to his care during the years 1862, 1863, 1864, the executive ability and efficiency there displayed were without a parallel in its corporate history.

Undoubtedly the most brilliant and eventful period of the public life of Judge Durell has transpired since his accession to his present position; for it was the place of all others requiring a clear and comprehensive mind and discriminating judgment for the determination of the varied and intricate questions of civil, common, statute, and maritime law, and the delicate and abstruse principles of equality which were continually being brought before that court. While upon the bench, his decisions have made him the equal of the first jurists of the country. They have stood the test and criticism of the most learned of our judges and the most acute and subtle legal talent of the American bar.

Judge Durell, in a letter to a friend in the year 1872, referred to "possible honors" as follows: "At no time since the surrender of Lee could Honesty have sat in the gubernatorial chair of Louisiana for full four years. Both parties, the Carpet-bagger and the Rebel, had their turn, and we know what they have made of it. The people, in this country at least, make their rulers, and they make them as nearly as possible like unto themselves. Woe to that officer who is more honest than his creator: calumny, persecution, outrage of every kind, are the sure reward of an inconvenient virtue.

"Before the gubernatorial contest of 1872, men of both parties, or rather of three parties, approached me with a tender of a possible nomination. I felt pleased, complimented, you may say, and thought deeply two nights upon this matter. But when the second sun arose upon my cogitations, I felt neither pleased nor complimented; for a close review of the then immediate past convinced

me that the man all parties wanted was a man who would pander to their rascalities, and that the governor who did not do so would soon find his chair hotter to sit upon than was the gridiron upon which good St. Lawrence was roasted to death. Thus, from that day forth, I have never been covetous of political honors in Louisiana."

Subsequently Judge Durell, from the necessities of his judicial position, was called upon to act upon a question of great national as well as state interest, the discussion of which is of a character too broad to be here indulged in. From him emanated the famous injunction which restrained the Democrats from counting out the Republicans and seizing the state government. By this ruling of the court, and by the assistance of federal troops, William P. Kellogg, the Republican candidate for governor, took possession in the course of time of the state-house. In this Judge Durell acted up to his highest convictions of duty. Neither the announced purposes nor the suspected secret plans of politicians influenced the bench. It seems strange that a man whose nature was so peaceful, and who above all things disliked quarrels, should have been thrust forward into some of the most trying positions of partisan strife and civil war.

Mr. T. Morris Chester, in an address at St. James's chapel, March 26, 1873, as reported in the *New Orleans Republican*, thus referred to Judge Durell:

While to each of these gentlemen we are deeply indebted for their fidelity in championship of progressive legislation, we shall ever cherish a sense of profound

gratitude to Judge E. H. Durell, through whose discernment and impartiality the principles of general justice were applied to Louisiana. We cannot estimate too highly the rectitude of this learned judge, who could not be seduced by caresses or coerced by threats, inflexible to the pressure of the whites and unmoved by sympathy for the blacks, who, under a just construction of the great charters of our liberty and citizenship, enjoined the usurping bantling foaled by the incubations of Warmouth, and strangled it with the majesty of the law. In recognition of the judicial overthrow of this conspiracy and of the triumph of impartial justice, let us engrave the name of E. H. Durell, the true patriot, the enlightened statesman, and the just judge, above those of our much endeared legal champions, in characters of immortal light. When we remember from what a fearful calamity we have been rescued, how the outrages upon the sanctity of the ballot-box have been rebuked, how force and fraud have been defeated in their machinations, how the swelling tide of reaction has been turned from its alarming purpose into a ludicrous channel, how the enlightened legislation of the nation has been enforced by an equitable and inflexible judge in the redemption of this state, how the principles of distributive justice were applied to the litigants, how liberty has been preserved and perpetuated, how the sovereign people, the majesty of the law, and the genius of free institutions triumphed over an unholy and unblushing combination,—when we indulge in such reflections, and others which rapidly suggest themselves to our mind, we but express our grateful emotions when we exclaim, God bless Hunt! God bless Billings! God bless Beckwith! And if Heaven has any higher benediction with

which it favors mortals, let it be conferred upon Judge Durell.¹

When the fundamental questions of his adopted state, incident to her readmittance to the sisterhood of states had been settled, Judge Durell withdrew from public life in 1874, came North, and gave himself up to the fascinations of a literary life and the quiet joys of domestic happiness.

Judge Durell was married, June 8, 1875, at Trinity chapel, New York city, by Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, to Miss Mary Seitz Gebhard, of Schoharie, N. Y., a lady of culture and refinement, “and retired to that beautiful valley, employing his leisure time in writing a history of the Rebellion, and of the events of the South preceding it, which he did not propose to have published until after his death. He was a gentleman of the old school, a type of statesman of the William C. Marcy, Silas Wright, and W. H. Seward school, who were not legislating for what was the most popular public policy, but for what was right and for the best interests of the country. It would be well for the future of our country if it had more of that kind in public life.

Miss Mary Seitz Gebhard’s ancestors were from Walldorf, Germany, and Zweibrücken, Rhenish Bavaria. Rev. John Gabriel Gebhard came from Walldorf about 1770, and presided over the Dutch Reformed church in New York city, preaching in German, Dutch, and English, successive Sundays. He was a graduate

¹ Some of our state’s rights contemporaries are becoming candid. The *Bee* agrees with the *Picayune* that George Washington, in conjunction with Alexander Hamilton, made the first step toward centralization, that Jackson made the second, that General Taylor made the third, General Grant the fourth, and Judge Durell the last.—*New Orleans Republican*, February, 1873.

of Heidelberg, and received the theological education at Utrecht. A Revolutionary patriot, his zeal in the principles of our nation obliged him to flee from New York, and it was at Claverack (the Clovers), Columbia county, New York, near the homes of the Van Rensselaers, the Van Nesses, Livingstons, and other families whose names are identified with the colonial history of New York, that he decided to rest temporarily; but in spite of the calls to return to the city after peace had been established there, he remained in Claverack, preaching and ministering to the people through a wide extent of country until death, a pastorate of fifty years, whose church centennial was celebrated in 1857. His third son, Hon. John, and his grandson, John G., were the father and grandfather of Judge Durell's widow, now a resident of Dover, N. H.

Miss Gebhard was a classmate of Mrs. Frank Hobbs, daughter of Hon. Daniel M. Christie, of Dover; and it was while on a visit to his sisters in Dover that Judge Durell first made the acquaintance of his future wife.

From Rev. J. M. Durell's eulogy is taken the following extract:

As we review the elements of his character, we can say, without flattery, that he had a high ideal of what an honorable man ought to be. Because he acted up to his best light he never defended a cause he believed to be wrong, neither did he seek popular praise. Doing at the time what seemed right, even though his act placed him in a minority, he left his work to be justified by the unbiased judgment of the future. Had he lived in England, his later contemporaries would have called him a gentleman of the old school. While he had many of these ele-

ments that make some men intellectually cold and reserved, he possessed in addition a genial warmth of nature that made him a delightful conversationalist and companion. His strongest trait, however, was his firm belief in the Scriptures. He believed the Bible to be the word of God. He adored the Christ who died for him. He was intense in his love of the church of his choice, revered her ritual, and valued her means of grace. Yet he held his belief in that broad light of Christian charity that enabled him to see a brother in any disciple who turned his face to the Cross. Such a man could not fail to be a kind husband, affectionate, appreciative, thoughtful, and helpful. After nearly twelve years of wedded happiness the premonitory symptoms came: a pain in the heart, a few simple remedies, a short respite from suffering, and then, while sitting in his easy-chair, even as husband and wife were exchanging thoughts, the golden tie was severed, and a widow was left alone with her dead.

Four years ago the deceased visited his two sisters, then living in this city [Dover], Elizabeth, his senior by seven years, and Margaret, his twin sister. These three were all that remained of the family of Judge Daniel M. Durell, who, forty-one years ago, died as suddenly as the son, and with the same disease. Shortly after his visit Margaret passed away, and we read the burial service over her remains. Patient and quiet Elizabeth soon followed, and we reverently committed her to the dust. And now the last of this family waits to be carried to his last resting-place.

Judge Durell died at Schoharie, New York, March 29, 1887. To the last his eye was undimmed, his head clear, in that peace of God which drives away every trace of the infirmities and fretfulness from old age, and makes one carry the fresh, warm, happy heart of youth through all the changing experiences of an excep-

tionally eventful life. For many years a strong and devout Christian, he supported the Church in New Orleans, and with his wife united in 1880 with St. George's (Episcopal) church, at Newburgh-on-the-Hudson, New York, where they then resided. Bishop Horatio Potter officiated, assisted by Dr. O. Applegate, the beloved rector of that parish.

His almost instantaneous and painless death seemed to his sorrowing wife and friends like a direct translation from earth to heaven, as described by the poet in one of the judge's favorite hymns, ending,—

"The world recedes, it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly;
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

Referring to Mr. Morton's report in the Louisiana case, the *New Orleans Republican* (1873) says,—

It is to be regretted that he should have permitted himself to indulge in censure of Judge Durell upon the very imperfect knowledge of the facts of the case. . . . It rests with Louisiana, therefore, to see to it that a man who has done so much to give stability to our state government, who has stayed the hand of the assassin and averted impending deeds of bloodshed, who has clothed our humblest citizens with the protection of the laws of the nation, shall not suffer for having performed his duties so well. There is nothing in the gift of the people of this state that would be sufficient to discharge the great debt of gratitude to the man who has proved so potent for the preservation of this community from the irretrievable anarchy and confusion so lately threatened by the Democratic mob and Fusion leaders. If we had it in our power to elect a United States senator to-morrow—to choose a man to take his seat in the au-

gust body that passed the law for enforcing which Judge Durell has received the censure—as the peer and equal in every respect of its illustrious author [Senator Morton], who has nothing but censure where he should give applause, we should choose Edward H. Durell.

Mr. Morton is the putative author of the Enforcement Act, and, being a lawyer, should understand the effect of its enforcement. If he intended it to be a real, substantial law, he must have expected the courts to give it force. If he merely intended it as a bugbear to frighten rebels, he should have inserted a provision in it explaining that it did not mean anything.

Judge Edward H. Durell's daily prayer was as follows :

O Lord, bless us, and give us health and peace and strength. Bless us in this life and in the life to come. Descend upon us and give us a knowledge of Thee and of Thy Son and of the Holy Ghost, and give us faith. Be with us to help, to defend, and to save.

The *Nation* magazine of April 18, 1878, thus refers to a portrait of Judge Durell, by Thomas Le Clear, N. A., exhibited at the Century Club, New York, and at the fifty-third exhibition of the Academy of Design :

His portrait of Judge Durell is capitally posed for the expression of a temperament, and stands up dry, contemptuous, aristocratic, the image of a Bourbon justice supreme in the society of the antebellum days in Louisiana.

Of Mr. Le Clear, the artist, one of our old Academicians says, —

"His painting is thinner and more gelatinously glazed than that of the modern advocates of vigor, who mix whites with their shadows; but his modelling, less boisterously expressed than that of his younger contemporaries, is exact, sensitive, and elegant, with a dainty perception of planes and reliefs that reminds one of Stuart."

IN TRUST.

ALICE FREESE DURGIN.

The mountains, outlined sharp and clear
 Against a wintry sky, the whisper heard,
 As in caverns deep the Storm King stirred,
 And his noiseless hosts came scurrying near.

The tall old trees, so gaunt and bare,
 That guarded the frozen stream, the message caught,
 On the icy breath of the north wind brought,
 And sent it shrieking through the keen-edged air,

Till barren height and leafless wold,
 And shivering stream and frost-killed earth,
 Felt a rapturous thrill at the strange, new birth,
 That leaped while it slept in its heavy white fold.

"I cover, I cover," the weird wind sung,
 "Unburied hopes from the dead life wrung,"
 And with riotous joy the pale shroud flung
 Wanton and wide in the path of the storm.
 "Lie low, O sleeping heart! full soon, with kisses warm,
 Young Life shall touch thy palsied form;
 Her fresh, glad strength shall bring to thee
 The morning sparkles on the sea,
 The bird-song in the leafy tree,
 Daffodils rare under sunny skies,
 Honey-bees and butterflies:
 Awake, dull ears! ope, sealéd eyes!"

FREDERICK A. ELDREDGE, OF DUNSTABLE, N. H.

By HON. SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN, M. D.,
Librarian Mass. Historical Society.

The following communications will explain themselves.

Mr. Wright, the author of the note to me, was born at South Canaan, Connecticut, on February 12, 1804, graduated at Yale college in the class of 1826, and died at Medford, on November 22, 1885.

Mr. Dickson, the writer of the letter to Mr. Wright, was born at Groton, Massachusetts, on August 8, 1809, graduated at Yale college in the class of 1832, and died at Quenemo, Osage county, Kansas, on July 5, 1882.

The allusion in the letter is to Fred-

erick Augustus Eldredge, of Dunstable, New Hampshire, a member of Mr. Dickson's class, who, after the trouble at New Haven, went to Dartmouth college, where he graduated in the corresponding class. He was a son of Dr. Micah and Sally (Butterick) Eldredge, and was born at Dunstable, Massachusetts, on March 25, 1810. He was fitted for college at Groton academy by Mr. Wright, at that time the head-master of the school, which will account for his interest in the matter. After leaving Dartmouth he taught school both at Dunstable and Nashua, and it was his intention to enter the ministry. Eldredge died at Nashua, on January 13, 1836, four years after his graduation.

It is needless to add that he belonged to an old New England family of excellent stock; and the little tempest was caused by his swarthy complexion. While at college Eldredge roomed with Dickson in Mrs. Mills's house.

His father, Dr. Micah Eldredge, practised his profession for many years at Dunstable, living first on one side of the state line and then on the other. It may be noted here that the running of the provincial boundary between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, in the year 1741, nearly bisected the old town of Dunstable, and created two towns of the same name, lying by the side of each other, one in each province. This condition of affairs continued until January 1, 1837, when the New Hampshire township, by legislative enactment, on December 8, 1836, put aside its old name and took that of Nashua.

Dr. Eldredge was a representative

from Dunstable to the Massachusetts legislature in the years 1809 and 1811; but, at the writing of the letter, he appears to have been living on the New Hampshire side of the line. He removed to Groton in the year 1826, where he remained for two years, living on what is now called Hollis street, in the house occupied by the Reverend John Todd, when Mr. Butler's map of the town was published. He left Groton early in 1828, and went to Dunstable (now Nashua); and he died on July 3, 1849, at Milford, New Hampshire. He received an honorary degree of M. D. from Dartmouth college in 1841.

BOSTON, Dec. 20, 1884.

DEAR DR. GREEN:

As you are a born Historian, you have a better right to Dickson's letter than I have, so I commit it unreservedly to your hands, to make such use of it as you see fit.

Yours truly,

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

WEST SPRINGFIELD, July 17, 1832.

DEAR WRIGHT:

I received your letter of inquiries respecting our friend Eldredge, while attending our Senior examination at New Haven, last week; and I will endeavour to answer your questions as far as I can recollect the circumstances. Though, from the time that has elapsed since, and not having laid up the particulars for future use, I can give you only a general outline of the affair.

The student's name was *Grimke*, of South Carolina, son of the celebrated lawyer Grimké. The tutor was Jones. What he said with regard to the complaint at the time I know not. Jones wrote, not to Eldredge's father, but to Mr. Nott, minister in Dunstable, New Hampshire, where Dr. Eldredge lives. The object of his writing was (as I un-

derstood from Jones himself, afterwards) not to satisfy *himself* (Jones), as to Eldredge's being a white man, but, he said, he thought if he could have a letter from some one in Eldredge's place, it would satisfy the scruples of the *Hon. Southerner* (who, by the way, had no more to brag of, as to looks, than Eldredge). All I *know* of the feeling of the Faculty on the subject, is what I gathered from a conversation with Prof. Goodrich on the subject, when Eldredge took his dismissal: the amount of which was that the Faculty thought Eldredge had been badly treated,—that they had done what they *could*, without making it worse, to remedy the evil, and that he (Goodrich) thought Eldredge had sufficient reason for leaving the college.

On the part of the students, there was a good deal of feeling, both *for* and *against* Eldredge. Most of the *Southerners* joined with Grimké; while most of the rest of the class were indignant, both at Grimké and that Jones should take any notice of such a message, otherwise than to spurn it and reprimand the bearer. Eldredge was most *shamefully* treated after the affair broke out, which was the first or second term, Freshman year, and was kept up till the end of Sophomore year, when Eldredge took a dismissal. I never would have borne half that he did; and it would have been much better for him to have left in the first of it, for it had so much effect upon him that his last year there was little better than *lost*, as it regarded his studies. It got into the next class, as it was in ours, so that, after Grimké and his gang were expelled in our rebellion, Eldredge had no more peace than before. Not unfrequently, while about the college yard, he would be

insulted by these *gentlemen*, so sensitive at the idea of negro blood, though I shrewdly suspect but few of *them* would be found without a *spice* of the Darkee in their veins. Nor was this all; his windows were broken two or three times Sophomore year, to say nothing of Freshman year. Finally, he left on account of the negro affair, started by Grimké. It would be no more than *fair* to state that, *probably*, Jones would not have noticed the complaint had it come from almost any one besides *Grimké*. G. was a *haughty*, overbearing fellow, and despised by a great part of the class, though he completely had Jones by the *nose*, as was manifest even in the recitation room.

Eldredge went to Dartmouth college, where he was doing well the last that I heard from him. I have not been in Groton since last fall. Brother Walter has left Groton. Mr. Todd has had a call to go to Salem, Mass. Whether he will go or not, I am unable to say. I made out to stick by old Yale till I had my name read off in *Latin*. I shall make them one more visit to get my A. B.; and, if I do not have too much to do between this time and that, perhaps I may show them how Massachusetts boys can write *Disputes*. I have been teaching school in this place about three months. They wish very much to have me continue here, but I shall not, unless they raise their price a good deal. You know that *chaps* in my circumstances are looking out for *money*. Have you got a good school for me in Ohio?

Yours, etc.

C. DICKSON.

[Addressed]

PROF. ELIZUR WRIGHT,
Hudson, Portage county, Ohio.

THE BULOW PLANTATION.

CHAPTER IV.

"How does it happen that you are here, sister Isabella?" asked Tristan. "I understood from your last letter that it lacked several months yet to the date of your graduation from the convent school."

"Yes, Tristan," replied his sister, "but I have been writing to you for several weeks that the time of graduation had been hastened in my case, for I have studied diligently to accomplish that, in order that I might see you at our old home before it passed into the hands of strangers. You must have missed my letters, brother."

"That is owing to the irregularity of the mails, probably," replied Tristan, "but we are very happy to see you."

"And I am glad to think I owe to you and Antonio and your American friend the debt of saving my life," replied his sister.

"We did for you only what we would do gladly for any fellow-being," replied Homer, "and there was really not much exposure on our part."

"You have returned in very troublesome and threatening times," continued Tristan, "for we are about to enter on an Indian war which will be fearful in its results. The Seminoles and Creeks are fairly aroused, and we leave this pleasant home this very day to seek shelter in the old sugar-house."

"Miss Bulow has been giving me a hurried sketch of the state of affairs. Did you not tell me," she said,

addressing Helen, "that you found a very gallant savage in Osceola?"

"Osceola visited our plantation a few weeks since, and seemed very friendly," replied Helen. "I think he must have been very much impressed by me, for when I offered to shake hands with him he struck an attitude and made quite a 'big talk.'"

"What did he say?" asked her father. "I only approached in time to hear his last words, 'but with you I bury the hatchet. You are a friend to Osceola. I shall watch over you.'"

Helen gave a little shudder as she continued: "He took my hand gently, and, dropping it quickly, straightened himself and looked, what he is, a prince of the forest, and said—'Pale-faced maiden, you have taken Osceola by the hand. You are not proud like your white sisters, who shudder and hide their faces at the approach of the dreaded and despised Indian. Hear me, for my words are true. A war-cloud now hangs over this land of the white man. The Indian braves will not be forced, like negroes, to leave their forest homes and find refuge on the treeless prairies. They will fight to the death. The rivers shall run with the blood of the white man, and every house shall be a heap of ashes before the red man consents to leave. And then he will not leave. But with you I bury the hatchet. You are a friend to Osceola. I shall watch over you.'"

"You have a friend with the enemy," said Homer, "and are promised protection by each party."

"Do not place too much confidence in the word of a savage," said Tristan. "He might guard you while present, but the moment his back should be turned, were you in his power, your life would be forfeited to some of his skulking followers."

"Let us hope that none present will ever be dependent on the merey of any Indian," cried Homer.

While this conversation had been progressing, the party had been doing ample justice to a bountiful breakfast. The hominy, which as one advances north degenerates into Indian meal, was there served in all its white richness; the coffee, too, seemed to be a natural product of the land, so fragrant, so suitable to the climate. Broiled bacon, sweet potatoes, chicken, eggs, and venison steak tempted the worthy captain.

While the party are breakfasting, we will glance over the house and try to realize the scene of forty years since. The kitchen and apartments of the servants of the household were removed several rods from the mansion, the whole of which was devoted to the family, with the exception of one chamber occupied by a couple of favored quadroons who acted as waiting-maids. The floor, walls, and ceiling of the breakfast-room in the north-east part of the house were of yellow pine with a wainscoting of polished red cedar four feet high surrounding the room. A massive carved sideboard of mahogany, manufactured by skilled hands in St. Augustine during the last century, ornamented one of the sides of the room. On the opposite side was a fireplace carved apparently out of a solid block of coquina. The walls were adorned by

several hunting scenes, painted by Spanish masters, brought to Florida by an ancestor of the late owner, Signor Tristan Hernandez.

The house had four rooms on the first floor, with a wide hall running through the centre from east to west. The southern portion was occupied by the drawing-room or parlors, connected by a double arch supported on each side by a couple of marble pillars, in the rear of which were long mirrors. The floors were covered by a Turkish rug in the easterly part, and in the westerly room by a medalion carpet imported from a nunnery in France. The walls were adorned by portraits of members of the Hernandez family for a couple of centuries, a landscape, and a marine view. The furniture was light and graceful. In the centre of the house in the rear of the breakfast-room was the circular stairway leading to the story above, north of this the pantry, while the north-west portion of the house was occupied as a library. Here the taste and culture of the Don Tristan Hernandez could be seen by the selection of works that adorned the cases, including the classic authors of ancient times, as well as more modern writers. Novels, poems, essays, and histories each had their place. The room was adorned otherwise by numerous articles of *virtu*. A portfolio of rare engravings, marble busts of departed statesmen and scholars, choice bronze statuettes and vases of known antiquity and value, were scattered among relics from the ancient kingdoms of the Montezumas and Incas.

Having glanced over the mansion, we will take a look at the party at

breakfast. Helen and Colonel Bulow, Tristan and Antonio Hernandez, and Captain Homer we will pass by as old acquaintances, and bow politely before the Signorita Isabella and her friend Miss Maud Everett.

Isabella was the type of the thoroughbred Castilian Spanish donna; and, as her brothers were the perfection of manly strength and symmetry, so was she the embodiment of feminine grace and beauty. Not tall, but with a queenlike air that imposed respect, large black eyes that could burn or languish, features of the Hellenic cast that once seen could never be forgotten, but would always linger in the memory, and a charm about her manner that entranced her acquaintances and commanded the affection and love of all.

Maud Everett was a pure blonde. As she appeared this first morning, the party could not rid their minds of the idea that she was an Undine, just come up from the water of the ocean to charm men for awhile and then disappear. so statuesque and cold was her beauty. But when a smile played about her lovely mouth, and her dark blue eyes lighted with fun, she became the soul and life of the company.

Isabella had been attending a convent school at Havana for several years, and in constant friendship and companionship, in pastimes and studies, with the lovely Maud.

Several years before the date of our story, Mr. Everett, a Portland gentleman, had followed his wife to an early grave, and had left a small fortune to his orphan daughter, unfettered by any restrictions save that she should not take the veil until

after her twenty-fifth year if at all, and then only after having passed five years entirely removed from the influence of the convent.

She had quickly made up her mind, when Isabella was preparing to leave the convent, to accompany her to her home in Florida; and as she was of age, no one could control her movements.

Now we will return from this digression to the breakfast table, fast being left a desert by the hungry party.

"I suppose, Captain Smith, you would like to return to the beach after breakfast, and see what remains of the Lucy Jane?" asked Colonel Bulow.

"Why, yes, I guess I had better," replied Smith.

"I will send one of my four mule teams with you, for possibly you may recover enough to pay for the trouble," continued Colonel Bulow. "I would send over more teams, but this day is devoted to moving into the castle."

"Are you really going to leave this comfortable anchorage for fear of Indians?" inquired Smith.

"Yes, sir, without a moment's delay. I scarcely closed my eyes last night for dread of hearing the fierce war-whoop, and we not prepared," returned Colonel Bulow.

"Now I tell you what it is, colonel. my boys are all from Down East except Jack—who swears, however, he is from Castine—and they won't go back on them as has used them well, 'specially where there is such purty girls to fight for as is our late passengers—and you also, Miss Bulow," said Mr. Turner bowing to the ladies; "and I propose that if you want to

ship them in your castle till this squall blows over, there is not a man of them as will flinch. They are good stuff, and will be handy, for they can do anything, from steering a ship to cutting cord-wood. If you happen to have any grey squirrels springing round in the tops of your trees, just lend the boys your rifle and see them fall. Thanksgiving turkey-shooting is not lost on them."

"I like your proposition, Mr. Turner, and hereby select you as my shipping agent," replied Colonel Bulow. "You can tell your men that I will pay them \$10 per month in gold, and feed them as well as possible."

"Now that is what I call a generous thing," said Captain Smith. "The boys will fairly fatten on it. To think! they can earn as much by an occasional shot at a wild Indian, and off and on watches, as they did scraping down the sides of the 'Lucy Jane,' and a steady trick at the wheel."

"Well, now, let us to business!" said Colonel Bulow. "There is an immense amount of work to do to-day. You had better start immediately, Captain Smith; your team is all ready."

Just one minute," said Captain Smith. "I have here, in Spanish gold, ten thousand dollars, right in this leather bag, and I must entrust it to you, Colonel Bulow. It is for my good wife in Sedgwick, and the owners in Belfast."

"I will take care of it for you, or give you a draft for it on my bankers in Charleston, so that your friends can realize immediately, if you choose," said the colonel.

"Well, you take the gold and we will tend to the papers some other time," said Captain Smith, delivering the gold to the colonel. "I will only take one man with me besides the driver. They would only be in my way, and no help. You may consider the rest at your disposal, colonel."

The party now broke up, and then commenced a busy scene of removal. The early morning had been sufficient for the negroes to remove all their small possessions to the castle; and now they came in a long line, directed by the Minorcans, and waited, with the head of the column resting on the west stairs, the order to commence the removal. The order came at last, and in single file they advanced, each one took the load given to him by the Minorcans, and, balancing it on his head, marched through the hall, down the east stairs, and, circling around the house, marched on to the castle.

The same order was then preserved as the file entered the door, advanced up the south-west tower, and counter-marched through the north-east tower back. They marched to music, too, wild, but harmonious. One big fellow would chant a sentiment, and then it would be echoed down the line and come back, when all would ring out the chorus, thus:

Marsa, he goes to his fort.

Hi! hi! hi!

The Indian come and burn his house.

Hi! hi! hi!

We kill Marsa Indian with big gun.

Ha! ha! ha!

Marsa gib us twen'y acre groun'.

Ha! ha! ha!

Then would follow a chorus in which every voice would join, producing a very pleasing effect.

Big and little, old and young, they came and went,—this one with a

trunk, the next with a table; boys marching off with a cane chair, or a drawer drawn from its chest; matrons poisoning with mathematical nicety a dozen dinner plates or a Sevres vase. In two hours nothing remained but the bare walls. The ladies had gone to the castle, where they were directing the location of all that arrived, assisted by the gentlemen of the party and the handy sailors. In a few hours all was arranged, the only real inconvenience of the great hall being its want of privacy, for all the whites of the party had to use it as a common living-room. While the advantages and disadvantages of wooden partitions were being discussed, Captain Turner returned with his load, and supplied what was so much needed,—canvas for curtains.

Springing down from his load, he began to explain. "The 'Lucy Jane' still holds together, but her cabins have been washed away, as well as the forecastle. I kept down along the beach, and picked up eight chests, and was about to return, when I saw the wreck of the masts, and attached by halyards and sheets were two top-sails and the flying-jib. I did not think them of much value, but concluded I would bring them along to make up my load."

"You are a public benefactor," cried Tristan. "These sails are just what we needed."

They were quickly cut into the needed patterns, and soon there were perfect order and system about the arrangement of the hall.

"Ah! gentlemen," said Tristan, "we should be very thankful for the foresight and engineering ability of Mr. Bernard Romans. He provided

for every emergency. You know that there is a boiling spring in the stone basin below, which empties into a natural drain. Are you aware of the amount of labor it took to construct that? A tiled drain connects this building with a deep pool in the branch far up in the swamps! Our boiling spring is the result of human labor. The outlet connects with the creek below the house."

"I have been exploring in the basement, and have also made a discovery," said Antonio. "In the basement of this tower there is what I have always thought to be a dungeon, where the Englishman purposed to confine his refractory blacks, but I understand it better now."

"What is the design?" asked Colonel Bulow.

"It is a most perfectly constructed magazine, and I would advise the instant deposit there of all the extra ammunition. It is too much exposed in this hall."

While this advice is being adopted, we will glance at the accommodation for the blacks in the story beneath. By the inventory at the time of the sale, there were, according to Tristan Hernandez, fifty adult male field hands, including a carpenter, blacksmith, and wheelwright; sixty adult female servants, forty-seven of them married on the plantation. The number of children under fifteen years of age, about 125. Of the ten house servants, who had to be quartered in the hall, six were women. Now, for the accommodation of these 235 plantation negroes, or fifty families, there was a space below of 100 by 60 feet, which would allow 120 feet of space to each family. A

court-yard in the rear gave a space of 100 by 40 for the accommodation of the live stock, which, before night, was led within the inclosure. The provender for them consisted of corn-fodder, which was stored within the main building. The great chimney arose from the centre of the castle, and the kettles where sugar had been boiled now served for cooking the rations of the hands.

The company was organized, each of the Minorcans having command of ten negroes,—the sailors forming

themselves into two reserve corps, and occupying respectively the two towers in case of attack.

Colonel Bulow was nominal commander-in-chief, but the work of organization really devolved on Don Tristan, who, as trouble threatened, developed rare military sagacity.

At last all was arranged, sentinels posted, and the garrison settled down for the night, and the sweet sleep of security blessed the anxious old colonel and his party.

[To be continued.]

ANNALS OF OUR VILLAGE.—Continued.

BY W. A. WALLACE.

THE OLD SCHOOL-DAYS.

Looking back over all the years, my mind uncovers the events of early life like a plowshare in the grass.

There were school scenes for all of us. A little, square-roofed school-house stood upon the Common,—it was painted yellow. Many of us learned our letters in that house under the arbitrary rule of old Olive Cross: I say *old* Olive Cross, because I have no recollection of her as ever having been young. Her years seemed to have been perennial and eternal. She was a stern old Puritan, and required pure submission to her rules; and her punishments were such as the Inquisition could hardly have improved upon. She was considered a very good woman,—very religious, and proper in her manners,—and seemed to have earned the pre-

scriptive right to teach the rudiments of education to all the children in town. She won the confidence of the parents by her zeal in watching for offences and in punishing offenders. I have often thought if she had had children of her own she would have been gentler in her nature, and would have learned that love in a school-room, or in a family, is a more powerful weapon than fear. But the parents of those days were great sticklers for force. Children needed flogging as much as horses; and they got it, too. There were the Dows, the Wallaces, the Blaisdells, the Athertons, the Averys, the Barbers, the Wellses, the Tiltens,—what would any of them ever have amounted to if they had not been flogged? And what would a school have been good for, unless it conformed to the parental

discipline at home? I have often wondered if, in the happy home to which, when her spirit ceased from troubling, good old Olive Cross was triumphantly removed, she ever has visions of the little boys and girls in that old yellow school-house, standing in the floor, their noses pinched with split sticks, holding heavy books out at arm's length until they fell to the floor through weariness; or, with screws vibrating between the fingers until the blood flowed; and that great, wide ferule, that raised blisters wherever it fell. But these were facts, which seemed all proper and right, and served to develop the self-respect and intelligence of the pupil!

I sometimes observe the comity which exists in families,—that is, the reciprocal sentiments that pass between parents and children. I never saw a boy yet who discovered much affection for “the old man” who “licked” him upon occasion. He did it again, and he lied about it, too, if it would redeem the whip. In families where they keep a whip, you do not see much caressing. The little boy, when he comes home tired all out, does not drop into his father's arms and kiss him as he falls asleep. Little boys think; they observe the ways and the temperaments of men. A boy always looks in a man's face when he passes by. He is ever watching for little acts of courtesy, or a recognition from older persons. Speak to him pleasantly, and notice what a joy pervades his face and shines out in his eyes. He sees that the little manhood that fills his jacket is recognized, and he goes on his way, happy.

Many men and women forget they

were ever boys or girls, and look down upon them from so far off that they seem never to distinguish them from birds or cattle. Thank God! I always loved children; I always liked to be with them; I like to have them in my house, filling my yard, and playing in the shade of my trees. They are like the birds among the branches thereof. Their voices are music to me, because they are the voices of innocence and happiness. And there is a far-off future for them in the coming years, when they, like me, will be grey-headed, looking back over the events of half a century, and, perhaps, unlike me, singing,—

Oh! would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years.

My recollection of the teachers in that old school-house is that they were all alike. They never appealed to the manhood and self-respect of the pupils. Their laws, like Draco's, had penalties, and could only be appeased by corporal suffering. There was Edward Olcott, a rusticated student, and Elijah Blaisdell, who spared nobody—somebody was being punished all the time; and the Rev. Joseph L. Richardson, who afterwards became notorious as one of the leaders of the mob that destroyed the academy: he used to believe that children could endure cold and thirst as well as bodily tortures. He would tell us that these things, although they appeared to be severe judgments, were intended as blessings, and if we profited by them we should receive a crown of righteousness at some future time; but I never seemed to appreciate his prophetic promises in our behalf.

An evening call upon Brother J. renewed some old memories, which may well come in here. Our musical entertainments have been more varied than they are now; and there were always little difficulties in the choir, as there are now, because singers, like hornets, are sensitive. Speaking of a certain occasion, he said,—“G. got mad because they didn’t want him to sing in the choir, and became spiteful.” He said,—“Albert was a squirt, and Burns couldn’t sing any more than a cow.” That all might be true, and yet G., who thought himself the only singer in Canaan, was disliked by all, and B. and A., with their enthusiasm, did make great music; so we all agreed that the change of variety for energy was a good one. The talk was of a miscellaneous character. The old folks, who have not the habit of continuity in our thoughts, have still the power of keeping up interest by continually bringing up new reminiscences. When Elder Wheat preached, sixty years ago and more, there was a great choir, and they made a great noise. The old sounding-board that hung over his head would echo again and again the last notes of the great voices. Benjamin Trussell used to play the violoncello, and when he was not there Dr. Tilton gave the key-note with his little, fine tenor voice, holding on a long while till they could catch the tone all over the galleries, and then, like an avalanche, the music would roll and crash among the pillars and sounding aisles of the old church. The names of many of the singers have passed away, but among them we could recall Dr. Tilton, the tenor leader;

Moses Kelley, father and son, and the daughters, Anne and Mary; Moses Hadley, father and son; Jacob and Benjamin Trussell; Betsy Pratt, a famous treble, who married and went South; the Barber girls, and others, whose names, if forgotten here, are, doubtless, written in the Book of Life. It was very grand singing, and if there was not much science in it the quantity made up for the quality, and we all praised it for its voluminous intensity. “Then,” continued Sister J., “we all used to go to church from far and near. That old house, colder in the winter than Christian charity, was full of worshippers in all weathers, and it was the pride of the people to say they had been to church, even if they slept two thirds of the time the old elder was pounding out his two-hour discourses.”

This would lead us, naturally, to speak of the house itself, and of its builder. We all know that it was through the active exertions of Mr. Baldwin that the town voted to build a meeting-house, and that William Parkhurst, a handsome young man, cool-headed and brave, who had recently married Sally Barber, was the contractor to build the house for “600 pounds L. M.” It required more new rum to raise the great timbers of that house than is needed on such occasions in these days. It is said that Mr. Parkhurst, while working upon the ridgepole, was called to assist in arranging the heavy plate, and that he walked down the western rafter upright, with his axe upon his shoulder, and several times during the raising exhibited feats of surprising coolness. At last he proposed riding up astride of one of the heavy

timbers, but when near the top some of the rope tackling broke, and he was precipitated with the mass to the ground. He was seriously injured by the fall, and remained unconscious for a long time. (Mr. Parkhurst built and occupied the house afterwards owned by S. P. Cobb.) His wife, assisted by the neighbors, was preparing dinner for the men engaged in raising the frame. The news of the accident soon reached her, and she left her work to go to him, supposing him to be dead. She came upon the ground weeping bitterly. After a while he opened his eyes, and, upon learning what had happened, said to her,—“Sally, don’t you see, if you spend your time crying and wringing your hands, *that you won’t have dinner ready*, and all these men will be hungry? Now, get home as soon as you can, and I’ll come after you in a little while.” He was carried home, but never recovered the use of his limbs. He made money in after years by trading in patent rights. But he and his family disappeared from our midst, like many others who figured in our early annals, and left no trace behind.

From this we fell back upon Hannah Duston’s famous excursion up the Merrimack river. The old man said he was seduced into purchasing Caverly’s book in the belief that it contained a full and correct account of Hannah’s adventures. But he was disappointed. The book didn’t half tell the story, and what is told is so changed to suit the poetic plan of the book, that it isn’t worth anything as a history. The story of Hannah Duston’s life, if worth telling at all, should be told by some one

who has the faculty of stopping short of poetry or rhyme in connection with facts. A great many people bought this book who never yet have read it, and it lies upon shelves now, as neat and unsoiled as when it came from the binder’s hands. The owners “are going to read it sometime,” but a large proportion of them would be glad to sell it for half the purchase-money. Buying books of agents because they “are only sold by subscription” is only profitable to the seller. A flattering tale of the great value of the book, and that it can never be purchased except of agents, sometimes makes a person think he needs it; and sometimes he subscribes to get rid of the importunities of the agent.

SOMETHING ABOUT TITHING-MEN.

There was one office in the early days, the duties of which could hardly have been agreeable. But then, as now, there were men whose capacities and temperaments adapted them to all the legal offices. The *tithing-man* was the terror of all the little boys and the Sabbath-breakers. It was their special duty to see that all the members of each family attended public worship, and to mark all violations of the Sunday laws. Some of these officers delighted in the legal espionage with which their appointment clothed them, and never lost an opportunity to use their power to annoy their fellow-citizens. The office and the officer at length became so obnoxious that the duties were narrowed down to simply keeping order among the boys and girls during divine service; and at length the office was abolished, and the vexa-

tious annoyances of the man with the long white wand, with a ball at one end and a fox-tail at the other, have passed away forever. When the sermon became tiresome, and men nodded in unconsciousness, they would find themselves rudely awakened by a rap from the ball in the hands of that soft-footed man, whose feet were muffled that his approach might be like that of the thief in the night. To the ladies he was a little more considerate. Their awakening was secured by the brush of the fox-tail drawn gently under their noses. Many relics of tyranny and paganism were reproduced in our New England habits and customs by the men who had scorned to submit to them in another land. Several generations passed away before all those offensive offices and rules were abolished, and the pure freedom of thought and action which we enjoy to-day was established.

But there was a humorous side to this annoyance, which would sometimes crop out in the characteristics of the man who filled the office. Here is an illustration: Capt. Joseph Wheat was tithing-man during the earlier portion of his father's ministry. The old elder, when once he had settled into his two-hours labor, was oblivious to all outside occurrences. On one occasion Capt. Jo., seizing his wand, started out to quell a riotous disposition among several little children, whose guardians had ceased from their labors, and gone to sleep. As he cast his eyes about the house, he was much astonished to perceive the whole congregation nodding, wholly unconscious and careless of the thunders that resounded

from the pulpit. He was quick-witted and eccentric, particularly when seized with a profane sentiment. On this occasion he never said a word, but jumped up and jerked both his solid feet down square upon the floor. The concussion brought the whole astonished congregation to their feet. The old man stopped preaching, also,—lost his balance, in fact.—but rallied in a moment, and sternly demanded, “Jo., why do you disturb this meeting? Is that the way you keep order?” “Sir,” says Capt. Jo., “it lies between you and me to entertain and instruct this congregation. You’ve been telling them awful truths for more than an hour, and they all went to sleep. I gave one solid jump, and they roused up as if Satan were already shaking his spread wings to carry them off. Your arguments are very persuasive, but you see mine are powerful.”

THE ACADEMIES IN CANAAN.

Some inquiries having been made as to the origin of this school, I have thought it might be interesting to relate what I have learned concerning them. About the year 1800, the first school-house was built on Canaan Street. It was a large one-story building, with two stacks of chimneys. As this “Street” was to be the village, it was called the Academy. It stood nearly upon the site of the dwelling of Mrs. H. C. George. After being occupied for a term of years as a school, it was burned *one night* by one of the pupils, named Zebulon Barber. At this late day, the reason for Zebulon's incendiary act does not appear. This school was taught by “Master Parker.” The studies were

not numerous, but embraced branches sufficient for what was then considered a fair education—spelling from “Webster’s Spelling-Book,” and writing according to the method of those days. There were no arithmetics: even Pike’s had not yet found its way into our schools. The pupils were instructed in “figures” and “cyphering” by means of sums written out by the master, whose importance increased in the same ratio as his figures. From a little book of about 100 pages, called “The Ladies’ Accedence,” the rudiments of grammar were taught. The reading was confined to the few pages found in the spelling-book, and to the New Testament, from which two long readings each day formed the opening and closing exercises. After the burning of the academy, the school was kept in a log house, situated in the field a little back of Mr. Hiram Barber’s barn, and was taught a term by Lawyer Blaisdell, who often found scant gleanings after Hale Pettengill had picked over the ground. This was the first house built on “The Street” by Wm. Douglass, the shoemaker, for a dwelling. At this time

there were but few houses on “The Street,” and it was still doubtful whether the “Town Plot” would be the village, so deep and unfathomable were the mud obstructions on the highway.

In 1834, a school to be called “Noyes’s Academy,” was organized. A neat and handsome edifice was erected, and an act of incorporation obtained. This academy was to bring renown to its projectors, and prosperity and fame to the town. They were men of liberal and philanthropic sentiments, largely in advance of the opinions which held men’s minds in subjection. In a moment of generous enthusiasm, the trustees “Voted that the privileges and blessings of the school should be open to all pupils, without distinction of color.” Their confidence deceived them into the belief that the great controlling sentiment of the human heart was sympathetic philanthropy; and their project was shot upward like a blazing star, and fell all in a heap, as undistinguishable as the fragments of the parson’s old shay ——— * * *

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STORIES OF AN ANCIENT CITY BY THE SEA.

Agamenticus mountain is supposed to have been the land first discovered by Capt. Bartholomew Griswold, the English navigator, in 1602, and the next year, historians tell us, Martin Pring sailed by its shaggy side; but no distinct account is made of it in any record, until the French made a voyage along the coast in 1605. We read from some writers that Griswold made a landing at the Nubble, near

York “Long Beach,” and called it “Savage Rock.”

In 1614 Capt. John Smith was ranging these shores in search of furs and fish, and he, too, beheld Agamenticus

“Wrapt in his blanket of blue haze.”

Capt. Smith returned to England, and there published a description of the country, with a map of the sea-coast, which he presented to Prince Charles,

who gave to it the name of New England.

Stories of the importance of the country being carried back to England, the king, by his sole authority, constituted a council of forty noblemen, knights, and gentlemen, by the name of "The council established at Plymouth, in the county of Devon, for the planting, ruling, and governing of New England in America." Two of the most active members of this council were Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason. The former had been an officer in the navy of Queen Elizabeth, and was possessed of an adventurous spirit. A project like this pleased him.

In 1620 Sir Ferdinando obtained a charter "for the governing of New England," which was held to extend westward to the Pacific; he was one of the original proprietors of Laconia, which was to extend from the Kennebec to the Merrimack.

In 1623 his son Robert was named general governor for New England. Sir Ferdinando was soon after appointed lord-proprietary of Maine, the office to be hereditary in his family, and in 1642 he chartered the city of Gorgeana. So, by tracing through the years of the first supposed discovery of Agamenticus, we have found when this "ancient city by the sea" was chartered, and by whom.

Dr. Belknap tells us that Mason was a merchant of London, but became a sea-officer, and later was governor of Newfoundland. He procured a grant from the river of Naumkeag—now Salem—round Cape Ann to the river Merrimack, and up each of these rivers to the farthest head thereof; thence to cross over from the

head of the one to the head of the other, with all islands lying within three miles of the coast. This district was called "Mariana."

But to return to Gorges and his city: We read that colonists were sent over to cultivate the land, and otherwise make it a rich and prosperous country; but these people were not disposed to agriculture, but sought for mines, planted grape-vines, and fished. These colonists had to be paid wages and supplied with all the necessities of life. No mines were found except iron, and these were not worked; the grape-vines did not succeed, and matters looked dark; the men in England received no income from their colony, and many sold out. Sir Ferdinando felt that if he could be there in person he could straighten affairs; and although he was then sixty years old he proposed to cross the ocean. It was decided to build a ship-of-war, which was to bring him over and remain in the service of the country; but the ship fell and broke in launching, and the project was given over. Sir Ferdinando died in 1647. His grandson Ferdinando sold his rights in Maine to Massachusetts in 1677, for £1250. After a time we read of the whole settlement as Agamenticus, and then a little later this savage title settled back, and rests on the mountain alone.

One author says,—“The name of York was probably taken from the county and town of that name in England; the name Gorgeana was undoubtedly dropped, and that of York substituted, in order to avoid the city charter and Gorges’ right.” Tradition gives the reason why the name was changed to York in this wise: “Because in their religious gatherings the

people sang so frequently the tune 'York'." Be that as it may, we have lost the name of the old city, and can find it only by digging through the dust of years; and now we shall write of York—and this brings up York Beach, Long Sands, and many names familiar to-day.

We can easily think of the long line of cottages fringing Long Beach, and running out on the Bluff toward the Nubble. In the summer months these houses are filled and the beach is alive with people, and one can hardly feel that there is a spot anywhere about, where he can be alone with the grand old ocean.

One spring, after the snow had melted and the frost was reluctantly giving up its hold, I felt a longing to see the ocean and the winds at war, and have the jagged rocks to myself, and save the uncomfortable situation of coming unawares upon a couple gazing into each other's eyes in the most love-lorn way, and see them start and come back to mundane affairs in a hurry. This rencounter leaves one possessed of a guilty feeling;—perhaps a proposal has been postponed when the conditions were favorable, as the Spiritualists say; and perhaps the maiden or swain will hold us as an ogre forever after.

Again: I have felt like Noah's dove when I have decided to sit down behind a certain rock, place my feet seaward, and leave the world behind me for an hour, and just speculate, in a drowsy way, about the white sails, the crews and cargoes. After planning all this, and being so happy in anticipation, I swing myself round the slippery edge of my proposed resting-place, only to discover a gos-

samer-wrapped female, evidently enjoying some favorite author. She glances up at me with a most uninviting countenance, and, like the bird of old, I retrace my way.

In summer one sees the tiny sand-peeps—in common parlance—rushing about on the beach, getting their living out of the receding waves. All at once the sharp report of a gun reaches us; the tiny birds fall, and are hastily picked up by the well clad sportsman and pushed into his elaborate game-bag, while he runs his eye along the beach seeking for another mark for his long-reaching breech-loading gun. He enjoys it. At first I feel a bit angry to see the slaughter among the agile birds; then I glance across the bay and see the rocks where I have stood so many times when the tide came in, and fished for cunners; and how I enjoyed swinging in my unwilling captives! and I could hardly express my surprise when I brought up a sober-visaged sculpin! I cannot condemn the sportsman and be consistent; so I dismiss the whole thing.

To avoid all this summer unpleasantness and pleasantness, I start for the sea in a bleak spring month. I find myself after a long ride from Portsmouth (then the nearest station) packed into a "mud wagon," *a la* sardine, with a grumbling set of humanity, seeking a night's lodging at the comfortable, home-like looking house of Captain Donn. After some dinner it was decided to harbor me for a few days, and the captain said, "Well, you've opened the season."

The next morning I went out to behold the sea, *solus*. A mist hung over the Nubble, as if to conceal half its

uggedness. Roaring Rock was sending up its spray, and Norwood's Point loomed away to the southward. I walked on to the beach and took a grim delight in the vacant piazzas, smiled at the curtainless windows, and regarded the empty fruit cans lying about as tokens of civilization, and wondered if their contents had thinned the summer population, or simply called for Jamaica ginger.

Down on the beach I found many trophies of the sea, and spent a pleasant hour in digging out half-buried sea-urchins, and barnacles still alive, and these tiny fellows opened their three-cornered mouths and mutely asked for breakfast. Sea-weed and kelp were lying in rich brown masses everywhere. Irish moss was piled in heaps among the rocks bleached ready for use. After squeezing the water from the rock-weed pods, and slipping them through my fingers, while I pondered, lightly dreaming of the sea, and all about it,—time was speeding on, and breakfast was ready.

During the forenoon Captain Donn said, "I'm going to the Cape; don't you want to go over with me?" "With all my heart I want to go," I said. "Get ready, then," said the bluff captain, "it ain't much of a job to tackle the horse." Soon we were *en voyage* for the Cape. The captain drove a Canada horse with one white eye, and instead of saying "Get up" or "G'long," he swung his long lash and said, "Now sail," and we sailed right round sharp corners regardless of hub or tire. "See the heat rising from the rocks over there on the beach," I said to the captain. "Yes, look out for foul weather," he said. As we "sailed" on toward the Cape,

the captain told me how Captain Bowden put the "Ploughboy" through the "Gut of the Nubble" to save a tide into Cape Neddick harbor. This was considered a great exploit in those days, for all who visit the Nubble know how narrow the strait is between the mainland and the island. I have crossed on the stones, still wet from the waves so slowly leaving the strait, for just a few minutes, and have gathered an armful of sprawling starfish and snails, and, looking about me, have wondered who would dare steer a craft between these formidable walls. They must have had the cautious advice given Ulysses when he started for Scylla and Charybdis.

The captain pointed out the schooner "Annabel," lying in harbor, never to go out, save by piece-meal. The "John U. Dennis" is a pitiful wreck in the river above. Her keel, with a few pieces of slime-covered, ragged-edged timbers, stands out from the black mud of the river bottom. Every year these grow less, and soon the craft will be forgotten. Somehow I dislike to see these hulks lying about in this state of decay and uselessness. If it were in my power, I think I would waft them out to sea, and implore the gods to conceal their ugliness.

While I wait at the store of Capt. J. Weare for Capt. Donn (I notice you are safe in calling every man captain here) to transact his business, I have ample time to speculate on the nibbled rail where impatient horses, and cribbers, maybe, have, by dint of gnawing, passed away the weary hours, while their owners have discussed the markets and neighborhood news.

One morning, not long after, I was again invited to "sail" with the captain to Lobster Cove. This time he had a chestnut mare, with a vicious optic and a whisk of her tail that portended, to my cautious mind, a light pair of heels; but the captain seemed master of the craft, and she carried sail pretty evenly, especially after the captain took a reef in the traces. I believe he did this just in time to save the dashboard of his vehicle. As the vicious beast took us along, she showed all kinds of gaits, from a "toad gallop" to a good, square trot. It seemed to make no difference to the captain how she went, since she left Prebble's Point, Elm Tree Point, Prebble's Sands, Cluck-a-ta-Wang Point (these he named as we were swaying over them) behind us, and brought up with a whirl at Lobster Cove. Here the mare stood, with her sides working like a pair of blacksmiths' bellows, calmly looking at a pile of fish offal.

The captain scanned the sea, but failed to discover the fisherman, who was visiting his trawls a mile or more away. My objective point was Roaring Rock; so, after getting my bearings from the captain, I set out. I passed the "old passage," where the fishermen were wont to haul in their boats—out of use now, and soon will be out of mind. Among the rocks and tangled sea grass along the shore I found many chips of curious shape, and I opine that they have made a voyage around the coast, and have cast anchor here. I wonder in what ship-yard they were made, by the hand of what mechanic? but I gain no answer to my query; and I walk on in the thread-like foot-path, guid-

ed by the boom of the sea as it utters a loud complaint against its momentary captivity among the rocks. I again see Norwood's Point, fortified by huge black boulders. I catch the sound of the bars of the small fishing boat grinding in the rowlocks, as the fisherman pulls his craft into Lobster Cove with his morning's catch. Out beyond the point I hear the occasional crack of the sportsman's gun as he fires away at the flock of sea-birds bedded near the shore. I sit down on the edge of the chasm forming Roaring Rock, and look about me, and consider myself a mite indeed. Huge rocks, piled in strange ways, hang above me, like the leaning tower of Pisa. The cleft between the granite walls reaches far into the land. Up this opening the water whirls with a loud halloa of welcome from the broad Atlantic, and greets the stones in its course with a hoarse chuckle of delight. The sides of the ledges are draped with rock-weed, and this graceful garnishment trembles with pleasure as each wave rushes in. At the land end of the chasm the salt spray rushes out, many feet high at times, and appears to utterly ignore the wee stream of fresh water trickling into the depth.

A trifle back from Lobster Cove stands a deserted farm-house. Father and mother have passed over the river with "the boatman pale," and the children have scattered. When the mother, the last to give up her hold on life, passed away, among her effects was found a chest of drawers, and with other papers this strange letter was discovered. I had heard of such a letter several years before, but had never been able to find it.

Perhaps others may be as curious as myself to read it; at least, I will follow this much of its command, and publish it to my neighbors:

THE LETTER.

Copy of a letter written by our Blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—and found eighteen miles from Ixoniam sixty-three years after our Blessed Savior's crucifixion. Transmitted from the Holy City by a converted Jew. Faithfully translated from the original Hebrew copy now in possession of the Lady Cuba's family in Mesopotamia. This letter was written by Jesus Christ, and found under a stone, round and large, at the foot of the cross. Upon the stone was engraven, "Blessed is he that shall turn me over." All people that saw it prayed to God earnestly, and desired that he would make this writing known unto them; and that they might not attempt in vain to turn it over. In the meantime there came out a little child, about six or seven years of age, and turned it over without assistance, to the admiration of every person standing by. It was carried to the city Ixoniam, and there published by a person belonging to the Lady Cuba. On the letter was written the commandments of Jesus Christ, signed by the Angel Gabriel, seventy-four years after our Savior's birth.

The Savior bids His children come;
Unto His arms of mercy run;
The mothers weep no more,
For Christ will infant souls restore.

A Letter of JESUS CHRIST:

Whoever worketh on the Sabbath day shall be cursed. I command you to go to church, and keep the Lord's day holy, without doing any manner of work; you shall not idly spend your time in bedecking yourself with superfluous apparel and vain dresses, for I have ordered a day of rest. I will have that day kept holy, that your sins be forgiven you. You shall not break my commandments, but observe and keep them; write them in your hearts, and steadfastly observe that this was written with my own hand, and spoken with my own mouth. You shall not only go to church yourself, but also send your men-servants and maid-servants, and observe my word and learn my commandments. You shall finish your labor every Saturday in the afternoon by six o'clock, at which hour the preparation for the Sabbath begins.

I advise you to fast five Fridays every year, beginning with Good Friday, and continuing the four Fridays immediately following, in remembrance of the five bloody wounds which I received for all mankind.

You shall diligently and faithfully labor in your respective callings wherein it has pleased God to call you. You shall love one another with brotherly love; and cause them that are baptized to come to church, and receive the sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and to be made members of the church in so doing.

I will give you a long life and many blessings. Your land shall flourish, and your cattle bring forth in abundance; and I will give unto you many blessings and comforts in the greatest temptations; and he that doeth to the contrary shall be unprofitable. I will also send a hardness of heart upon them, but especially upon the impenitent and unbelieving.

He that giveth to the poor shall not be unprofitable. Remember and keep holy the Sabbath day; for the seventh day I have taken to rest myself. And he that hath a copy of this my letter written with my own hand, and spoken with my own mouth, and keepeth it without publishing it to others, shall not prosper; but he that publisheth it to others shall be blessed of me, and though his sins be in number as the stars of the sky, and believe in this, he shall be pardoned; and if he believes not in this writing and the commandments, I will send my own plagues upon him, and consume both him and his children and his cattle.

And whosoever shall have a copy of this letter written with my own hand, and keep it in their houses, nothing shall hurt them; neither lightning, pestilence, nor thunder shall do them any hurt.

You shall not have any tidings of me but by the Holy Scriptures until the Day of Judgment. All goodness, happiness, and prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this my letter shall be found.

There ends this letter, and I wondered if that family believed in it, and if they trudged to church every Sunday, and followed all its commands. A belief in this curious medley seems to me like a mild form of fetichism.

[To be continued.]



GEORGE H. EMERY.

The reputation of the Concord Harness, like that of the Concord Coach, is established throughout the civilized world. It is known and valued not only on the thronged thoroughfares of European and American cities, but over the boundless plains of the West, the rocky defiles of the Sierras, the pampas of South America, the tablelands of South Africa, the wilds of Australia—wherever the safety, and even the life, of man depend so much on honest workmanship. It is not the purpose of this paper to add to the fame of the Concord Harness, but to place on record a few facts about the quiet and modest gentleman,

whose efforts, whose zeal, and whose integrity have won for the goods he manufactures such a high rank in the commercial world, and have shed a lustre on the name of the city of his adoption.

To George H. Emery, the senior member of the firm of James R. Hill & Company, in a very large measure is due the gigantic proportions to which, from small beginnings, the Concord Harness manufacturing business has grown. Many of the citizens of Concord are aware that the Concord Harness is absolutely the best manufactured, but few realize that they have in their midst one of

the largest manufacturing establishments of the kind, not only in this country, but in any other country. To produce this uniform excellence in all the work which bears their trade-mark requires not only talent, but genius. This genius Mr. Emery has.

Mr. Emery traces his descent from a good old New England family. More fortunate than some, he can, by the researches of the enthusiastic genealogists of the family, connect with the family tree of one of England's most ancient and honorable houses, whose progenitor was Gilbert D'Armory, a companion of William the Conqueror. One is inclined to think that the name, as sometimes spelt, Emeric, would indicate descent from some viking of the North. If there was ever barbarism in the family, it disappeared centuries ago.

In old England, the descent is traced from Sir Richard Emery, a lineal descendant from Gilbert D'Armory, through (2) Robert, (3) Roger, (4) John, (5) George, to (6) Rev. Anthony Emery, who was minister in Ashot, England, in 1578, when Elizabeth was queen; thence through (7) John Emery, whose sons John and Anthony were the pioneers from whom the Emerys of New England have sprung. The two brothers sailed from South Hampton, in April, 1635, in the ship *James*, of London, of three hundred tons burden, William Cooper, commander, and landed on the New England coast on the third of June. John Emery settled in old Newbury, Mass.

I. Anthony Emery stopped in Newbury until 1640, when he settled in Dover, where he was a select-

man in 1646. Two years later he took up his residence in Kittery, in the north part of what is now Eliot, where he had the ferry. He was a selectman in 1652, and again in 1654. He was a strong, independent, self-reliant man, as are so many of his descendants, and did not hesitate to entertain Quakers, contrary to the laws and customs of the time.

II. James Emery, son of Anthony and Frances Emery, was born in England about 1630, and accompanied his parents to America. Some 410 acres of land were granted to him in Kittery, between the years 1652 and 1671. He was selectman several years, and representative to Boston in 1676. His wife's name was Margaret, and they were the parents of five sons.

III. Job Emery, oldest son of James and Margaret Emery, was born in 1670. His wife's name was Charity, and they were the parents of four sons and seven daughters. He was living in Kittery in 1699. He died in 1738. His wife survived him many years, dying in 1762.

IV. Joseph Emery, son of Job and Charity Emery, was born Feb. 24, 1702; was married Oct. 10, 1726, by Rev. John Rogers, to Mehitable, daughter of William and Mehitable Stacy (born Feb. 4, 1706), and lived at Kittery and South Berwick. They were the parents of seven sons and five daughters. He died in July, 1793. She died in 1786.

V. Job Emery, son of Joseph and Mehitable Emery, was born Jan. 29, 1745. He married Polly Hubbard, who was born Jan. 12, 1745.

VI. Ichabod Emery, son of Job and Polly Emery, was born April 21,

1771; married Lois Stacy, born April 9, 1774, and lived in Berwick. He was a blacksmith.

VII. Joseph Emery, son of Ichabod and Lois (Stacy) Emery, was born Aug. 31, 1802; married, in Dover, May 20, 1826, Sophronia Moore. He was a machinist by trade, was employed at Great Falls, put the machinery into the mills at Exeter, and died on his farm in Stratham, Sept. 19, 1840. His widow, born Feb. 3, 1800, died in June, 1886.

VIII. George Henry Emery, the subject of this sketch, was the son of Joseph and Sophronia Emery, born in Stratham, May 12, 1836. Left without a father in infancy, the boy was gently nurtured by a devoted mother; but at the early age of eleven years he was entrusted to the care of his uncle, Chase Hill, of Concord, to receive the advantages afforded by the public schools of this city. Practically, Concord has been his home ever since. Here he went through the graded schools of those days, formed life-long friendships with his mates, and romped, until, at the age of fifteen, of his own accord, he resolved to learn a trade; and accordingly entered the shop of his cousin, James R. Hill, a successful harness-maker. He became thoroughly familiar with all branches of the work during the three years and a half of his apprenticeship, and evinced a great aptness for the business. Having served his time, he again took up his studies, not entirely neglected in the meanwhile, and, under the guidance of Rev. George S. Barnes, made rapid progress. Much of his spare time was devoted to the study of book-keeping, in which he

had the assistance of Charles H. Hill, assistant cashier in the State Capital Bank.

When about nineteen years old, young Emery had the "Western fever," and made his way to Chicago. There his literary talent inclined him to study a profession, and he faithfully pursued the study of medicine for twelve long months, until the charms of a business life drew him back to his destiny in the career of a successful business man.

He entered Bell's Commercial College as a student, and graduated with honor. He then entered the employ of the firm of Ring & Seward, wholesale and retail dealers in saddlery and leather goods, where he represented the senior partner's interest in the business. This relation continued until the firm closed their business, and Mr. Emery reëntered Bell's Commercial College as a tutor, soon being called to a professorship at the age of twenty-two years.

In the summer of 1859 he made what he intended to be a short visit East, when he "met his Fate" in his old home, and accepted the flattering proposals of his old employer. At that time there were eighteen to twenty men employed in the harness-shop. His foresight and business sagacity were soon manifest in the business. The most methodical system of book-keeping was at once introduced. At the first rumbling of the civil war the youth hastened to the state-house and requested Hon. Thomas L. Tullock, then secretary of state, and his deputy, Hon. Allen Tenney, to help him to a contract to equip the state troops. The idea of a war seemed an absurdity to those gentlemen at that time,

and they laughingly consented to help him if there was a war. His zeal led to his being able to secure large contracts for his employer.

During the war his duty to his young family restrained his patriotic impulses to enlist, and prompted him to furnish a substitute (before the draft), while at home he served government well by furnishing reliable goods for the use of the army. During those trying and exciting times he showed the stuff that was in him by managing a large and lucrative business; and immediately after the close of the war, in July, 1865, he was admitted to partnership with Mr. J. R. Hill and Mr. J. E. Dwight, under the firm name of James R. Hill & Co. Since then the management of the concern has devolved chiefly upon him. His was the idea of giving their harness the protection of a trade-mark, "The Concord Harness" widely advertising and extending the business. Since the death of the senior partner, in November, 1884, the business has been continued by Messrs. Emery and Dwight under the old firm name of James R. Hill & Co., and, as it has done for a quarter of a century, each year has shown a steady increase in the amount of work turned out. The firm retain their old quarters on Main street, but there has been added in the rear a very large workshop, where a hundred and fifty skilled and well paid artisans add to the wealth of the nation as well as to that of the city. They have long competed for England's trade among all her near and distant colonies.

The recent award of a contract from Barnum to the firm for harnesses to

replace those destroyed by the Bridgeport fire, although the bid from the firm was much higher than any other offered, was very flattering, as was Mr. Emery's discovery, during a recent visit to Europe, of a set of the "Concord Harness" in the workshop of one of the leading manufacturing establishments of England, which was being copied for the American trade.

Another discovery he made while abroad was the fact that now American leather is the best made anywhere, and Mr. Emery has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best judges of leather in the business.

Socially, Mr. Emery, though a very busy man, working more hours than any of his employes, has a wide circle of friends. In early manhood, Sept. 12, 1861, he was married by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Eames to Abbie W. Clark, and three daughters, Rene, Lillian Abbie, and Hattie Sophia, grace his home, bringing the accomplishments of music, painting, and literary culture from the classic schools of Europe. For many years he and his wife have taken an active part in sustaining worship at the First Baptist church, of Concord.

Mr. Emery was the projector and charter member of the Eureka Lodge, F. and A. M., and is a member of Trinity Chapter. He also is a member of the White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F.

In politics Mr. Emery is a staunch Republican. For six years he was a member of the council of the city of Concord, for two years president of that body, and thoroughly understands municipal affairs. He has been

frequently solicited by his many political friends to represent his ward in the legislature; but the engrossing character of his business did not tempt him to increase his cares.

Finally, Mr. Emery, now in the prime of vigorous manhood, is a clear-

headed, sagacious business man, of tireless energy and great executive ability; a good citizen, and a public-spirited, kind-hearted, courteous, conscientious Christian gentleman, finding his chief pleasures about his own fireside.

M.

THE DUDLEY FAMILY.

During my researches for material for the history of Pembroke, I became very much interested in the history of the Dudley family of that town. They trace their descent from,—I, Governor Thomas Dudley, one of the founders of the Massachusetts colony in 1630, who came over with John Winthrop, Richard Saltonstall, Simon Bradstreet, and so many other worthy Puritans. He was the son of Captain Roger Dudley, who was slain in the wars about 1586; and on his arrival in New England settled in Newtown, now Cambridge. In 1634 he was elected governor, or chief magistrate, of the colony, and served for a year. He was elected deputy governor in 1637, and governor in 1640 and 1645. In 1640 he conducted the negotiations which led to the union between New Hampshire and Massachusetts the following year; and during his last term of office was chief magistrate of New Hampshire. He was born in Northampton, England, in 1576. His first wife's name was Dorothy. She died in Roxbury, Mass., December 27, 1643, at the age of 61 years. He died in Roxbury, July 1, 1653. His son, Joseph Dudley, by a second marriage, born 1647, graduated at Harvard college in 1665; held court in Dover in 1677; and was a committee of the court to settle a suit of which Rev. John Wheelwright was a party: was president of the Massachusetts colony in 1685, and one of Andros' council in 1689. In 1691 he was a member

of Gov. Slaughter's council, and chief justice of the province of New York. He afterward became a member of the British parliament, lieutenant-governor of the Isle of Wight, and in 1702 was appointed governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, the affairs of which he administered until 1715. After a life chequered with vicissitudes, he died in 1720, at the age of 72 years.

II. Rev. Samuel Dudley, a son of Governor Thomas Dudley, was born in Northampton, England, in 1606. In 1668 he swore "before the court ye 14th, 2d mo" "That he did see the agreement in writing between the town of Exeter and the Sagamores for that land which is above mentioned and the said Sagamores' hands to the same." From this we are led to infer that he was tinctured with Antinomian heresy, and followed Rev. John Wheelwright into the wilderness in 1638, and helped found the town of Exeter, that he had an interest in the land, and that generally he lived there. The New Hampshire Provincial Papers, to which, by the way, we are very much indebted for much of our information, show that he was appointed one of a committee in 1642 "to settle the limits" of Northam, or Dover, in 1643, "for the laying out the bounds" of Exeter, in both cases acting as chairman, showing that he was a man of discretion, as well as a good man, for he held the office under the order of the general court of Massachusetts. In 1644

he was a commissioner "to hear and examine all matters concerning Mr. Bachiler & Hampton" (said Mr. B. being frequently in hot water); and two years later again visited Hampton in answer to a petition "for relief against the unequal stinting of the commons." In 1648, Mr. Dudley, Captain Thomas Wiggin, and Robert Clements were commissioned to hold court in Norfolk county, Mr. Dudley receiving a special commission to administer the oath to the three local magistrates in each town. Norfolk county included Salisbury, the shire town, Haverhill, Hampton, Exeter, Dover, and "Strawberry Bank," or Portsmouth. In 1649 he was commissioned an associate magistrate to serve with Richard Bellingham. His descendants write of him as a minister, but he was a judge, too. His third wife's name was Elizabeth, who died in Exeter. He died in Exeter, February 10, 1683. His daughter, Ann, married Edward Hilton, son of Edward Hilton, one of the founders of Dover, and was the mother of Col. Winthrop Hilton, who became prominent in the military affairs of the province of New Hampshire.

III. Stephen Dudley, Esquire, son of Rev. Samuel and Elizabeth Dudley, was born in Exeter. In 1687 he signed a petition to the governor and council of Massachusetts, as an inhabitant, or train soldier, of New Hampshire. In 1718 he is referred to in an act of the New Hampshire Provincial Assembly as "Mr. Dudley, counsellor at law." He married, December 24, 1684, Sarah, daughter of Hon. John Gilman. She was born February 25, 1667, and died January 24, 1713. He died in Exeter in 1734.

IV. Trueworthy Dudley, son of Stephen Dudley, was born in Exeter in 1700; was a captain in command of fifty-three soldiers in Col. Samuel Moore's regiment, under Lieut. General Pepperill, on their return from Canso; married Hannah Gilman (daughter of Capt. John Gilman, and granddaughter of Moses Gilman, who, with his father, Edward Gilman,

had settled in Exeter, in 1652), and died in Exeter in 1745.

V. Gilman Dudley, son of Trueworthy Dudley, was born in Exeter, May 3, 1727; married Sarah Gilman Conner, a daughter of Dr. Samuel and Sarah (Gilman) Conner, and a sister of Lieut. Colonel Samuel Conner, of Pembroke, who was killed at the battle of Bennington in 1777. She was born December 5, 1741, and died October 7, 1812. Gilman Dudley's name is on a paper issued from Chester in 1763. He died at Sanbornton, June 12, 1803.

VI. Trueworthy Dudley, son of Gilman Dudley, was born in Exeter September 23, 1753; married as his first wife Hannah, daughter of Esquire William and Hannah (McNeil) Knox, of Pembroke, who died February 8, 1780, and settled down in that town for a long life of usefulness. For his second wife he married, in May, 1791, Sarah Harvey Rowell, daughter of Rice and Elizabeth (Harvey) Rowell, of Nottingham. She was born January 23, 1764, and died July 28, 1849. He was a tax-payer in Pembroke as early as 1799, a selectman in 1809, and frequently afterwards in public life until his death, November 10, 1846. "He settled when young on the place where he died. He enlisted in the Continental service, and was ordered to Cambridge, Mass.; from there to Rhode Island, where he stayed until honorably discharged. He was a very successful farmer; and took a great interest in building the old Congregational church building, which was afterwards removed. He was part owner in the present one (on Pembroke street), and helped in the building of Pembroke academy, which his children had the opportunity of attending for several years, under the venerable Preceptor Vose."

His mansion, still standing at the south end of Pembroke street, is a fair sample of the comfortable homes of a past generation—large, square, symmetrical, denoting prosperity—the view from the front windows, taking in a stretch of the Mer-

rimack river, the intervalles and hills of Bow, the Pinnacle of Hooksett, and the highlands in Dunbarton, Allentown, and Goffstown. The long shed and great barn are falling to decay, but the house, long deserted by the family and leased to tenants, bids fair to withstand the storms of another century. From an elevation in the rear can be seen, I think, the former home of Esquire William Knox, a former father of the town, around whose memory a thousand traditions cling, and on whose farm was probably the burial-place of that stern Presbyterian giant, John McNeil, whose daughter married a Knox. The Dudley house stood not far from the old Bow line, which formed the northerly side of the Suncook Gore (mentioned in Vol. 6, page 175, of the New Hampshire Provincial Papers), and was large enough to accommodate a large family; and it was blessed with one. There were four children by the first marriage.

1. Sally Dudley, born May 3, 1785; married, September 25, 1814, John Knox, of Conway, N. H.
2. Polly Dudley, born November 7, 1786; married Deacon Andrew Gault, of Pembroke.
3. Samuel, born June 22, 1788; died March 18, 1790.
4. William, born January 26, 1790; died January 27, 1790.

Of the eight children by the second marriage,—

5. Cogswell Dudley, born April 4, 1792; married Nancy True, third daughter of Benjamin True, of Deerfield. She was born December 25, 1791, and died October 29, 1861. He passed his whole life in Pembroke, I believe, and died May 4, 1871. In the old cemetery, near where stood the first church and a garrison house to protect the early settlers, husband and wife, peacefully sleeping, await the last trump.

Of their six children, the three oldest were born in Deerfield.

Trueworthy Dudley was born June 2, 1818.

Elizabeth J. Dudley, born January 2, 1821; married, January 19, 1842, Solomon Whitehouse, of Pembroke. Three children: Their son, John J., married Mary E. Walker, and has

a daughter, Edith Mary, born June 13, 1874, at Englewood, Illinois. One of their daughters, Mary E., married John M. Cochran, of Southbridge, Mass.; one child, Chas. M., born July 7, 1879. The other, Sarah Jane, married Norris Cochrane; two children, Elizabeth S., born October 24, 1869, and Annie Mabel, born August 9, 1879, in Illinois.

Rice Dudley, born April 27, 1822; married, September 18, 1849, Nancy J. Ames, and died February 19, 1856.

Anna Maria Dudley, born November 11, 1823, in Pembroke; married September 25, 1844, John F. Parker. Their son Wm. C., was born June 21, 1849.

Sarah Hamilton Dudley, born November 8, 1825; married, September 16, 1854, William Parker, Jr. Children: Anna Aiken, born July 31, 1855, and Emma True, born February 11, 1858.

Mary True Dudley, born March 17, 1829; married, March 23, 1854, James C. Gault. Children: James True, born May 23, 1857, and Benjamin True, born November 2, 1858; both live at Decatur, Ills.

6. Captain Rice Dudley, born April 30, 1794; married, November 5, 1822, Nancy Hall Sargent, daughter of Dr. Sargent, of Chester. She was born November 15, 1795, and died October 14, 1870.

7. Trueworthy Dudley, Jr., born September 17, 1796; married, March 15, 1821, Mary, daughter of Benjamin Fisk, of Pembroke; moved to Boston, and engaged in business.

Children:

Mary Frances, born November 1, 1821; died February 16, 1828.

Sarah E., born January 3, 1824; married, December 21, 1847, Joseph Baxter, and lives in or near Boston, Mass.

Augusta E., born June 3, 1827.

Warren A., born November 19, 1829; died in Boston, January 24, 1831.

James F., born December 17, 1831; lives in Boston, Mass.

George B., born May 4, 1834; died August 7, 1834.

Josephine, born July 1, 1835; died at Dorchester, January 6, 1836.

Harriet F., born February 1, 1837.

May Franklin, born March 10, 1843.

8. Gilman Dudley, born May 15, 1798; married, January 2, 1828, Margaret Cochran, of Pembroke (daughter of Thomas Cochran, who was a son of John Cochran), and moved to New York city.

Of their seven children, Thomas C., Elizabeth, who died young at New Bedford, Francena, Gilman, and Orvila D. were born, and, if living, reside in New York city. The father was living, not many years since, at Hastings on the Hudson.

9. James Harvey Dudley, born August 8, 1801; married, first, Betsy Eaton, daughter of Dr. Thomas Eaton, of Frankestown; and, second, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hoyt, of Dover. In the 1812 war, he took the commissary of the Pembroke Light Infantry Company, which had volunteered to go to the defence of Portsmouth, in his father's chaise. He was commissioner of deeds of New Hampshire when Dr. Noah Martin was governor, and has served several years in the city government of Boston. When last heard from he was living at a good old age at Milton, Mass.

All of the four sons—Franklin H., James H., Paul H., and Thomas E.—reside in Boston, Mass.

10. Benjamin Franklin Dudley, born June 4, 1805; married Mary E. Littlefield, and resides at Milton Mass.

11. Hamilton Dudley, born January 7, 1810; married Mary Herring, of New York, and resides at Milton, Mass.

12. Elizabeth J. Dudley, born April 6, 1812; married, September 26, 1838, Rufus P. Fenno, of Milton, Mass.

In looking over the old Provincial Papers, I find that the Dudleys were scattered before the Revolution in various towns in south-eastern New Hampshire. When, starting from a member of the sixth generation, such a multitude of descendants can trace their descent,—and this is not claimed to be a full record,—how many descendants must the old Puritan governor have throughout the Union!

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK.

situated on Boylston street, corner of Clarendon, is one of the grandest, pleasantest, and most handsomely furnished hotels in the world. Its site is very delightful, and easily accessible. It is just across the street from Trinity, Phillips Brooks's church, the Institute of Technology, and the Society of Natural History, and is within a few minutes' walk of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston Art Club, Mechanics' Association building, Chauncy Hall School, Providence Railroad depot, and several of the new church edifices, among which are the New "Old South," Arlington-street, First Church, Central, and Emmanuel. It is as convenient to depots and all parts of the city as are any of the old hotels. Boylston street, on which the Brunswick fronts, is a fine thoroughfare 90 feet wide. The "Huntington-avenue," the "Dartmouth-street,"

and all Back Bay cars pass directly in front of the hotel. The Brunswick is conducted on the American plan, the terms being \$5.00 per day. The building covers more than half an acre of ground, is 224 by 125 feet, six stories high, with basement, and contains 350 rooms. The structure is of brick, with heavy sandstone trimmings. The principal finish of the first two stories is of black walnut. On the right of the principal entrance are two parlors for the use of ladies, and on the left of the main entrance is the gentlemen's parlor. The ladies' parlors were wholly refurnished in 1881 and 1882, and are now probably the handsomest hotel parlors in this country. On the easterly side of the house is the new dining-hall, dedicated upon Whittier's seventieth birthday, when the proprietors of "The Atlantic Monthly" gave the dinner

at which so many noted American writers were present. On the right of the ladies' entrance is the large dining-hall, 80 feet long by 48 feet wide. Both dining-halls have marble tile floors, the walls being Pompeian red, and the ceiling frescoed to correspond. Everything seems to have been done to make the house homelike, comfortable, and attractive, and free from the usual cheerless appearance of hotels. The cost of the building was nearly a million of dollars. At this hotel Gen. Grant was given a complimentary banquet on the return from his trip around the world. Many of the Harvard classes, the Alumni of Bowdoin college and of Williams college, the Bar Association of

Boston, and mercantile, literary, social, and other organizations, have selected this as the place for their annual dinners.

Ever since the Brunswick has been open it has been filled with the wealthiest class of transient and permanent guests; the former including a good part of the distinguished people who have been in Boston during the past seven years, and the latter including many of the best known citizens. The proprietors are Amos Barnes and John W. Dunklee, both of New Hampshire origin, under whose skilled hands the Brunswick has become one of the most famous hotels of modern times.

THE VICTORIA.

Within a radius of half a mile from Trinity square, Boston, there are twenty-seven apartment hotels. Of these only two, the Brunswick and the Vendome, are on the American plan. A few of the others offer housekeeping facilities, and a few are provided with the café for use if desired. Among all these, however, the opening of the Hotel Victoria is a very notable event to the entire locality, as well as to the guests of the house. Within one week it has established itself as the Delmonico of Boston. It has taken captive the fashionable world. It is already "the thing" to drive to the Victoria for supper after the play, and theatre parties in the luxurious beauty of the private supper rooms have made it already justly termed the "Delmonico of Boston." The Victoria is, however, a most unique and individual house. It offers unfurnished suites to lease; it has furnished suites or single rooms for the permanent or transient guest, and it has a dining-room that will be a great factor in Back Bay life, and which will be a special consideration with the tenants of apartments or rooms in private houses all over this locality, and which also serve a wide convenience to gentlemen whose

families are out of town in summer, and who may choose to occupy their own houses and go to the Victoria for meals.

Many women, too, in this vicinity plan to have all refreshments for receptions or for dinner-giving ordered from the Victoria, thus serving a great household convenience. It is simply marvellous how this new house has, in the classics of the day, "caught on" to popular demand. It is already the great fashionable centre of the Back Bay district. There are two or three reasons for this: The first is that the Victoria, like the Brunswick and the Vendome, is under the management of those distinguished proprietors, Messrs. Barnes & Dunklee, who lead the popular taste of the day in hostelry. The second reason may be found in the extraordinary beauty of the house in its architecture, decoration, and furnishings. The style is Mooresque, of red brick and red terracotta, with an effect of sculpture about its entrances. The ornamental features are suggested by the frescos of the Alhambra. The arched entrance is frescoed in sunset hues, the reception parlor is in Louis XVI style, and the richly-carpeted dining-room, with stained glass arches above the large windows, has its walls treated in Moorish

effects of shaded colors. The cut crystal, silver, and decorated china are as those in the most palatial private houses. The style of mural decoration is brilliant and unique. The lower floors are finished in cherry and oak. The state suite is a dream of beauty in decoration and fur-

nishing. The four private dining-rooms are richly carpeted, the walls hung with Japanese leather in designs of gold over Pompeian red, or combinations of gold or olive or blue, and the draperies and table furnishings are all in the same style of dainty luxury.—*Traveller*.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Looking Backward," 2000-1887. By Edward Bellamy. Ticknor & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward* is a long look ahead, and a very fascinating vision does it conjure up from the world of dreams that by and by, if humanity is not a failure, will be the world of realities. Certainly we do not now recall any romance of the future possessing, on imaginative and ethical grounds, the vital, inspiring, hopeful, convincing power of this book. Never before has the socialistic theory been carried out to its logical conclusion, with so fine a perception of its possibilities, with so much attention to detail, and with so little infringement upon the domain of the improbable. Imagination has had free play in the production of this picture of the Boston of the twentieth century, but the broad outlines are drawn to the scale of common-sense. Mr. Bellamy shows himself in this book to be not only an accomplished novelist, but a close, keen student of sociological tendencies. He has grasped, many will think, the leading principle of industrial evolution, for his demonstration of the process by which the reign of monopoly is eventually to pass over to the reign of systematized labor, and the consequent prevalence of universal comfort and good-will, is wonderfully consistent with what we know of the law of social progress in the past. This idea of a peaceful industrial evolution is, if not wholly new, the strong point of Mr. Bellamy's argument; and the author puts it before us in a very circumstantial way. He has taken the socialistic views of leading advocates of governmental control, applied them to existing conditions, and shown them to be, in the main, sound and true.

Those who regard socialism as the foe of individual liberty ought to derive wisdom and confidence from the exposition which Mr. Bellamy makes of the possi-

bilities of the social or coöperative compact. To him it means that all the diverse industries of the nation shall be brought into unison, and that instead of wasting their powers in ruinous competition, men shall work together with the single aim of ministering to the wants of the whole people. It means that every citizen of either sex shall take some definite part in the development of national prosperity, with full freedom of choice as to what particular line of work he or she shall follow. It means that every participant in the social compact shall share equally with others in the rewards of joint national labor. It means hours of congenial work with ample leisure for the pursuit of intellectual avocations, and with entire freedom from anxiety as to the procuring of the necessities of life. It means that all the resources of science, literature, and art shall be brought within reach of all. It means a free press, unhampered by the selfish demands of patronage. It means an almost infinite saving of care and toil in every department of life. It means the abolition of poverty and all the dreadful crimes and suffering that poverty implies. It means no corruption from the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few. It means common-sense in the direction of industry and commerce, the simplifying of distribution, the natural equilibrium of economic forces. It means, in a word, freedom from savagery and serfdom, and the establishment of fraternity—the establishment of life on the basis of the Golden Rule.

Does any one condemn such a scheme as fanatical, or shrink from it as likely to overthrow civilization or transform society into a dead level of mediocrity? Let such a one read Mr. Bellamy's book. In the state which he portrays, civilization, simply by the concentration of resources now wasted or destroyed by shameless

competitive greed, has reached a perfection that is Utopian only because so different from ours; and society, delivered from the incubus of private wealth, free to answer the incentives natural to the human heart, expands into a diversified activity by which not only the individual, but all mankind, is the gainer.

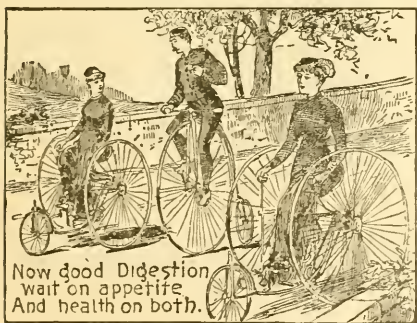
And, after all, the whole thing is so simple! All that is required is a mutual agreement not to rob each other, not to take advantage of favoring circumstances to force our fellows into a position where they must yield their services for our aggrandizement, or starve,—only a recognition of the fact that any collection of human beings, whether a family or a tribe, a town or a nation, prospers better, and is happier, by working together in harmony rather than by setting each his hand against his brother, and going his own way,—only a friendly understanding that the fruits of the earth, the products of human labor, and the creations of the human brain shall be equitably divided among all who contribute to the common weal, and not, as now, be the prizes of the strong, the artful, the most rapacious, in that general scramble for pelf which makes up what we call civilization. It is very simple; and the crowning tribute to the merit of Mr. Bellamy's noble book is that we put it down with the question on our lips, Why not to-day?

Mr. Kennan's Siberian papers, illustrated by Mr. G. A. Frost, who accompanied Mr. Kennan on his trip through Asiatic Russia, will begin in the May *Century*. Their appearance has been deferred on account of the author's desire to group in preliminary papers—the last of which will be in the April *Century*—

an account of the conditions and events in Russia directly related to the exile system. This system is now to be minutely described and elaborately pictured; and by way of preface to the first illustrated paper Mr. Kennan will, in a brief statement, answer the question as to how he came to enter upon his arduous and somewhat perilous investigations, and why he and his companion were accorded such extraordinary facilities by the Russian government itself. In the April *Century* Mr. Kennan will write of "The Russian Penal Code."

An entertaining book for young people, and a work that older persons will enjoy as well, is the "Young People's Illustrated History of Music," by J. C. Macy. It briefly states the facts relative to the history of music from the earliest times to the present era, and gives, in addition, short biographical sketches of famous musicians, including Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, and other masters; and there is a chronological list of great composers. The language used is such as all young readers will understand, and the book will be found less tiresome than most of the larger histories, dictionaries, &c. Portraits of each of the greatest masters are given, and the historical part of the book is also illustrated. The "Young People's History" is a book that all young music students should possess. It makes also a handsome gift book, and is entertaining reading for both old and young.

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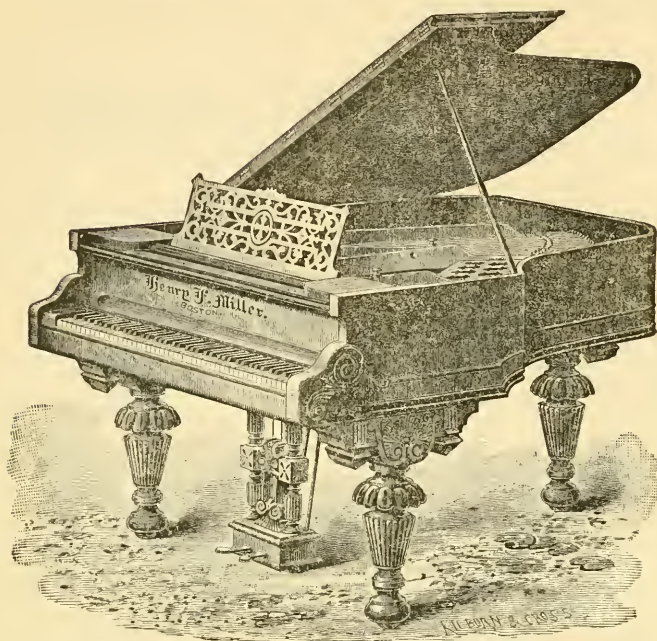
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VOL. I. (NEW SERIES.)
VOL. XI.

MAY, 1888.

No. 5.

ZIMRI SCATES WALLINGFORD.

What more beautiful word-picture can be drawn than that of a well rounded, perfect life! In it there is poetry, romance, a sermon, and a story. It is an example for youth to emulate. A magazine sketch is but the outline, the salient points, the ends accomplished. One must read between the lines the toil, the effort, the struggle, and the final success,—the influence of friends, the native integrity of character, the power to resist temptation, and the desire to do good,—which make “an honest man the noblest work of God.”

A few years ago Mr. Zimri S. Wallingford, of Dover, was sketched as follows in “Successful New Hampshire Men,” by Hon. Joshua G. Hall:

“Famous as the small farming towns of New Hampshire have been in producing men eminent in the learned professions, they have not been less prolific in furnishing young men who have achieved distinction and borne great sway in what are recognized as the more practical business pursuits.

Inventors, constructors, skilled artisans, the men who have taken the lead in developing our manufacturing interests and bringing toward perfection intricate processes, those who have increased the volume of trade at home and abroad, and have become merchant princes, have come, as a rule, from the plain farm-houses and common schools of our thousand hill-sides. The stern virtues, the rigid frugality, and the unflagging industry always insisted on in the home life, supplemented by the limited but intensely practical learning gained in the district school, have furnished successive generations of young men, compact, firm, and robust in their whole make-up, strong of body, clear and vigorous of mind, the whole impress and mold of their moral natures in harmony with right doing. These men have been a permeating force for good through all classes of our population, and towers of strength in our national life. The life of the subject of this sketch is a well rounded example of such young men.

"Zimri Scates Wallingford, the son of Samuel and Sallie (Wooster) Wallingford, was born in Milton, in the county of Strafford, October 7, 1816.

"Nicholas Wallington, who came, when a boy, in the ship 'Confidence,' of London, to Boston, in the year 1638, settled in Newbury, Mass., where he married, August 30, 1654, Sarah, daughter of Henry and Bridget Travis, who was born in 1636. He was captured on a sea voyage, and never returned; and his estate was settled in 1684. With his children (of whom he had eight) the surname became *Wallingford*.

"John Wallingford, son of the emigrant Nicholas, born in 1659, married Mary, daughter of Judge John and Mary Tuttle, of Dover, N. H.; but he lived in that part of Rowley, Mass., now known as Bradford. He had seven children; one of these was Hon. Thomas Wallingford, of that part of ancient Dover afterwards Somersworth, and now known as Rollinsford, who was one of the wealthiest and most eminent men of the province, associate justice of the supreme court from 1748 until his death, which took place at Portsmouth, August 4, 1771. The eldest son of John Wallingford, and grandson of the emigrant, was John Wallingford, born December 14, 1688, settled in Rochester, N. H., and became an extensive land-owner. His will, dated October 7, 1761, was proved January 17, 1762. His son, Peter Wallingford, who inherited the homestead and other land in Rochester (then including Milton), made his will April 18, 1771, which was proved August 24, 1773. His son, David Wallingford, settled upon the lands

in Milton, then a wilderness. He died in 1815, being the father of Samuel Wallingford, who was father of Zimri S.

Upon his mother's side Mr. Wallingford is descended from Rev. William Worcester, the first minister of the church in Salisbury, Mass., and ancestor of the eminent New England family of that name or its equivalent, *Wooster*. Lydia Wooster, great-aunt of Mr. Wallingford, was the wife of Gen. John Sullivan, of Durham, major-general in the army of the Revolution, and the first governor of the state of New Hampshire; she was mother of Hon. George Sullivan, of Exeter, who was attorney-general of this state for thirty years.

In 1825 the father of Mr. Wallingford died, leaving his widow with four children, of which this son, then nine years of age, was the eldest. At the age of twelve he commenced learning the trade of a country blacksmith. When he had wrought for his master as his boyish strength would allow for two years, he determined not to be content with being simply a blacksmith, and entered the machine-shop of the Great Falls Manufacturing Company, at Great Falls, N. H., and served a full apprenticeship at machine-building there, in Maryland, Virginia, and in the city of Philadelphia.

August 27, 1840, Mr. Wallingford married Alta L. G. Hilliard, daughter of Rev. Joseph Hilliard, pastor of the Congregational church in Berwick, Maine, from 1796 to 1827. Their children have been (1) John O. Wallingford, who was sergeant-major, and became lieutenant in the Fifteenth N. H. Volunteers, in the War of

the Rebellion; was severely wounded in the assault on Port Hudson; and was afterwards captain in the Eighteenth N. H., an officer of great merit, whose death at his home in Dover, March 23, 1872, was the result of disease contracted in his war service. (2) Mary C., now wife of Sidney A. Phillips, Esq., counsellor-at-law in Framingham, Mass.; (3) Julia, now wife of Mr. C. S. Cartland, of Dover."

Having thoroughly mastered his trade, Mr. Wallingford settled in the village of Great Falls, and went into the employ of a manufacturing company. During one evening he was led by one of his youthful companions into a church, where he listened to an eloquent temperance address by a Methodist minister. Becoming then and there convinced of the right and justice of the temperance cause, he upheld its principles firmly by word and precept until the end of his life. Shortly after, he was interested in religion. By persons of judgment, he was strongly urged to prepare himself for the ministry, as he gave promise of oratorical ability; but he felt convinced that his true sphere was among the workers and toilers, and with them he took his place. Before joining the church, however, he came under the influence of those apostles of anti-slavery who were seeking a revolution in church and state, to ameliorate the condition of the bondman. His views did not harmonize with those of authority in church circles, leaders as well in secular affairs, and he found it for his interest to seek a new field of labor in the neighboring town of Dover. So strong was the belief that machinery con-

structed by anti-slavery labor would be found defective, imperfect, and unavailable, that his new employers were warned against having so dangerous a man about their premises as an abolitionist.—Ed.

"In 1844 Mr. Wallingford entered the employ of the Coheco Manufacturing Company, Dover, N. H., as master machine-builder, and remained in that capacity until 1849. During that period Mr. Wallingford and a partner, by contract, constructed new machinery, cards, looms, dressing-frames, and nearly everything necessary for the reëquipment of the mills. The then new and large mill at Salmon Falls was also supplied with the new machinery necessary, in the same manner.

"In 1849 he became superintendent of the company's mills, under the then agent, Captain Moses Paul, and upon the death of that gentleman was, on the first day of August, 1860, appointed agent of the company. He continued to fill that office until his death. Taking into account the great social and public influence as well as the recognized ability with which his predecessor had for many years administered the affairs of the Coheco company, the magnitude of its operations, the force and grasp of mind necessary to carry on its affairs successfully, it was evident to all familiar with the situation, upon the death of Captain Paul, that no ordinary man could occupy the place with credit to himself, or with the respect of the public, or to the satisfaction of the corporation.

"Fully conscious of the responsibility assumed, and full of the determination which an ardent nature is capable

of, not only to maintain the reputation of his company but to extend its operations and raise the standard of its manufactured goods, it is not overstating the fact to say that in the last twenty years few manufacturing companies have made greater strides in the extent of their works, in the quality of their goods, or their reputation in the great markets, than has the Coheco under the management of Mr. Wallingford. Always strong financially, its wheels have never, during that time, been idle in any season of panic or monetary depression. Honorable, and ever generous to all its employés, its machinery has never stopped for a day at the demand of any organized strike. The pride as well as the main business interest of Dover, Mr. Wallingford always made his company popular with the people; its word proverbially is as good as its bond. The importance of the work is seen in the fact that the mills were, when Mr. Wallingford took charge, of a so-called capacity of fifty-seven thousand spindles; it is now one hundred and twenty thousand; and the reputation of the goods is world-wide. Twelve hundred operatives are on the books of the corporation.

"To a stranger to the home life of Dover, these results seem the great life-work of Mr. Wallingford; but such an one, in making up his estimate, will fail to do justice to some of the elements of character which have, by skilful adaptation, contributed to so great success. To one so observing, the marked traits of the individual are lost sight of in the results of his career. To those only who were personally familiar with the

individual, are the real elements of success apparent. Of course, without the strong common-sense and good judgment which we sum up as 'business sagacity,' Mr. Wallingford's successes would have been failures; but, to one familiar with his daily life for a score of years, it is apparent that the crowning excellence of his life, and the power which supplemented his mental force and rounded out his life, was his stern moral sense.

"Perhaps the most noticeable trait in his character from childhood was his love of justice and right, and his hatred of wrong and injustice in all its forms. Under such a man, no employé, no matter how humble his position, was deprived of his just consideration; no interest of his corporation was allowed to ask from the public authorities any indulgence or advantage not fairly to be accorded to the smallest tax-payer. Had he gone no further than to insist on this exact counterpoise of right and interest as between employer and employé, and between the interest represented by him and the public interest, his course would have stood out in marked contrast with the conduct of too many clothed with the brief authority of corporate power. Had this strict observance of the relative rights of all concerned been as nicely regarded by associated capital generally as it has been by the Coheco company under the management of Mr. Wallingford and his lamented predecessor, no 'brotherhood' for the protection of labor, no 'strikes' organized and pushed to bring too exacting employers to their senses and to an observance of the common rights of humanity, would have had

an existence, and none would have had occasion to view with jealous eye the apprehended encroachment of corporate power on private right. But while so insisting on justice in everything, no man had a kindlier vein of character, or a warmer sympathy for deserving objects of charity. Impulsive naturally, no distressed individual or deserving cause appealed to him in vain, or long awaited the open hand of a cheerful giver.

“To a man so endowed by nature, so grounded in right principles, and so delighting in the exercise of a warm Christian charity, we may naturally expect the result that we see in this man’s life,—success in his undertakings, the high regard of all who knew him, and the kindest relations between the community at large and the important private interests represented by him in his official capacity.

“Fifty years ago, when the subject of this sketch, a mere child, was leaving his widowed mother’s side to learn his trade, the public mind was just beginning to be aroused from its long lethargy to a consideration of the abolition of slavery in the United States. The sleep of men over the subject had been long, and their consciences seem hardly to have suffered a disturbing dream. Church as well as state was a participator in the system, and with unbecoming haste rose up to put beyond its fellowship and pale the first agitators of emancipation. Garrison had just been released, through the kindness of Arthur Tappan, from an imprisonment of forty-nine days in Baltimore jail, for saying in a newspaper that the

taking of a cargo of negro slaves from Baltimore to New Orleans was an act of ‘domestic piracy,’ and was issuing the first number of the *Liberator*, taking for his motto, ‘My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind,’ and declaring, ‘I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch. I will be heard.’

“The agitation of the abolition of slavery, which was to end only with emancipation, had thus begun. The discussion found its way into the public prints, and among the thinking circles of all rural New England. The blacksmith’s apprentice read what the newspapers had to say, and listened to the neighborhood discussions on the great question. His sense of justice and humanity was aroused, and he adopted the motto and declaration of purpose as announced by Garrison; and from early youth till the time when Lincoln’s proclamation assured the full success of the object aimed at. Mr. Wallingford was the earnest friend of the slave and the active promoter of all schemes looking to his emancipation. With Garrison, Phillips, Parker, Douglass, Rogers, and the other leading anti-slavery men, he was a hearty co-worker, and for years on terms of warm personal friendship.

“During the winter of 1849-’50, Hon. Jeremiah Clemens, of Alabama, made a speech in the United States senate, in which he claimed that Northern mechanics and laborers stood upon a level with Southern slaves, and that the lot of the latter was, in fact, enviable, when compared with that of the former classes. This speech at once called out from Hon.

John P. Hale, then a member of the senate, a reply in keeping with the demands of the occasion, and with the great powers of Mr. Hale as an orator. Soon after, a meeting of the mechanics of Dover was held, at which Mr. Wallingford presided, and at which resolutions expressing the feelings of the meeting toward Mr. Clemens's speech were passed, and a copy presented to that gentleman by Mr. Wallingford. Upon the receipt of these resolutions, Senator Clemens published in the *New York Herald* a letter addressed to Mr. Wallingford, propounding ten questions. These questions were framed, evidently, with the design, not so much of getting information about the actual condition of the workingmen of the free states, as to draw from Mr. Wallingford some material that could be turned to the disadvantage of free labor. Mr. Wallingford replied through the press, February 6, 1850, in a letter which at once answered the impulsive and haughty 'owner of men,' and triumphantly vindicated our system of free labor. For directness of reply, density, and clearness of style, few published letters have equalled it. It must have afforded Mr. Clemens material for reflection, and it is not known that he afterwards assailed the workingmen of the nation.

"From the formation of the Republican party, Mr. Wallingford was one of its active supporters. Though no man was more decided in his political convictions, or more frank in giving expression to them, no one was more tolerant of the opinions of others, or more scrupulous in his methods of political warfare. Despising the tricks

of the mere partisan, and abhorring politics as a trade, he was always content to rest the success of his party on an open, free discussion of the issues involved. Not deeming it consistent with his obligations to his company to spend his time in the public service, he refused to accede to the repeated propositions of his political friends to support him for important official positions; but he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1876, and presidential elector for 1876, casting his vote for Hayes and Wheeler. He was for many years president of the Savings Bank for the County of Strafford, a director of the Strafford National Bank, president of the Dover Library Association, and a director in the Dover & Winnepesaukee Railroad. In his religious belief, Mr. Wallingford was a Unitarian, and an active member of the Unitarian society of Dover."

After a long and painful illness, Mr. Wallingford died at his residence in Dover, May 28, 1886. He had been confined to his house since the middle of the previous fall, and during all those weeks and months of alternate hope and gloom had been most tenderly nursed and cared for by the wife of his youth, his daughter, and a niece, one of whom was in constant attendance upon him. Everything in the power of mortal man was done to restore him to health. All that money and affection could possibly do was brought into requisition for his recovery; but the disease was too stubborn to yield, and finally overcame his robust constitution.

From *Foster's Daily Democrat* we make the following extracts:

As a public-spirited, noble-hearted, whole-souled citizen and gentleman, he was the peer of the best in the land. There never was anything small or narrow in his character or career. He was the advocate of every commendable enterprise, and foremost champion of good words and works in Dover and the community generally. He took a high and broad view of everything, and there was no streak or sign of anything small or narrow in his big soul. We knew him well, we might say intimately, and have spent hours and hours in conversation with him, first and last, and dealt with him in various ways. He was sympathetic and charitable; and if at any time he did any wrong to anybody, all it was necessary to do was to point it out, and his broad and generous heart gave an immediate and sympathetic response, and all was right again as soon as possible. His heart was wide open to every worthy benevolence, and his warmest sympathies were responsive to the demand of every worthy charity. His sturdy integrity was never challenged, and nobody had occasion to question it. He had some of the strongest elements of a noble character. He was always noted for his strong common-sense; and this, coupled with the elements of strong moral conviction which marked his career, stamped his character as one of exceptionally robust, moral, and intellectual vigor.

There is and will be no disagreement in the opinion that Dover has lost one of its most conspicuous, able, useful, and worthy citizens; a man whose voice and influence were always for the public good; a man of sturdy character, good common-sense, and true to life and all its great aims and aspirations. He was generous, magnanimous, charitable, and noble in his manhood and in all the aspirations of his soul. We only give faint expression to the universal regret and sorrow over his demise. One of the very best of all the good and noble and honored citizens of Dover has departed. He will be sorely

missed in this community. No death could have caused a greater void. His position gave him knowledge, influence, and strength with this people, but he never could have acquired either without an essentially strong and stalwart character of his own. He will be missed by everybody, and tears of universal sorrow will moisten the last resting-place of the noble and worthy dead.

During his illness many tokens of personal attachment to him were manifested. It has been said of him that he was tolerant. He so won the good-will of the Catholic employés of the company, that the whole Catholic congregation, led by their priest, during his sickness are said to have fallen on their knees and devoutly prayed for the recovery of "their friend and father." He was the first agent of a manufacturing company in New England to recognize the scruples of his employés against working on church holidays. Personally he was as sympathetic and tender as a woman in all cases of affliction, his benevolence, charity, and financial aid being felt by all in need.

Parker Pillsbury, with whom Mr. Wallingford was for many years associated on terms of intimacy in those days when to maintain anti-slavery principles meant personal sacrifice, has always cherished the friendship of early manhood, and has continued his friendly relations with the family for two score years. He thinks one of the finest traits of his departed friend's character was his modesty, his lack of ostentation. "He was a model husband, a model father, and a model head of the household. He endeared all to him with whom he associated; even his servants delight-

ed to serve him with alacrity. He was thoughtful and considerate of all about him, and gained the esteem and good-will of all with whom he came in contact. The many hundred working people under his charge were contented, happy, and proud of their superintendent; he held their good-will and affection without an apparent effort. He sought out cases of want, and quietly ministered to the needy. He was a charming man in every relation of life, and is worthy of the highest eulogy."

Mr. Wallingford's sense of right and duty often interfered with his financial success. He believed that "One with God is a majority." His humanity extended to all. He favored the law protecting the rights of school children, and always main-

tained a great interest in their welfare.

What richer inheritance can a father leave to his children than a well ordered life devoted to the welfare of his fellow-men? What nobler monument can he have erected than the impress upon his generation, his memory cherished in the hearts of many thousand friends, and his deeds of kindness and thoughtfulness a constantly recurring memento of him?

During his last sickness he displayed his patience, his fortitude, his resignation to the inevitable, his sympathy for his sorrowing family, his desire to be useful to those dependent upon him at home, in the mills, and in the city—a "ruling passion strong in death." He lived out the allotted span of life, and is now at rest.

WINNIPISEOGEE.

BY VIRGINIA C. HOLLIS.

Majestically on the Lake

The stately steamer ploughs her way;

The foamy wavelets in her wake,

As on we ride to Alton Bay.

The little islands, here and there,

Like emeralds or jasper seem;

The mountains in the distance wear

The glorious sunlight's golden gleam.

The foliage, on either shore,

Reflected in the water clear.

The smiling heavens arching o'er.

The gentle breezes wafted near,

Fill with delight our every sense:

How fair! we cry;—how bright the morn!

Ah! this is surely recompense

For all the cares of days agoe.

Winnipisogee—noble Lake!

What wonder that we fain would be

Soothed by thy charms, and often take

A day from toil to spend with thee!

What wonder that we feel the power

Which Nature gave thee at thy birth,

And, 'neath the influence of the hour,

Proclaim thy praises and thy worth!

In years agoe, the red man, too,

Traversed thy shores, and quickly sped

Across thee in his light canoe

At evening gray and morning red.

And wert thou then as fair as now,

O gem among our granite hills,

And in thy different lights couldst thou

Control his savage moods and wills?

I fancy that the moons of yore,

Illumining thy placid face,

Drew dusky warriors on the shore

And maidens to their trysting-place;

That then, as now, the tale so old

Was told, as, floating on thy tide,

The maiden shy and lover bold,

In birch canoe sat side by side.

So, still we will thy praises sing,

And revel in thy sweet delights;

Still shall the mountain echoes ring

Through sunlit days and moonlit nights.

LANDMARKS IN ANCIENT DOVER AND THE TOWNS WHICH HAVE SPRUNG THEREFROM.

By MARY P. THOMPSON.

Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set.—Proverbs xxii, 28.

The following compilation was begun several years ago, and was at first confined to the old localities at Oyster River. But the necessary researches led to a wider field that finally embraced the whole of ancient Dover—which township, it must be remembered, originally comprised not only the present city of that name, but the towns of Somersworth, Rollinsford, Madbury, Durham, Lee, a part of New Market, a part of Newington, and a small piece of Greenland.

Before this work could be completed, Dr. Ham published his "Localities of Ancient Dover," which covers the same ground; and so ably does he treat of the most important places which the present writer had in her own list, that anything further on the subject at first seemed unnecessary. But there still remain a few localities omitted in his work, some unavoidable mistakes of his to be rectified, and several additional facts to be given. To these, by way of partial indemnification, the writer has added some localities of a later day, and begs leave to present them to the public, that none of the old names which served as landmarks to our fathers may be suffered to die out, but may ever be held in faithful remembrance.

And here it is only proper to say

that the writer, as well as the public in general, is greatly indebted for a knowledge of the old localities of Dover and its vicinity to the Rev. Dr. A. H. Quint's "Historical Memoranda," which embody a vast amount of research that can only be appreciated by those who have attempted to glean in the same field.

ADAMS'S POINT. This point is on the Durham shore, at the Narrows, between Great and Little bays. It received its present name from Elder John Adams, the late owner, a descendant of the Rev. Joseph Adams, the first settled minister at Newington, who was the uncle of John Adams, second president of the United States. (See *Matthews' Neck*.)

AMBLER'S ISLANDS. The islands which bear this name lie off Durham Point, near the mouth of Oyster river. They are so called on Emerson's map of 1805.¹ The name is derived from Elder John Ambler, an early settler, who lived in the vicinity of the Point. He was chosen deacon of the Oyster River church October 19, 1718, and ordained as elder November 16, 1721. One of these is known as Bickford's island and another as Mathes island, from old families on the neigh-

¹ Emerson's map, often referred to in these Landmarks, was drawn in 1805 by Mr. Andrew Emerson, of Durham, an authorized surveyor. It is the oldest map of this town that has come to light. Unfortunately only a fragment now remains; but this is of the Durham shore, and gives the ancient names of several localities.

boring shore. A third is called Sasfras island.

ATKINSON HILL. This hill is near the old Pascataqua bridge, on the line between Dover and Madbury, and is so named from the Hon. William K. Atkinson, who owned a farm here. It was previously called "*Laighton Hill*," and is often mentioned by this name in the Madbury records—a name derived from former residents, descendants of Thomas Layton, of the Dover Combination of 1640. The Atkinson house is in Madbury, and the Laighton house in Dover. The road from the old bridge to Dover runs between them.

This height affords an admirable view of the neighboring waters, extending from the mouth of Oyster river and the opening into Little bay, to a great distance down the Pascataqua. The river directly in front is nearly a mile in width, and dotted by islands, two of which once formed links in the Pascataqua bridge; and beyond the broad expanse are the beautifully varied shores of Newington. Daniel Webster, who often crossed Atkinson hill on his way to and from Portsmouth when it was court time at Dover, declared this view unsurpassed by any other in New England.

BARBADOES. This name was given about two hundred years ago to a district on the present borders of Dover and Madbury, that comprised *Barbadoes Marsh*, *Barbadoes Pond*, *Barbadoes Spring*, and *Barbadoes Woods*. Only one spring of this name appears to have been mentioned in early times, but at a later day all the springs of this vicinity, four or five in number, were comprised under the name of

"Barbadoes springs." They are now sometimes called Kelley's springs. They are south-east of the pond, and are of importance as the source from which the Dover aqueduct gets its supply of water.

Barbadoes Woods originally comprised a large extent of woodland. John Wingate, in his will of 1714, gives his son Edmund thirty acres in Barbadoes woods, which, according to a deed from Simon and Joanna Wingate to their brother Moses in 1736, were on the south side of the road that led from Barbadoes spring. Thomas Hanson, of Dover, in his will of September 18, 1728, gives his son Timothy sixty acres in Barbadoes woods. March 23, 1752, Henry Bickford, of Dover, sold Daniel Hayes twenty-eight acres in Barbadoes woods in two lots. One was next the Wingate land, on the south side of "*Barbadoes highway*." One side of this lot extended to Bellamy river. It is now owned by Mr. George O. Hayes.

The name of Barbadoes was no doubt given by one of the early land-owners here, who was interested in shipping or the West India trade. In those days there was much intercourse between New England and the Island of Barbadoes. The Rev. James Parker, minister at Strawberry Bank in 1642, went to Barbadoes, and settled there. Richard Cutt, of Portsmouth, for a time lived there, and there married his first wife. The Vaughans of Portsmouth traded with Barbadoes; and there died Cutt, son of William Vaughan, and grandson of Richard Cutt. One of the early Hansons, of Dover, according to tradition, married there. Nicholas Follet, of Oys-

ter River (now Durham), commanded a brigantine that sailed between Portsmouth and Barbadoes in 1692. And "John Follet of Barbadoes" is spoken of in 1710.

Antipas Boyes, the brother-in-law of Valentine Hill of Oyster River,¹ traded with Barbadoes; and there, about 1706, died his son Antipas, Jr., whose estate fell to his cousin, Nathaniel Hill of Oyster River, son of Valentine.

Capt. Samuel Alcock commanded the ship *Richard and Margaret*, bound for Barbadoes from Portsmouth in 1700; and the Rev. John Pike, in his journal, speaks of his son Nathaniel's coming from Barbadoes November 22, 1709.

The Island of Barbadoes was also in early times a place of refuge for those who could not live under the rigid government of our colonies. Several of the early Quakers of Massachusetts made their escape there about 1661. Wm. Vassal, and some of his friends of liberal principles, went there still earlier.

Barbadoes seems likewise to have been the Puritan slave-market. The poor Southwick children, of Salem, after their parents had been barbarously disposed of (1661), were ordered to be sold as slaves in Barbadoes.² Many Indians, too, were sent there. Montowampate, the sachem of Sangus, and relative by marriage of Kancamagus (John Hodgkins),—possibly one of the victims of Col. Waldron's treachery to the Indians

in 1676,—was sold as a slave in Barbadoes.

BARTLETT FALLS. A mill-privilege at Bartlett falls on Little river, half a mile from Lee hill, is spoken of April 5, 1838. These falls are towards the mouth of the river, below the so-called Little River mill. The name is derived from the former owners, descendants of the Bartletts and Cilleys of Nottingham.

BEARD'S CREEK. This is an inlet from Oyster river on the north side, about half a mile below Durham falls. It was so called as early as 1672, and doubtless much earlier, as Wm. Beard owned land at Oyster River before June 16, 1640. His garrison stood a quarter of a mile east of the creek.

There was a public landing-place at the head of Beard's creek as early as 1689, in which year a road was laid out from it, extending to Newtown. The town of Durham conveyed this landing-place to Jonathan Woodman in 1779. (See *Brown's Hill*.) This creek is often called "Woodman's creek" in the Durham records, being partly bordered by the land attached to Woodman's garrison.

BEAVER DAM. Dr. Ham inquires for "*Little Beaver Dam*." There are traces of several beaver dams in Durham, the most perfect of which is to be found near the head of Beard's creek, beneath the tongue of high land where the Woodmans are buried, popularly known as the "Indian burying-ground."

BECK'S SLIP. This was a landing-

¹ Hannah Hill married Antipas Boyes.

² Cromwell, after the battle of Dunbar in 1650, sent hundreds of prisoners to Barbadoes "to be sold to the best advantage," and "God's blessing on the same," impiously adds his commissioner in a letter of instructions. And the Rodman family, of Rhode Island, are descended from John Rodman, a Quaker, who was banished from Ireland in Cromwell's time, and took refuge in Barbadoes.

place on Fore river, so named for Henry Beck¹ of the Dover Combination of 1640. A road was laid out March 16, 1721-'22, from "High street" to this slip, evidently to facilitate access to the ferry which Nicholas Harford had, in 1717, been licensed to run from Beck's Slip to Kittery, that is, to the opposite shore of Fore river; for Kittery then extended up the Newichawannock, and included the present towns of Eliot, Berwick, and South Berwick.

Dr. Quint speaks of *Beck's Cove* as on the western side of Dover Neck, near the place where, about 1634, the first meeting-house was erected.

BEECH HILL. This hill is on the confines of Durham and Madbury, near Lee. The beech trees have all disappeared, but this does not justify those who write the name as "*Beach* hill." On the upper side stood the house of Paul Chesley, in the middle of last century. When Lee was separated from Durham, January 17, 1766, the line of division began at Paul Chesley's house at Beech hill; then ran north six degrees east to the line between Durham and Madbury, etc. When the bounds were perambulated in 1798, the line began at the place "where the house of Paul Chesley stood."

BELLAMY HOOK. (See *Demerit's Mill*.)

BLACKSNAKE HILL. This hill is in Durham, at the upper side of "Oyster River freshet," on the farm of Mr. Benjamin Thompson.

BLOODY POINT. The story generally related to account for the name of Bloody Point seems ridiculously

inadequate to explain an appellation of such tragical import. But the real history, too long to be given here, is not of a mere bloodless encounter between Neale and Wiggin in 1632, but of a far more serious contest about rival patents that involved the title to all the lands along the Pascataqua. Capt. Wiggin, from the first, was devoted to the interests of Massachusetts Bay, which sought control over New Hampshire. Capt. Neale, who was Mason's attorney, was strongly opposed to the pretensions of Massachusetts. Their conflict, therefore, was not wholly personal, but represented the strife of contending parties. The Bloody Point region was a kind of debatable ground—a border land between Strawberry Bank and Hilton's Point, along whose pleasant shores the settlers of both places were disposed to lay out lands for themselves; and their alarm, their sanguinary mood, and their resolution to defend their claims, are all embodied in the name they gave this point as a perpetual defiance to those who would dispossess them—a name far better suited to their temper of mind than to the actual encounter between Walter Neale and Thomas Wiggin.

The Indian massacre, to which some writers ascribe the name of Bloody Point, from a popular tradition in Newington, if it ever took place at all, must have occurred too long after this name had been given it to be worthy of any consideration.

Bloody Point, strictly speaking, is a point on the Newington shore of the river Pascataqua at the east, opposite Dover Point; but the name was also

¹ Henry Beck was the ancestor of Theodore Romeyn Beck, the author of Beck's Botany and several works on medical jurisprudence.

given at an early day to the entire district above the line from Canney's Creek to Hogsty Cove, and was retained till this district became a part of Newington parish, created by Gov. Joseph Dudley, May 12, 1714.

“Bloody Point ferry” to Hilton's Point is spoken of April 30, 1731. It is otherwise called Knight's ferry.

The points and coves along the Newington shore, beginning at Bloody Point and proceeding up the river in the direction of Greenland, succeed each other as follows: At the upper side of the bridge from Dover Point is the old terminus of Knight's ferry, near Miss Nancy Drew's house, which is the old Knight place. Then come Rocky Point, off which are Carter's rocks, and Broad Cove, with Fox Point on the upper side. Beyond another small cove is Bald Head, as you enter Little Bay, off which are the “Sow and Pigs,” to be seen at low tide. Then another cove—perhaps Dompline cove, spoken of in 1652—with Dame's Point beyond, now Joshua's Point. Then Welsh Cove, beyond which is Furber's Point at the Narrows between Great and Little bays. Beyond are Thomas Point, Long Point, and High Point. Off this shore is Nanney's island. Then come Laighton's Point and Hogsty Cove—now called Laighton's Cove—on the farther side of which is Fabyan's Point. Between this point and Greenland are Pinkham's (otherwise Pincomb's) and Swadden's creeks. Off the latter is Swan island.

Boom. The Rev. John Pike, in his journal, speaks of Mr. Waldron's “coming over the Boom” April 28, 1704. This boom was a floating bridge on the Cochecho river, “by

Col. Waldron's, above the falls.” It was made of three or four hewn pieces laid side by side, wide enough for horses and cattle to pass over in file; but teams were obliged to ford the river below the falls. (See *N. H. Town Papers*, vol. xi, 540.) The falls here referred to are in Dover city.

BRANSON'S CREEK. This name was once given to an inlet from the Great Bay on the Durham shore, but has not been perpetuated. It was no doubt derived from George Branson, who was taxed at Oyster River from 1648 to 1650. He then removed to York, where he was killed in 1657. Charles Adams had a neck of land granted him in 1656 on “the south side of Branson's creek on the Great Bay;” and William Drew had a grant of sixty acres, adjoining Adams, on the same creek, about the same time.

BROAD COVE. This cove, often mentioned in the early records, is between Fox Point and Rocky Point, on the Newington shore. “Broad cove freshet” is spoken of in 1701.

BROTH HILL. This is a well known height at the south end of Durham village, commanding a beautiful view of the Oyster river valley and the hilly winding village beyond, in its most picturesque aspect. The hamlet on this hill is quite distinct from the village proper, and is the centre of one of the old school-districts, generally called the “Broth-Hill district.” There is a story that this name was given in derision of the favorite dish of the workmen once employed in the Durham ship-yards, for whom several cottages had been built on this height. But it was no doubt derived from the Coolbroth or Colbath family

that once lived here—a name since happily illustrated by Vice-President Henry Wilson, whose name originally was Colbath.

BROWN'S HILL. This hill, so called from former residents who acquired a reputation for witchcraft on account of their skill in the use of herbs, is in Durham, north of Woodman's garrison, on the old road to Dover. The Durham records speak of this hill, May 3, 1779, when the town appointed Ebenezer Thompson, Esq., and John Smith, 3d, "to agree with Mr. Jonathan Woodman for a strip of land in his pasture to make the road more convenient over Brown's Hill (so called) . . . and to convey to s^d Woodman in exchange therefor all the right that the town has to the landing-place at the head of Woodman's Creek."¹

BUNKER'S CREEK. This is an inlet on the upper shore of Oyster river, about a mile from its mouth; and so named from James Bunker, who was at Oyster River as early as 1653, and built a garrison not far from this creek. A double stone dam was, at a later period, constructed at Bunker's bridge across this inlet, and a "tide-mill" built here that was standing in the middle of this century. The brook which empties into the creek is sometimes called "The Dirty Slough."

CAMSOE. This name is mentioned in the Durham records, January 29, 1733-'34, when a road was laid out on the north side of the Mast path,

beginning at "a place called Camsey at the south-west corner of Mr. Robert Tomson's fence." In other records the name is written Camsoe, as in the deed of the farm so called from Ann, widow of David Kincaid,² to Robert Thompson,³ August 14, 1723. Camsoe originally belonged to Moses Davis, who was killed by the Indians in 1724; and the name is doubtless a corruption of Canseau or Canso, and a reminiscence of his campaigns to Port Royal with his brother, Col. James Davis, in the early part of the eighteenth century. This land lies along the banks of Oyster river, chiefly on the Lee side. It no longer bears the old name; but a spring thereon, remarkable for the purity of its water, is still known as "Camsoe spring."

CANNEY'S BROOK. So called from Thomas Canney or Canning, of the Dover Combination of 1640. This brook takes its rise on the Canney homestead at Dover Neck, at a source known to this day as *Canney's Spring*. Leaving the Canney lands, it flows through the lands originally owned by Joseph Austin and Humphrey Varney. Below the site of Austin's mill it becomes *Little John's creek*.

It is related of Thomas Canney, a sea captain of the last century, that, drinking one day at his ancestral spring, he fell into the stream and came near being drowned. "A pretty story it would have been for the newspapers," he exclaimed when rescued, "that Capt. Canney, after sail-

¹ Otherwise, Beard's creek.

² This was the "David Kinked," who, according to the Rev. John Pike's journal, was, September 8, 1708, attacked by three Indians at his house "some considerable distance from Woodman's garrison," but "thro Mercy" he and his lad made their escape. He died in February, 1722-'23; but his son lived to go to the siege of Louisbourg. *Kincaid's Brook* is mentioned in the Durham records of 1765. The name is usually pronounced *Kink-et*.

³ Ancestor of the present writer.

ing all around the world, only came home to get drowned in Tom Canney's brook!" This Capt. Canney, an esteemed member of the Society of Friends, died May 16, 1805, aged 95.

CANNEY'S CREEK or COVE, otherwise KENNEY'S.¹ This creek is a small inlet from the Pascataqua river, on the eastern shore of Newington, but is important as one of the bounds of ancient Dover. It received its name from Thomas Canney, of the Dover Combination, who, as early as 1652, had a grant of land on the upper side of this creek, which was afterwards purchased by James Rawlins, and is still owned by his descendants. By a decree of the general court of Massachusetts Bay in 1643, all the lands along the southern shore of the Great Bay were assigned to Dover. The lower boundary of this territory, as defined in 1657, ran from Kenney's creek to Hogsty Cove, with all the marsh from that place round about the bay up to Cotterill's Delight, with four hundred acres of upland adjoining. The lower boundary of Dover, as recorded in 1701, ran from the middle of Quamphegan falls down the river to Hilton's Point; thence to Kenney's creek, and thence in a direct line to Hogsty Cove, and from this cove to the mouth of Lamprey river. Cotterill's Delight is not mentioned.

Canney's creek was doubtless made one of the lower bounds of the township through the influence of Thomas Canney, in order that his land might come within the limits of Dover.

CAULLEY'S MARSH. Colonel James Davis, of Durham, in his will of Oc-

tober 18, 1748, gives his son Daniel seventeen acres granted him in the common land in Durham, adjoining Caulley's marsh. And the land of Francis Footman, "at a place called Caulley's marsh," is mentioned in the Exeter records of 1752. This marsh, which retains its ancient name, is in the Durham Point district. It formed part of the estate of the late Robert Mathes, and is now owned by Mr. John Meader.

CEDAR POINT. This point, mentioned as early as 1652, is on the upper shore of the Pascataqua river, and is important as the starting-point of the boundary between Dover and Madbury, and that between Madbury and Durham. The latter begins at a rock on Cedar Point, runs northwest to Loughton's brook—sometimes called Wallingford's and Atkinson's—thence to the middle of Johnson's Creek bridge, and so on to Lee, by the way of Beech hill.

CHARLES'S POINT. This point is on the lower side of Oyster river, near the mouth. It was so called in 1660, no doubt from Charles Adams, whose garrison, destroyed in 1694, was in this vicinity.

CHESLEY'S HILL. This hill is mentioned in the Durham records. It is at the west end of Durham village, near the railroad station, and received its name from the old Chesley residence at the top. Here, over a century ago, lived Thomas Chesley, whose lands extended south as far as Chesley's mill on Oyster river; and after him here lived his descendants to the fourth generation. The house and grounds, bounded by the Mast road

¹ In the *New Hampshire Provincial Papers*, vol. i, 222, this inlet is called "King's Creek," evidently by mistake.

on one side and the New Hampshire turnpike road on the other, are now owned by the Misses Mathes.

CHESLEY'S ISLANDS. These islands, two in number, are in Great Bay, off that part of the Durham shore ceded to Newmarket in 1870. The name is derived from Joseph Chesley, who had a grant on the Lubberland shore, where he died in 1731. Merrill's *Gazeteer* of New Hampshire, in 1817, mentions Chesley's island as "the south corner boundary of Durham at the west." When the bounds were perambulated in 1805, the line on this shore ran from the mouth of Goddard's creek to "Chesley's little island." These islands are now called *Channell's*, from the present owner.

CLARK'S BROOK. This brook rises at Wednesday hill in Lee, on the west side, and empties into Lamprey river.

CLARK'S PLAINS. These plains, once owned by Abraham Clark, are south-east of Pudding hill, on the line between Dover and Madbury. They were formerly somewhat noted for horse-races.

COFFIN'S BROOK. Dr. Quint gives this name to the brook which once ran across the place where the city hall of Dover now stands. It flowed through the old Coffin lands, and was of sufficient size to run a grist-mill, which stood near the Washington street bridge in 1833, and was then in the possession of Arlo Flagg.

CORSEY BROOK. This brook empties into Lamprey river, between Packer's and Sullivan's falls.

COTTERILL'S DELIGHT. This place is mentioned May, 1653, when the inhabitants of Strawberry Bank petitioned the general court at Boston for a grant of "the necke of land

beginninge in the Great Bay at the place called Cotterill's Delight, so running to ye sea." This petition was "respited because of Mr. Mason's claim to the lands only so far as related to Mr. Wiggins Patent." The Dover line, in 1656, is stated to run from Hogsty Cove "round about the bay up to Cotterill's Delight;" but this portion of the shore appears to have been relinquished afterwards to Strawberry Bank.

Cotterill's Delight is at the southwest corner of Great Bay, near the mouth of Winnicot river. The origin of the name is unknown. No Cotterills appear in the early records of New Hampshire, but there were people of this name in Rhode Island.

CRUMMIT'S CREEK, otherwise **CROMMET'S.** This creek is between Lubberland and the Durham Point district, on the upper side of Great Bay. It is so named from the Crommet or Cromwell family—old settlers at Oyster River, who claimed relationship with the great Protector. Philip Cromwell was taxed here as early as 1657, and David in 1662. A mill was built on this creek at the head of tide water at a very early day, and continued to stand here till recently. The Durham records, as late as 1835, speak of repairing "Crummit's mill-creek bridge." This is no doubt the "long creek" mentioned in 1658. It is called "Mathes creek" in 1768, at which time the mill is spoken of. Sanford & Everts' county atlas of 1871 calls it "Sturgeon creek," but this is certainly an innovation for which there is no warrant.

The fresh water stream which empties into Crummit's creek has two branches. One is now known as the

“Edgerley brook,” and the other as “Daniel’s.”

CRUMMIT’S HILL. This hill is in Durham, on the lower side of Crummit’s creek, near the site of the old mill.

There is another hill of the same name in Lee, above Wheelwright’s pond, so called from Joshua Crummit, who had land laid out to him on the south side of Newtown, May 19, 1749.

CUTT’S HILL. This hill is on the road to Durham Point, just below Col. Burnham’s residence. On the south side of it is *Cutt’s spring*, a source of excellent water. Here is the land purchased over two hundred years ago by John Cutt, of Portsmouth, first president of New Hampshire by a royal commission of September 18, 1679. Thomas Doutie (written “Doughty” in President Cutt’s will), “resident at Oyster River,” sold John Cutt, of Portsmouth, October, 1657, land, marsh, dwelling-house, &c., bought of William Roberts, who was then in possession thereof. This farm and half of the “plantation” near it, which President Cutt bought of William Williams, were bequeathed to his son Samuel, and now belong in part, if not wholly, to Col. Burnham and Mr. H. A. Mathes.

DAME’S POINT. This point is on the Newington shore of Little Bay, at the lower side of Welsh Cove. It was so named from John Dam, who had lands along this shore in 1651. It is now called *Joshua’s Point*, from Mr. Joshua Pickering, the present owner.

DEAN’S MARSH. This marsh is spoken of in the Durham records of January 29, 1733–’34, as on the bor-

ders of “Newtown river”—meaning, of course, that part of Oyster river which flows through Newtown in Lee. The name is no longer in use. The Deans were sufferers in the Indian attack on Oyster River in 1694, at which time they lived near the lowest falls, where now is Durham village.

DEMERIT’S MILL. This mill is mentioned more than once in the Dover records. A petition was made, December 8, 1734, and again August 7, 1736, for a road “from Demerit’s mill to the Mallego road at the Sapplings.” This mill stood in the fork of the Bellamy and Mallego streams, just above the bridge, and at a later day became known as the *Hook mill*. It was originally built by Ely Demerit,¹ the second of that name, in 1722.

In the **GRANITE MONTHLY** of December, 1881 (vol. v), is an interesting account of a suit brought against Ely Demerit, Jr., “planter,” by Capts. Timothy and Paul Gerrish, by which it appears that the said Demerit and others, supposing the Gerrish right to the river did not extend to the branches, had begun in May, 1719, to build a dam across the Bellamy, about eighty rods above the mouth of the Mallego. An action of trespass was brought against him, his estate was attached to the value of £100, and he was summoned to appear at the September term of the court of common pleas. The trial came on at Portsmouth, September 3, 1719. One of the judges on the bench was Col. James Davis, of Oyster River; and among the witnesses appeared old Parson Buss and his son, and John Thompson, all of the same place. John Buss, Jr., tes-

¹ Maternal ancestor of the writer.

tified that "the Damm in controversy is between six and seven miles above Capt. Gerrish's *upper* mill as the river runs." This seems to imply that Gerrish then had two mills at the lower falls. The verdict was against Demerit, and he appealed to the superior court. But it was a struggle against one of the monopolies of that early day, which had existed from the time when Maj. Richard Waldon acquired control of the Cochecho, and gave his sons-in-law, the Gerrishes, control of the Bellamy. Demerit lost his case again; but the Gerrishes, by an indenture of May 30, 1722, finally granted Ely Demerit, Sr., Ely Demerit, Jr., Derry Pitman (the father-in-law of Ely, Jr.), and Samuel Chesley four parts in six of the water-privilege in controversy, for two years. And so persistently did Ely, Jr., retain his hold of the mill which he built here that it was called by his name as late as 1736; and in his will of January 10, 1758, he gives his son Ebenezer all his "Right, Title, and Interest in and unto the saw mill standing upon y^e falls in Bellemin's Bank freshet at y^e Hook, commonly so called," and all his right in said freshet.

The Dover records mention ten acres of land (part of a grant to Sylvanus Nock), laid out June 11, 1735, to Ely Demerit, Jr., beginning at a red oak tree "near his land above the hook mill, said tree north of Sam^l Davis' house." It is evident from this that the true "Bellamy Hook" is the bend of that river at the mouth of the Mallego, and not the one below.

Another "Demerit mill" was built by the same Ely, Jr., about half a mile south of his garrison, on *De-*

merit's brook—a streamlet that empties into Johnson's creek at Back river. This mill was in operation till the first part of this century, and a portion of the dam still remains.

DIRTY BROOK or GUT. A highway was laid out, April 9, 1703, "from the oyster bed at Oyster river through the country road at the dirty gutt by Abraham Clark's." This Clark lived near the dividing line between the Oyster River district and that of Dover Neck, as appears from a vote at the town-meeting of April 22, 1706, that the inhabitants of Dover Neck should keep in repair the road from Hilton's Point to Abraham Clark's; and the inhabitants on the north side of Oyster river should keep the road in repair from said Clark's to Oyster River falls.

DRY HILL. "Land on Dry Hill" is advertised for sale in the *Dover Sun*, April 17, 1813. It formed part of the estate of Samuel Bragg, Jr., former editor of that paper, who died December 8, 1811. Capt. Moses Paul, in his diary, also speaks of Dry hill in 1852.

Dry hill is about half way between Garrison hill and Willand's pond, a little to the west. It was formerly called Faggoty hill; and in an advertisement of 1802 it is mentioned as "Faggoty Bridge Hill." It is now known as Gage hill.

DUNN'S WOODS. The woods between Dover and Durham, which were acquired early last century by Benedictus Torr, and now belong to Mr. Simon Torr, have been known for the last fifty years as "Dunn's woods," for the strange reason that Samuel Dunn, of Dunn's tavern, Dover, owned land adjoining, that was almost entirely

woodless. In days by no means distant, these dark, damp, lonely woods, enclosed by hills, and remote from any dwelling, were said to be the scene of many a robbery by day and supernatural occurrence by night, stories of which at once delighted and terrified the neighboring children. The ghost stories sprang chiefly from the delusive phosphorescent lights which on dark nights were often seen gleaming here and there among the bogs and decayed wood. *Torr's woods*, as they should be called, are now fast disappearing, and with them the nocturnal lights which once startled the belated traveller.

DURHAM. This name was given to the Oyster River precinct of Dover when it was incorporated as a separate town, May 15, 1732. No reason is mentioned for conferring this name, but it may have been suggested by the so-called charter of King Charles I to Capt. John Mason, August 19, 1635, granting him the province of New Hampshire, "with power of government and as ample jurisdiction and prerogatives as used by the bishop of Durham." (See *N. H. Provincial Papers*, vol. i, 37.)

Durham included the present township of Lee till the latter was incorporated, January 16, 1766; a portion of Madbury till May 26, 1768; and the part of New Market which was assigned to that town, July 2, 1870.

DURHAM POINT. This name is given to the entire district on Little Bay, between the lower part of Oyster river and Lubberland. But, strictly speaking, the Point is at the junction of Oyster river with Little Bay, near the residence of Mr. John Mathes.

FABYAN'S POINT. This point is on

the Newington shore of Great Bay, at the upper side of Hogsty Cove—that is, on the side towards Greenland. It originally formed part of the Pickering lands, but was acquired by the Fabyans through intermarriage with the former owners. John Fabyan, of Portsmouth, is mentioned in 1683. In 1713 he was one of the petitioners for Newington to be made a separate parish.

FIELD'S GARRISON. This garrison was built by Zacharias Field before 1694, and probably as early as 1680, when the plains on which it stood were already known, as they are to this day, as *Field's Plains*. The Rev. John Pike relates that July 8, 1707, John Bunker and Ichabod Rawlins were going with a cart from Lient. Zach. Field's garrison to James Bunker's for a loom, when they were slain by the Indians. This garrison stood near the present school-house at Back River, but on the opposite side of the road, on the so called "Paul Meserve farm."

FIELD'S MARSH. This marsh is in the Durham Point district. The Exeter records speak of Nicholas Follet's dwelling-house, July 22, 1680, as standing on land adjoining Joseph Field's marsh. And the Durham records of 1764 speak of the parsonage lands as next this marsh.

Joseph Field was the brother of Zacharias, who lived at Back River, and there built the garrison of his name. Joseph was taxed at Oyster River as early as 1657, and "Sackrey" in 1664. They were the sons of Darby Field, an Irish soldier sent over by the English government in 1631 to explore for minerals. He visited the White Mountains the fol-

lowing year, and is noted as the first of our colonists to make the ascent and give an account of these mountains. He belonged to the Exeter Combination of 1639, but removed soon after to Oyster River, where he was taxed as late as 1649.

FLAGGY HOLE. This place is mentioned in the Madbury records. It is a "bog-hole," or low swamp, at the foot of Perry's hill, nearly a mile above Hicks's hill. Two brooks have their source in this bog, on the south side of the road to Barrington. One flows south-west into Oyster river,

and the other flows north into the Bellamy. The latter crosses the road, and the bridge over it is called in the town records "Flaggy Hole Brook bridge."

FOLLARD'S BROOK, more correctly *Follett's*. This brook takes its rise in Lee, on Mr. George York's farm. Its source is "Sam's spring," so called from Samuel Davis, a former owner. After various meanderings, including its course through Follard's marsh in Durham, it finally empties into the Piscassick river, near the place of Hall's nut and bolt factory.

[To be continued.]

THE BULOW PLANTATION.

CHAPTER V.

The night passed quietly: only the muffled tread of the watchful sentinels denoted that there was life in the castle.

On the day of their settling in the sugar-house, a faithful negro had been sent down the coast to warn the planters of impending war. Some had taken warning, and had immediately sought safety in New Smyrna, where there was a small garrison in a block-house; some came hastily up the river to the Bulow plantation; but others remained at their homes, thinking that there was really no danger: their fatal sense of security lulled them to their destruction.

The morning dawned bright and cloudless, and after a good breakfast a part of the garrison wandered out over the plantation. There had been

no alarm as yet, and no immediate danger was anticipated. Captain Homer, who in his leisure hours was an ardent sportsman, had his horse brought to the entrance, and, slinging a double-barrelled shot-gun over his shoulder, rode away on the beach road to secure a bag of game; Helen and Isabella were wandering off arm in arm to visit the orange grove; while Maud remained in the hall to write letters to her Portland friends, and to record in her diary of daily events her wonderful escape from the wrecked vessel, and her kind reception, providentially, at the very destination she purposed to reach, with her friend Signorita Isabella.

The sailors were gathered on the top of the castle, two of their number being stationed on the look-out

respectively on each tower, while the rest were smoking the fragrant tobacco raised on the plantation.

"Now, boys, I call this a pretty good billet," said Turner, the mate, addressing his shipmates familiarly,—for they were his neighbors at home, where each had the same standing socially, only the mate had taken one step ahead on shipboard. "We can pass a month or two on this cruise in pretty quiet waters, I guess."

"It may not be so very quiet here, either, mate," said John Tarr. "I never seed any of the real wild Indians, for them Penobscot Indians are as tame as other folks, only they live in tents summer-time, instead of in shanties like decent up-river folks who come down to lay in salt fish for winter, and go about in birch bark canoes instead of a good wherry—and they ask all creation for them, too; but I have read about the wild ones—they are up to all kind of tricks. Did you ever read 'The Last of the Mohicans,' mate?"

"Yes, I read it when a boy," said Turner, "and was expecting all the way through to have some mention of Monhegan island made; but Cooper got his story located in western New York, or somewhere out that way. I thought of course when I bought the book it was about the island off Panequid Point."

"They say these Florida Indians are the worst in the country," said Tarr. "I should like to draw a bead on that fellow they call 'Wild Cat.' I would bring him down like I did one that used to steal our chickens from the roost to home."

"What I do n't understand," said Frank Tarr, John's big brother, who

although three years younger than John was three inches taller, being over six feet, "is why the government agency will allow the Indians to buy all the guns and powder they want. They can shoot well enough with their bows and arrows to kill all the game they need. I heard Mr. Hernandez telling Captain Homer last night that he once saw an Indian who was hunting with him shoot three wild geese and wound a fourth with arrows before the flock could fly out of his reach."

"Well, Jack, what are you melting that lead for?" asked Turner, as Jack Keeler, who had been building a fire of pitch-wood on the parapet, now placed a small iron skillet on it, with scraps of lead torn from the eaves of the mansion-house the day before.

"Why did they give me that Queen Ann musket then, Mr. Turner, and not a bullet big enough to fill it this side of New York? I ain't much of a shot anyway, for I be'n't used much to shootin'-irons, but I borry'd Mr. Pedro's bullet mould as he uses for his pistol, and I am going to run a few cartridges of buckshot as will make it very disagreeable to any Injun man as gets afore it when I fires it."

"Good for you, Jack!" said the mate; "our confidence will soon be restored in you; for you know, Jack, you deserted the vessel in the time of trouble."

"That's so, Mr. Turner; but when I was swashed off the top-gallant forecastle, it were mighty onsartin as I could reach 'Luc' Jane,' or fetch the beach, either. I 'lowed I'd go with the wind and breakers."

"Well, Jack, you were lucky to swim through."

“Ay, ay, sir! I were that.”

While the sailors were chatting, but some of the party keeping their eyes open to help the watchmen detect any suspicious circumstance that might occur to indicate danger—for were they not paid to defend the castle?—we will follow Captain Homer, as he rode over the causeway, intending to try for game near the head waters of Smith creek; but looking down Benito creek from the elevation of horseback, he saw far down the stream a flock of ducks swimming unsuspiciously about, and feeding. The nearness of the game tempted him to try for a shot near the castle, rather than venture so far from the plantation as his original destination, for as he rode away a sense of danger seemed to oppress him; but he laughed at his forebodings, and disliked to return empty-handed, for fear of causing his friends to smile at his timorous dreads.

The captain was an experienced hunter, and knew the birds would not be disturbed by his riding by on horseback, but of course would not allow him to approach near enough for a shot. So he rode carelessly on over the causeway and some distance down the peninsula, hitched his horse under the shadow of a dense growth of laurel trees, and advanced cautiously toward the timber border of the creek. He reached it at length, and falling on his hands and knees, crept through the narrow border, carefully pushing aside the impeding branches and vines, and at last was on the bank, with only a thick growth of palmetto scrub between him and the water. Noiselessly he advanced his body until he could get a glance

up and down the creek, when he saw the flock, still undisturbed, feeding below him; they were still out of reach, but slowly coming nearer and nearer, unaware of the deadly peril to which they were exposed.

While awaiting their approach, Homer lay motionless, and glanced with tender solicitude toward the Bulow mansion, and, to the left, the turreted sugar-house, which afforded so secure a refuge to those dear to him. Yes, his uncle and cousin were both very dear to him: Antonio and Hernandez, but yesterday almost strangers, seemed like brothers, and the fair-haired Maud was an object of deep interest. His thoughts became fixed on the beautiful Signorita Isabella. Why, he asked his own heart, had this change been caused? He could see the white, fluttering dresses of Helen and Isabella flitting in and out among the orange trees of the grove, and suddenly his mind was enlightened. Since he had felt her arms about his waist, as they rode from the seashore, and later had seen the gratitude in her dark eyes beaming on him, he had loved her: he knew it now. Why should he not aspire to win her hand? Was not her brother evidently attached to his cousin Helen? Were not both brothers very friendly? If Don Tristan would marry an American lady, as the head of the family he could not reasonably oppose such a connection. Their difference of religion would not be a barrier were their hearts united. How he burned to do some great action to force her to love him!

Meanwhile, lost in sweet reveries, the flock had swam by him in ignorance and safety,—when he was

recalled to himself by the thought of his game, and, looking down the stream, they had disappeared. Glancing up the creek, and seeing them still within gun-shot, he raised his fowling-piece to fire, first looking to the adjacent bank to see that no one was in the immediate range.

But he did not fire. He seemed paralyzed for a moment, for under the bank could be seen a long line of Indians crawling along like an immense serpent of unknown length. The end of the line in advance disappeared over the crest of the bank, evidently concealed from the watchers on the castle by the orange grove. And that grove contained the being dearest to him. He thought not of self, but of her. Could he warn her in season? He arose, and shouted with a great cry,—“The Indians! The Indians!” and both barrels were discharged toward the treacherous foe. The cry was heard far beyond the castle, so intense was its agony.

The Indians sought concealment no longer, but seemed to spring from the very ground on every side, and dashed toward the castle. The captain saw the white dresses flashing amid the trees—but too late; their foes were about them, and they were quickly dragged into the shelter of the grove, and hastened into the forest to the south toward the Tomoka river. They were not butchered on the spot, so there was still hope.

At his appearance and warning cry the Indians were at first surprised, but a minute later a shower of bullets rained about him. Four of their number received an order from a chief, probably, for they came on a quick run over the causeway. Homer

recovered his presence of mind in a moment, and saw it would be death to try to regain the castle, or to await the approach of his savage foes; so, dashing through the belt of timber, he made a quick run across the clearing to his horse, and was fairly mounted when the savages appeared. His spurs were lightly used on the flanks of his horse, who sprang forward like an affrighted thing, and darted toward the sea. He quickly regained the road, and as he turned sharp to the right to follow it, the bullets went whistling by, and showed him the danger in which he had been placed, the accurate marksmanship of the Indians, and his own inability to cope with these redmen save in the speed of his good horse. Without turning back he galloped along the road to the ocean, over the lawn, down through the heavy oaks and palmettos, across the bridge, and over the long reach of marsh, to the sand ridge by the ocean's shore. Pausing on this ridge to reload while debating which way to turn for safety,—whether to the south, to seek assistance at New Smyrna, or to the longer road toward St. Augustine,—as he glanced back over the marsh he saw the four Indians emerge from the forest by a long, easy run, the swiftness of which he could discern at the distance of a mile. Hastily ramming home heavy charges of buck-shot in his gun, he decided on the northern road, and riding down to the beach, for he knew the bluff was not passable for him on account of the dense undergrowth, he galloped on. His horse went bravely for awhile, but the sand was terribly heavy and trying, and his hard breath-

ing indicated his great exertion as he labored along. Looking back, Homer could see the savages gradually gaining on him, and knew that he must soon encounter them in a hand-to-hand conflict. Knowing this to be the case, he did not wish to kill his horse, but preferred to sell his life as dearly as possible, and if he survived he would have a faithful friend to carry him on his way.

The Indians were within a hundred yards of him, when he deliberately turned his horse, and awaited their approach. They hesitated a moment at this evidence of his bravery, and then dashed on to get within easy gun-shot; at fifty yards they paused, and two raised their rifles to fire when Homer saw a flash to the right, and then another, while the bullets went whistling far over his head, and two Indians fell.

"Charge them!" cried this opportune reinforcement, rising from the bushes on the bluff, and throwing his unerring hatchet at one of the savages who approached his fallen mates to secure their loaded rifles.

But Homer at the first flash had spurred his horse toward his assailants, and at ten yards gave the remaining Indian, who was about to raise the rifle of his fallen companion, a charge of buckshot that laid him low.

Homer now turned from his late assailants toward the man whose opportune presence and quick execution had turned the fate of the battle in his favor, and saw a middle-aged man, of muscular build, clothed in buckskin like a frontiersman, and evidently a hunter. His face was wrinkled from age or exposure, his

skin was tanned to a dark hue, but his eyes gave forth a kindly yet determined look. Homer was drawn toward him at once, and felt confidence in him. He was armed with a double-barrelled gun, one chamber of which was rifled. The hunter had quickly descended from the edge of the bluff, and approached Homer.

"I reckon that yer were purty nearly done for, stranger," said the new-comer, as he reloaded each barrel of his long rifle. "I like yer spunk, anyhow. So you were going to fight the four Seminoles with that little pop-gun! Ha! ha! ha! That is a good 'un!"

"I do not see how I could have done otherwise," said Homer, advancing to the speaker and extending his hand; "but for your timely assistance I should have been on the beach where those Indians now are."

"I reckon that is about so. But may I ask who you mought be, and how these Indians came in these ere parts," asked the stranger, "and taking after yer as tho' they counted on scalping yer?"

"Certainly I will answer your questions," replied Captain Homer. "But pardon me, are you not known hereabouts as the Hermit Hunter?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose I am."

"Well, that accounts for your ignorance of the Indian war which has become an established fact."

"Are yer in earnest, stranger?" cried the hunter, a wave of emotion seeming to surge through his whole being—whether of incredulity, or dread, or joy, Homer could not determine.

"Never was I more so," said Homer.

"Thank God!" cried the hunter fervently.

"Why do you rejoice when you know so much innocent blood will flow?" inquired Homer, almost in doubt as to the sanity of the man.

"Because," said the hunter solemnly, "they must be wiped out of the land. I will tell you my story sometime, as we are bound to know more of each other, but now please attend to questions, for I want to know you."

Captain Homer told him his name, and how he happened to be caught in such a manner, relating briefly all that had occurred for the past few days.

"So they have got your sweetheart, have they?" asked the hunter.

"I did not say so," said Homer.

"I reckon she is," said the hunter.

"What does it matter?"

"I allow you will want to save her?"

"I would give my life to aid either of the girls," said Homer.

"Then do as I say, and if she ain't already scalped we will save her."

"But I purposed to go to St. Augustine and take my regiment to her rescue."

"Did these Injuns overtake you?"

"Certainly."

"If they had been running away could you have overtaken them?"

"I fear not, in this sand."

"Could you in that scrub?"

"No, sir."

"Could you in the swamps or jungles?"

"Alas! I fear not."

"Nor could your regiment. Now will you be guided by me?"

"What do you propose to do?"

"To help you get your cousin and sweetheart from the Indians."

"I will," said Homer, at length, "for I have the greatest confidence in you and in your skill."

"Well, then, if you have a pencil and paper, just write any message you want to send to St. Augustine."

"How can I send it?"

"I will illustrate in a moment."

Homer wrote a brief note describing how he was situated, and asked his colonel to prolong his leave and use his influence with the commanding general to have a strong detachment sent to relieve the Bulow plantation. He wrote with an idea that the hunter had some messenger to send it by.

The hunter had in the meanwhile stripped the Indians, and bringing a pair of moccasins to Captain Homer told him he had better take his boots off and wear them instead. Homer complied, and then at the hunter's request dismounted.

The missive was placed inside the boots, and the boots secured to the saddle.

"Now," said the hunter, "you start your horse off for home, and when he finds you have deserted him I think he will pick his way back to St. Augustine. It may not be for a day or two, but he will bring up there eventually. Take his bridle off and set him free."

Homer did as requested, gave him a sharp slap and word of command, "Go home!" and his horse went capering back towards the castle.

"Now if you will follow me," said the hunter, "I will take you to my den and make an Injun of you."

Homer took the best rifle of his

late foes for his own, and helped the hunter to carry the other arms and accoutrements over the sand ridge. From the summit could be seen the little lake which forms the head waters of Smith's creek.¹ At some early time this had probably been a pass open to the ocean, but had become filled in with sand, the water of the lake coming close up to the sand ridge in the rear. A dug-out or canoe was drawn up on the shore, and placing the arms and accoutrements in the bottom of it, the hunter motioned Homer to enter.

As he did so the hunter pretended he had forgotten something, and returned to the beach. In a few minutes he reappeared bringing four scalps taken from the Indians, stepped into the boat, and pushed off. Near the middle of the lake he stopped paddling and threw overboard the extra arms of the Indians, including also in this destruction of property the fowling-piece carried by Homer.

"It is much better to leave them here than to have them fall into the hands of the Seminoles," said the hunter. "I will sink these scalps here also, that your face may not wear that look of disgust. From ranges I can easily get them if they are ever needed."

As he paddled on up the narrow creek running into the lake from the north close by the line of heavy oak growth, he said,—

"While I am making an Injun of you I will tell you my story, and you

will know why I scalped these Seminoles."

They now came to a narrow deep run emptying from the swamp to the left with its mouth partially concealed by tall brakes, and pushing boldly into this a few yards the hunter came to a stand-still by the side of a fallen log. They landed, and passing their ammunition and guns out, the hunter drew a plug from the bottom of the boat, waited until it filled, and then easily turned it over against the bank, where it looked like a decaying log. They passed along the fallen palmetto and struck into a bear track, followed this some distance until it crossed a swamp, followed the swamp to the right, and came to a dense hummock. Stooping down they entered by a concealed path, and soon came to a knoll on which was located a small hut. Here the transformation began. The hunter proved quite an artist, for in a couple of hours the two white men came out the most perfect savages—"a little too Indian, I fear," as Homer remarked.

We will give the hunter's story in his own words, with the idiom left out.

"My name is Andrew Shepard. I once lived in Georgia. When I was about 13 years old I was in front of my father's cabin playing hide-and-seek with my brothers and sisters—there were ten of us children—when I told them that if they would give me five minutes I would hide so that they could not find me. I had chosen an old stump with a rotten heart, and

¹ Many years ago the writer was encamped with a party for several weeks on this *divide*, long after the whole country for miles about had relapsed into a wilderness, and the shore for a long distance was strewn with mahogany and Spanish cedar logs from some wreck—perhaps that of the "Lucy Jane"—which had evidently lain on the beach for many years, but were still sound. The topography of the neighboring country is accurately described.

had cleaned it out so that it gave me a hiding-place that none of them knew of. I climbed in there, and they sought me long without finding me, for I watched them through a hole I had cut facing our home. As I watched I saw them scamper towards the open door crying "Injuns! Injuns!" and quickly following was a large party of the dreaded red men. I cannot dwell on the subject. When I crawled out, hours after, I found the house a heap of smouldering ashes, and my father, mother, sisters, and brothers all gone to their reward. I knelt there, and solemnly vowed to God to avenge that slaughter. That I would never spare the life of an Indian more than the most venomous snake. I got a friendly Indian who came to our trading post to adopt me, and learned the Indian language from him, and their superstitions. Whenever I have met an Indian since then I have sought to kill him. I think it is my only mania—now it is a part of me. When peace was declared and this country annexed to the United States, I gave over my design of revenge for the sake of peace to innocent families, and have led a hermit's life to avoid meeting an Indian. Not expecting

them about here I have studied this whole section thoroughly, keeping up my Indian education. Those bodies on the beach are so marked that they who find them will know that their old and worst enemy is on their path. I find it best to give them a superstitious dread of me. I number them by the old Roman numerals. The last one to-day had LIV marked on his forehead."

"Well, I fear it will be a war of extermination, and of course the red men will go to the wall," said Homer, as the hunter paused. "I can tell my sentiments better when I know the fate of the girls I am seeking."

While this narrative had been progressing the hunter had been coloring the person of Captain Homer and himself to a dark bronze color, and putting on the fierce black and red stripes on body and face known as the war-paint. At last they were ready, a wig giving the true Indian look to the fair-haired Homer, and they only awaited the approach of evening to start on their adventures. While waiting, Homer studied a long catalogue of Seminole words and phrases given out patiently by the hunter for him to commit to memory.

[To be continued.]

STORIES OF AN ANCIENT CITY BY THE SEA.—Concluded.

BY ANNA CATHERINE BAER.

What to the "birds of passage" is known as the Bluff, the town-folk call the "Neck." One day I walked over to see where Walter Bowden had his fort in the time of the English privateers, and where John Bowden found his "pot of hard money." On the "Neck" we find such localities as "Horse Rock," where horses, turned out to pasture, were wont to take shelter from the cold, damp winds. Otter pond and Nubblefield are well out on the seaward end. "Bold Rocks" bound the east coast; and here I was shown traces of the devil's heel and toe, left, I suppose, from his last attempt at that fashionable polka. I was told that these were the devil's footprints, and I give the information just as freely. From this point we get a fine view of Boone island, and can plainly see the waves as they roll up and kiss the rough surface of the brown isle. I found, several years ago, in an old manuscript record, kept by Master Joseph Tate, of Somersworth, this account of the wrecked galley on Boone Island: "John Deane, who sailed from England in the Nottsham Galley for Boston in New England on ye 25th of Sept. 1710, Burden 120 Tun, 10 Guns and 14 men, was cast away on Boone Island on ye 11th of December following, and was taken off the Island on Jan. 4 1711 in a shallop by 2 masters of Vessels—Viz.—W^m Long of old England—& Jethro Furber of New England."

As one stands on the "Neck" and looks over to the Nubble, it seems

like an afterthought of Nature to drop that immense pile of rocks down at the end of the mainland, like a lot of refuse material left from walling in the coast.

In the centre of the town known as Cape Neddick, a grave-yard, walled in, covers the bones of the earlier settlers. It is triangular in form, and the road runs on each side of it.

Out under the willows, near "Short Sands," "Uncle" Jerry Lord lay dying. He had ceased to hear the lash of the sea about him. He had gone out as skipper for the last time. He was about to enter the boundless ocean of eternity. As I heard of his perilous career as a fisherman and skipper, I felt like saying,—“Let us be glad that he has lived thus long, and glad that he is going to his reward.”

One evening, while at the shore, we discovered a black thunder-cloud rushing in from the west. Onward it came, with the clouds sagging, and seeming to drag over the mountain and hills in its way as it rolled on, big with rain, roar, and flash. First, large drops of rain fell, and spiteful flashes of lightning, with closely following crashes, came over us and rushed out to sea, leaving a calm blue sky behind; next a magnificent rainbow, covering the "Neck" with its radiant colors, and stretching on to lose itself in the turbulent waves far out. Under this God-given bow a flock of hern were slowly flying, with their long necks reaching after the receding shower. We were sorry

to lose them ; sorry to see the lovely colors fade out and leave us in the early spring dusk. Then we fell to thinking of the question Hiawatha asked Nokomis, when he saw the rainbow in the eastern sky ; and she answered,—

'T is the heaven of flowers you see there ;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.

When the opportunity was offered me to visit the town-clerk and look over the town records, I was very happy to accept. The records are not kept at the town-house, but at the residence of the venerable town-clerk. As we rode up to his door in a driving south-east rain storm, the captain hailed him as the "Hero of Clam-shell Corner." The "Hero" answered with a swing of his hat, leaving his fine features and gray curly locks in bold relief. I afterward learned that this title was given him by a political opponent ; but since he gained his point in the meeting, he accepted the name, and glories in it to this day. He was pleased to show us the leather-bound books, and found the early ones for us to look over.

In 1653 the jail was built, and a county tax was laid to defray the expense. The original quaintly shaped structure remains to-day. There are three rooms : two are connected. In the west corner, one of York's famous characters was incarcerated while a fit of temporary insanity passed over. In the same room, on the wall, written with a lead pencil, I read,—
"O. R. Hatch, out July 2nd, 1824."
The doors are made of two planks—oak and ash—each two inches thick,

held together by wrought iron spikes. Great rough locks and gudgeon hinges made the doors safe against the most savage criminals.

The dungeon takes one back almost to the days of the Inquisition. The damp reeking wall was three feet thick, and the one door, shutting out light and humanity, was six inches thick, with the lock put in between the three-inch planks. Here the yoke and manacles were used.

In the records from 1646 to 1724, we found many grants of land, and a copy of an agreement about a corn-mill with one Capt. Pickerin, signed by five men, and sealed in the presence of James Gooch and John Hancock—Wm. Peperill, justice of the peace. The bounds in these grants were denoted by such terms as "a certain Grate white oak." "A big hemlock marked on 4 sides" denoted a corner tree. The localities were named in this wise : "Bell Marsh," north-east of Scotland ; "Bass Cove," between York village and Scotland. Ground-nut Hill was mentioned in January 29, 1701. A book containing records of births and deaths, dating from 1787 to 1854, was looked over ; also a book of marriages from 1724 to 1816. A list of cattle-marks recorded, beginning in 1728, showed how the cattle were mutilated in those days.

The four elm trees in front of the town-house were set out April 15, 1773, by Judge David Sewall. This public-spirited man was a credit to the town, and his handsome residence is admired to-day by all who visit York village. He and his two wives lie in the north-west corner of the ancient burying-ground, in

square-built tombs with marble slabs atop.

In this same graveyard lies the witch,—so the credulous tell us,—and the story has been handed down with embellishments from generation to generation. I had heard how the stone lay over the grave instead of standing at the head. I hunted about for some time among the tall slate stones, with weeping willows and death's-heads and bones carved on them, and found nearly at the bottom of the yard the witch's grave, and read,—“Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Mary Nasson, wife of Mr. Samuel Nasson, who departed this life August 28, 1774. Aged 29.”

The question, “Why was the stone laid that way if it was n't to keep her down?” has been answered in a most sensible way by an old timer in this wise: “To keep the pigs from rooting her out.” I am glad that we have reached the enlightened age when hogs are kept out of graveyards. Many of the oldest people in town know that their ancestors are buried in this yard, but no stones mark their resting-places.

This old city, like every other, has its eccentric characters; perhaps the most notable was “The Huckleberry Woman,” as the artist named her after she had consented, for the small sum of nine shillings, to allow him to take her picture. It was when stereoscopic views were in vogue, and every one was peering through a stereoscope, that this travelling artist encountered “Joanna” on the road; and thinking she would make a view, dressed in her short balmoral petticoat, coarse shoes, and loose sack, tugging along the dusty

road a two-wheeled cart containing a small girl, he said,—

“Will you allow me to take your picture?”

She demurred, but finally said,—“Well, my time is money. I have got a mortgage to pay off on a little place I bought, and I can't afford to waste my time for nothing.”

The artist said,—“How much do you want for waiting?”

“I will stop till you get it for nine shillings,” she said.

“It's a bargain,” and he got out of his wagon and placed her to suit himself. She stands with one browned, bony hand on the fence by the road-side, while she holds the string of the cart's tongue in the other. The little waif sits in the back part of the cart, holding up in full view a small rag doll. This child came an unwelcome guest to its young mother; no one cared for it; and when the “Huckleberry Woman” heard of its birth, she hastened to take it for her own. Her brother was so opposed to this strange move that it made a breach between them, and she decided to take her foundling and make a home for herself. The cottage she bought stands near the harbor, and the child is a woman now; the foster mother has left her for all time. “Joanna” was very peculiar. She had been a “school-marm,” so I was told, but did all kinds of hard work for money in her last days. In the season she picked berries and sold them, gathered roots and herbs, killed cats and tanned their skins and made robes of them, told fortunes, and explained knotty questions in the Bible on Sundays. Strange,—but good; she made that

one life brighter, and gave the cup of cold water to one of the little ones.

So I walked and talked, as did those of old time, and picked up much that amused and interested me; and at last, one "misty, moisty morning," etc., I was handed off the captain's piazza into the same hearse-like mud wagon. After many kind "good byes" from the family, I began to take my leave of the Nubble, the Neck, and at last the ocean itself.

We began in the village to pick up passengers, and the first were packed into the end; I came on the second seat. A lady and her little daughter had come over from the Cape in this strange vehicle. We took on a carpenter and his tool chest, a barrel of lobsters, and drove into the stage stable to change horses. These animals were brought out, and I felt quite safe as I looked them over. I didn't suppose that such diseased joints, bending knees, and shrunken shoulders could be brought into any serious mischief, with the roads as mud-dy as they were said to be.

At the "Corner" we took in a defunct calf, wrapped in its winding sheet of burlap, and, as a special favor, it was run in under my feet. Out on the turnpike we saw a trunk and two men waiting for us. I feared what might follow if we added to our cargo. We seemed to be loaded to the water's edge. The driver halted, and took them and their luggage on. He grasped the lines, spoke to the lead horse, touched up the wheel horses, and we plowed on through the thick clayey mud. At length we came to

a break in the road; and a break it was indeed. Every horse stopped, and the driver allowed them to breathe at the risk of having them go down out of sight. Soon he said "Come!" but nothing came, save a foot now and then out of the clinging mud. It was decided to lighten the craft, and then encourage the beasts. So out went the men, and then the driver again persuaded, and tried a little brute force; but no. Next the lobsters were taken off and the trunks. The women wanted to get out, but the Jehu said, "Oh! no," so we remained to see the case through. Now comes the tragedy: After taking out all but the women and the dead calf, the driver took his seat, got his whip lash just right, called the lead horse "to," and "sung out sharp." The near wheel horse gave a lurch out after the leader, and the wheels cut through the turf on the shoulder of the road so suddenly that it threw the front seat off its base, and tossed the driver right out; he went under the wagon, and we went on. Those very horses, that had utterly refused to pull a pound a few minutes ago, went like mad through that treacherous road, made dangerous by Jack Frost. The reins were flying like flags of distress, and the horses were plunging. The three females said,— "Whoa," a few times, and then gave up the ship. The near wheel horse, a miserable brute, failed to keep pace with its mate, a horse of better intentions, I believe. His knees were too far over to be very limber, and once he went down. I hoped he was down for good, but no—on his feet and out of the way of the wagon

again. A little farther on he plunged into a deep hole, and down he went; the other two went on, his pole straps broke, and the wagon was pulled right over him. He made a good killick, and brought the craft to anchor quick. I jumped out, and must say that I felt very little pity for the miserable horse, struggling to extricate himself from under the axles of the cart.

Back down the muddy highway came the men; the driver, running bareheaded, thickly encased in mud, presented a strange spectacle. On the other side of the wagon stood the lady and the little girl, the latter crying frantically. She had jumped from the wagon into the mud knee deep, had lost one rubber, and was scared nearly to death. The calf was the

sole occupant of the wagon, and uttered never a complaint.

If I were trying to write a novel I should leave that horse and the people right there, and let my readers (if I had any) wonder how they got on; but since this is truth, and truth will bear its weight, I will tell you that the men unfastened the captive horse's whiffletree, started up the other horses, and left the old scamp wallowing in the mud, free to get up when he could. After helping him a little, he made an effort, in that direction, and stood clothed in mud, minus two patches of horse hide on his shoulder and hip. The leader was put on the pole, and we were pulled out, and arrived in Portsmouth in season for the afternoon train home.

BOOK NOTICES.

Educational Topics of the Day: Chips from a Teacher's Workshop. By L. R. KLEMM, Ph. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo, pp. 498.

It is often the case that what is published by professed teachers on educational topics is the worst sort of rubbish. It is exceedingly raw and elementary, and expresses the fruits of experience without the relation of that experience to the larger interests of life on the basis of common-sense. The discussion of education in Dr. Klemm's volume is not of this character. He has been latest known as the supervisor of the German department of public schools in Cleveland, and his experience in all the branches of practical instruction has prepared him to treat of educational topics with intelligence and ability. His book is not seemingly so profound as many less pretentious volumes on modern education, but his methods are right, his style is easily understood, and his book is the first one we have ever seen that puts the young teacher on the right track and keeps him there through all the departments of his work.

Why do boys leave school early? Dr. Klemm answers the question thus: "First,

I grant that, in a few cases, the worldly circumstances cause an early withdrawal of the boys from school; second, that, in a greater number of cases, the application of corporeal punishment has the same effect. But that does not adequately explain the great falling off in the number of boys who try to acquire a higher education. The following causes will, in my judgment, explain the fact under discussion better than the two contained in your letter of inquiry:

"1. I remind you of the fact that in this country manifold opportunities are offered to boys at an early age to earn, if not a livelihood, certainly a considerable amount of pocket money. This is a temptation which is not held out in many European countries—a temptation to which many a tolerably good boy in this country succumbs. 2. I remind you of this other fact, that the too prevalent worship of the self-made man in this country, deplorable though it be, tempts the boy to despise, as his father possibly may, systematic higher education, and to try to carve out his own future without it. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such a boy fails, and speedily sinks to the

bottom; never reaches the fame of the great self-made man who was his ideal, and is finally found on a level with men of whom thirteen do not even make a dozen. But the fact remains that it is a great temptation. College-bred men are too often quoted below par in this country. The river cannot rise higher than its source. Why should the boy think higher education necessary, or even desirable, when at the fireside, in the press, from the pulpit or lecture rostrum, on the stump, at the bar—in fact everywhere—the fame of the self-made man is proclaimed? 3. Permit me to call your attention to a third fact, not always known, and where known not infrequently denied, for reasons too obvious to mention. It is this: That the course of study, the methods of teaching, and the mode of training, in the higher grades of the grammar school, as well as in the high schools, are designed for and shaped according to the needs and wants of the girls, and not the boys. While I grant, readily and cheerfully, that the girls have the right to the same amount of education that the boys claim, and which it is our solemn duty to grant to them, I claim most emphatically that the two sexes, from 12 years of age and upward, need a different training. I cannot go into details, but I should covet an opportunity to do so. Suffice it to say, that we measure the steps in our instruction, and the methods of our procedure, by the peculiar combination of faculties in the girls, just as a father measures his steps by those of his child whom he takes out walking. There is a strong desire in the average boy for exertion and application of his powers, which is not complied with, at this age, in the schools as they now are. He is repressed, and made to progress as the girls do. He sits side by side with them; they are held up to him as examples, whose frailty he, in his physical, robust nature, despises. Moreover, in many cases, he has not even a male example in his teacher. If he is a weak character, he becomes effeminate. If he is a strong character, he is soon filled with disgust, and quits school to find a better opportunity for the exertion of those powers which find no satisfaction in a girls' school. I know this will be considered rank heresy among many educational leaders in this country; but it is my conviction, and I have the courage of my conviction, to utter it. Do not be deceived by the flimsy argument that the girls are making more rapid progress than the boys. They are merely passive recipients of knowledge, while a boy can argue himself into knowledge, when he has a male teacher who is ready to indulge him in that. The very

presence of girls, however, debars him from such a course in a girls' school, for that is what most of our high schools are. Where boys and girls are separated in different buildings, usually a greater number of boys graduate annually. This confirms the position just taken. 4. As I stated above, the undue proportion of female teachers over male teachers is to be counted in when we look for the early withdrawal from school on the part of the boys. Boys at the critical age of 14 to 18 must have examples of manliness, of man's thoughts, of man's way of acting, of man's motives, of man's will power, and general conduct; and, instinctively feeling this, they seek it outside of school."

Under the heading of "Fundamental Errors in Teaching," Dr. Klemm bears severely hard on the per cent. system of grading. He says,—“The per cent. system is not flexible; it submits every pupil to its cast-iron rule. It does not take the pupils' natural gifts into consideration, simply because the answers to questions like this one, What seaport in Alabama? can only be right or wrong. There is no alternative. Now, give five or ten of such questions, and let the memory of a boy who is to answer them be weak for geographical data, and the likelihood is that he comes out of such an examination plucked and mortified, his spirit dampened, his interest gone, and his ambition will lead him to gather, only for temporary use, just such tidbits of knowledge, and then try again. The same boy may have a very creditable amount of geographical knowledge; only it is all connected organically with previous cognitions in form of associations of thought, and he would make a most creditable showing if he were asked to make an imaginary journey along the coast of the Mexican gulf, and state what countries, rivers, harbors, seaports, etc., he would touch. There is also an unpardonable injustice in saying,—‘This child has reached 90 per cent., the other only 60 per cent.’ Who knows but that the 60 per cent. is the result of hard and earnest toil of a boy who may have labored under disadvantages which the other boy who reached 90 per cent. never knew?”

The fault of memorizing is admirably pointed out in the following paragraph:

“Memorizing the text-book is but a poor substitute for true knowledge. It is a sad mistake to think children of our primary and intermediate grades gain much valuable knowledge from text-books. Pupils of riper age and adults may, and unquestionably do, gain knowledge from the printed pages; young children do not. There are

two kinds of knowledge, (1) that which has become part of our being, having been mentally assimilated, as it were; and (2) that with which we stuff our pockets (our memory). Those who learn for the sake of passing an examination merely stuff their pockets. This is done much faster than in the other way. Those who chew their mental food, digest and assimilate it, may at times get discouraged at the seemingly small amount they gain; but, since they learn thoroughly, they can never lose it again, and in the end are the gainers. True knowledge is logically and naturally linked with previous cognitions."

The more serious treatment of education in this volume is indicated in this extract on "the essence of method:"

"Every lesson should form a methodical unit, having a previously determined object in view. In the purpose of this object, five stages must be distinguished:—1. The preparation; that is, a repetition of what is known by the pupils of the matter under consideration. 2. The presentation of the new; that is, that with which the pupils are to be made familiar. This may be either given, or found by self-active investigation. 3. Connection of the new with cognitions previously acquired, so that, for the purpose of apperception, repetition and practice become necessary. 4. Condensation of general results obtained from examples and illustrations, and their formulation into good language or set rules, as the case may be. 5. Application upon examples and cases of practical life, so that what is learned may become the undisputed property of the learner, over which he has absolute command and control, at any time, and under all circumstances. The course is by no means an indifferent thing, for much depends upon the order in which knowledge is presented to the learner, so that its component parts are thoroughly comprehended."

These extracts are excellent as indications of the strong common-sense which crops out in every page of this very sensible volume. It sets forth the art of teaching much as Franklin's "Autobiography" sets forth the art of living, by illustrious example.

The name of Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., is known near and far. Their books, whether simply or elegantly bound, are noted for taste and good judgment as to their outward and typographical appearance, as well as for the eminent standard of their authorship.

In glancing over this firm's list, published the past year, we note with pleasure "The Monarch of Dreams," by T. W. Higgin-

son; "The Nation in a Nutshell," by George M. Towle, who is also author of "Young People's History of Ireland;" "Foes of Her Household" and "The Fortunes of the Faradays," by Miss Amanda M. Douglass; "Practical Pedagogy," by Mrs. Louisa P. Hopkins, one of Boston's school superiors; Prof. A. P. Peabody's "Christian Morals;" "Hints on Writing and Speech-Making," by Col. Higginson; Dr. Whately's "English Synonyms Discriminated;" "Bridge Disasters," by Prof. G. L. Vose, the eminent civil engineer; Rev. Wm. M. Baker's "A Year Worth Living," one of this author's best works; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Later Lyrics," which includes her great hymn, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic;" Horace Mann's "Lectures to Young Men;" Sophie May's "Drones' Honey;" "The Life and Times of Jesus," by Dr. James Freeman Clarke;" "The Hidden Way Across the Threshold," a work on occult science, by Dr. J. C. Street; Oliver Optic's "Ready Abouts, or, Sailing the Boat;" Rev. Dr. Hague's "Life Notes, or, Fifty Years' Outlook;" Prof. Flint's "Grasses and Forage Plants;" "A Bunch of Violets," by Miss Jerome, the famous author of the works of art, "One Year's Sketch Book," and "Nature's Hallelujah;" Dr. George L. Austin's "Longfellow" and "Wendell Phillips;" C. F. Gerry's "Meadow Melodies;" a new edition of Gen. Frazer's "Perseverance Island;" a work by Miss Frances C. Sparhawk, called "Miss West's Class in Geography," making this study easy and agreeable to the young; "Peter Budstone, or, The Boy who was Hazed," by J. T. Trowbridge, a powerful blow at college hazing, written in his most interesting style; Optic's "Life of Grant;" Sir Walter Scott's "Bridal of Triermain," gorgeously bound and aptly illustrated; "Faith's Festivals," by Miss Mary Lakeman, a perfect gem of the printer's art, and beautiful in its contents; Lawrence Gronlund's "Ca Ira, or, Danton in the French Revolution;" "Vocal and Action Language," by Prof. E. N. Kirby, of Harvard college (all persons who desire to learn the art of correct speaking should have a copy of this valuable book); "Wasson's Poems;" "Pre-Glacial Man, and the Aryan Race," by Lorenzo Burge; Robert Collyer's "Talks to Young Men, and 'Asides' to Young Women;" "The Debater's Handbook," "The Washington Obelisk," by Gen. Carrington, U. S. A.; Rev. W. P. Tilden's "Buds for the Bridal Wreath;" Prof. W. E. Fette's "Dialogues from Dickens," and

"Dialogues and Dramas from Dickens;" "Natural Law in the Business World," by Henry Wood—a powerful *exposé* of the fallacies of people who have accepted too readily unsound theories in regard to the laws of trade; Henry Giles's "Human Life in Shakespeare," a book without a peer on that subject, and the product of real genius; "The Art of Projecting," by Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of Tuft's college; Baker's books of Dialect Readings and Recitations; The Superior, matchless illustrated Hymns for Easter; the "Alhambras," beautiful illustrations of some of the most beautiful and immortal of poetic verse; the "Golden Miniature Series," exceedingly popular; the "Old Rough and Ready Series;" Mrs. Sanborn Tenney's "Pictures and Stories of Animals," two volumes, new edition; "The Life of Prof. Geo. W. Whistler," the renowned civil engineer, by Prof. Vose; new edition of "The Life of Horace Mann," by his wife, Mrs. Mary Mann, etc., etc.

This splendid list of good books, covering such a variety of subjects, and illustrating every phase of the publisher's art, grandly, indeed, exemplifies the ability, enterprise, good taste, and magnificent achievement of a leading American publishing house. Such a triumph of American literary endeavor elevates the thought and character of our country, and contributes largely to the moulding of a healthy desire for the best of reading, and all that pleases, cultivates, and ennobles in illustrative art. We commend Lee & Shepard's methods and works to people who love books, and who admire high excellence in literary and in art publications.

FROM HUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

AMERICAN STATESMEN—PATRICK HENRY.

Speaking of Professor Tyler's excellent book on Patrick Henry, recently added to the series on American Statesmen, the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* justly remarks,—

Of the method, vivacity, and style of this biography we cannot speak in terms too commendatory. The narrative is, while concise, as befits its limitations, orderly and symmetrical, with sufficient stress upon salient points, such as the case of the parsons and the electric defiance of the throne, and yet not losing sight of the more ordinary events which serve to reveal the consistent patriotism of Patrick Henry. There is an ease of movement and, at times, a picturesqueness of effect

which never allow the interest to flag, and there are touches of wit and bits of description which give the pages a freshness and sprightliness that they might not otherwise possess. The work is at once a sober historical study and a fascinating story. The literary quality is, we need not say, sustained throughout. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, distinguished for his studious interest and full knowledge of American history, thus writes to Professor Tyler:

I have just finished reading your "Patrick Henry," and I cannot forbear thanking you for the pleasure and instruction you have afforded me. It is an admirable biography of an admirable man. My impressions of Henry had been altogether formed from Wirt's Life of him, and from my friend John P. Kennedy's Life of Wirt. But I had failed to form a just idea of the greatness and goodness of the man until I read your most attractive volume. I congratulate you heartily on having renewed the old admiration for Henry's eloquence, and on having rescued his name and fame from injustice.

STEDMAN'S VICTORIAN POETS.

The new (thirteenth) edition of Mr. Stedman's admirable survey of British poets and poetry during the reign of Queen Victoria, with a supplementary chapter covering the twelve years since the first edition appeared, receives very hearty greeting from the press and the public. The *New York Tribune* says,—

Mr. Stedman has a remarkable familiarity with the literary work of the period he has put under review, a broad comprehension of its spirit and tendencies, an exquisite artistic judgment, an almost intuitive power of discriminating between essentials and accidents, and a keen sensibility to poetical impressions.

The new chapter which he has added to his "Victorian Poets" reviews the product of the past twelve years, thus bringing the English record down to even date with the 'Poets of America,' and making the two books more exactly the companions and complements of each other. The fresh material, which comprises about seventy pages, is devoted in a large measure to the examination of present poetical tendencies; and this is necessarily illustrated with mention of a great number of minor poets—so many that we have a nearly exhaustive record of those entitled even to passing attention. Such a catalogue, pointed by quick touches

of criticism, is of high value in defining the literary movement, and has no relation to any excessive estimate of the real value of the current poetical work. . . .

We close the book with renewed admiration of the masterly handling of a fascinating but difficult subject, and with the gratification of knowing that America has produced the best book yet written on the English poetry of this age.

McMASTER'S BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

This latest volume in the series of *America Men of Letters* is one of the most interesting of the ten which have now been published. Both subject and author render it peculiarly attractive to the American reader. Franklin is always interesting, whether regarded as a man, a statesman, a diplomat, a scientific investigator, a practical philosopher, or a writer. Professor McMaster, who has before shown his unusual skill in treating American history, has presented Franklin especially in his literary activity, and has made a very engaging book. The *Boston Gazette* pronounces it "one of the most interesting and instructive volumes in the series," and adds,—

It is overflowing with instructive matter concerning the Bostonian whose name is so closely identified with the history of Philadelphia, and, indeed, with that of the whole country as it existed in his day. The pictures which are given of the momentous period in which he lived are full of vigor, and betray an astonishing amount of research in many directions. The simplicity of style and the critical ability so abundantly displayed make the work very fascinating reading throughout. The estimate of Franklin's character, ability, and attainments is a very just one.

One of the brightest, handsomest and most enjoyable books of the kind for little children, in the kindergarten or in the home, is the new book entitled "*Songs and Games for Little Ones*." It is a choice collection of carefully selected miscellaneous songs, motion or action songs, finger plays, songs of the gifts, songs of the seasons, songs of the games, together with

hymns, carols, etc., etc., being in fact all that could be desired in a book of the kind. A large number of the songs are entirely new, and have been written expressly for this work. Special care has been taken that the harmonies should be simple and correct, and the music generally bright and tuneful. The words, verses, etc., etc., are also well chosen and appropriate. The book will be of service to the teacher or parent, and certainly a pleasure to little people. It contains 120 pages, large octavo size, beautifully printed on heavy white paper with clear type, and is handsomely bound in cloth with gilt title. The authors, Miss Gertrude Walker and Miss Harriet S. Jenks, are ladies of experience in the kindergarten and similar work, and have been happily successful in providing here a rare collection of children's songs. The book will be sent to any address on receipt of price, \$2, by the publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

We sometimes hear a newspaper item called "strange," if it happens to relate some unusually startling incident. It is the news which it conveys that is strange, and not the item itself. The following information is neither startling nor strange, and yet it will be read by musical people with as much interest as if it were more thrilling. Among the new musical publications of the month are the following:

"Wedding March," for piano, by Rubinstein (50 cts.); "The Harlequin," showy piano piece by Kowalski (40 cts.); "Plymouth Bells," for piano, by Goederle, (40 cts.); "Chant Polonaise," by Chopin (60 cts.), and "Polacca" by Von Weber (75 cts.), piano piece played by the wonderful child pianist, Josef Hofmann. Then there are the beautiful songs,— "One Most Noble Lady," song from *Huguenots*, alto (35 cts.); "Deep in the Mine," choice song by Jude (50 cts.); "While Old Time Rolls Gaily On," duet for tenor and bass, by Hatton (75 cts.); "There is no One like Her," a ballad from the opera of "Joan of Arc" (40 cts.); "Old Tubal Cain," bass song, by Harris (50 cts.). Any of these pieces sent to any address on receipt of price by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

The elegant granite monument of the late Hon. E. H. Durrell, erected in Pine Hill cemetery at Dover, was built at The Schilling Granite Works at Albany, N. Y., where some of the most artistic memorials in this country have been designed and constructed. They produce marble and granite from their own very extensive quarries, having the best facilities for working the same. We can recommend The Schilling Granite Works to all desiring to erect a memorial, of original design and best workmanship, at reasonable prices.

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HISTORY.

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LOCATION.

It is centrally located in the suburbs, bounded in front by Railroad Square and other portions of the city; on the end by Wild Cat Alley and Dust; in the centre by corn-cob beds, big-bugs, humbugs, **TIN TABLE SERVICE**, and a mean, stingy manager, who is easily distinguished from the porter by his politics, big feet, and sad face.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MANAGER.

The flexible sentiment and affable manners of the Manager, so desirable to the intellectual entertainment of the patrons, may be classified as follows:

He is a Congregationalist, Methodist, Universalist, Catholic, Infidel, Hard-Shell Baptist, Soft-Shell Baptist, Baptist on the Half-Shell, Spiritualist, Two-eyed Advent, Salvationist, and a Law-abiding Pugilist.

A DISTINGUISHED WRITER.

(Makes out all his bills.) Noted for truth and veracity in telling the most profound lies.

IN POLITICS

he is a Republican, Democrat, Mugwump, and Third Term; is a Capitalist while paying his bills; believes in the labor movement when others do the work, and belongs to the Days of Labor, and is too mean to sell out to his clerks or hanker after assignees.

THIS HOTE-DE-RURAL

is extensively known and celebrated for its lack of patronage, coincident to the slovenly appearance, unattentive manners, society habits, stump-footed intellect, and lunk-headed enterprise carefully distributed throughout the entire establishment.

ATTRACTIONS.

Each patron, upon arrival, will be escorted from the hack to the hotel office by a band of music and one porter, and permitted to carry his own baggage.

AFTER REGISTERING

their names in the Family Bible (revised edition), the manager will read a passage of **SCRIPTURE**, to prepare them to "live on faith," at \$2.00 per day.

THIS HOUSE

is whitewashed throughout to make it light, save candles, and give a striking contrast to the patrons' bills.

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Rooms and meals furnished extra. Washing-machines and wringers in every room. Dogs furnished upon application at the office (for pets ONLY).

Bath-rooms under the hydrant in the square.

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NO EXTRA CHARGE

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No Special rates to Troops or Tramps.

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W. H.	mark	Greenleaf,	.	Clerk.
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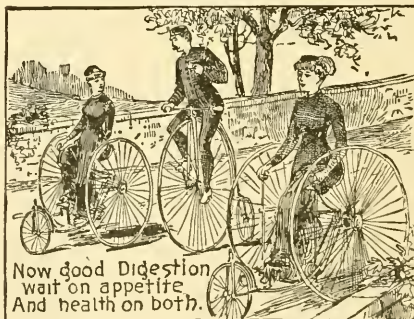
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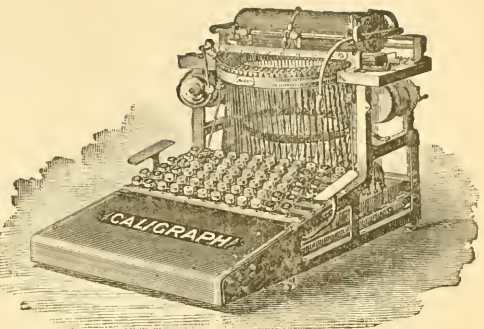
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A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.

VOL. I. (NEW SERIES.)
VOL. XI.

JUNE, 1888.

No. 6.

GOV. NOAH MARTIN.

On the eastern continent, where mankind first became civilized, there are scattered the ruins of ancient cities. The origin and fate of many are known, but occasionally the traveller will come upon the site of a great metropolis, marked by broken columns, shattered arches, crumbling walls, and heaps of *débris*—the records, and even the name, of its former inhabitants buried in oblivion. What a wealth of romance clusters about such remains! The discoverer gazes, and ponders upon the impenetrable past, and speculates as to causes which produced such desolation. He wanders about among the ruins, and pictures in his fancy the ruthless hordes of barbarians devoting the work of civilized man to utter destruction, led by some Jengis Khan, Attila, or Turk. The men, women, and children, soldiers and artisans, blushing maids and blooming matrons, laughing children and innocent babes, perhaps, were doomed to the sword; homes and temples and monuments were torn down; and the literature, the poetry, the philosophy, the history, and the records, back

perhaps to the foundation of the town, were gathered together, condemned, and consigned to the flames. Such destruction befel the library of Alexandria when the place was taken by the Mohammedans.

Occasionally an antiquarian will fall upon the remnant of the records of a town, and will delight in giving to the world information which otherwise might be as utterly lost as the Ten Tribes of Israel, or the origin of the American Indian. Such a remnant is the lost "History of Pembroke." To it one is obliged to turn for an account of those who, a hundred and sixty years ago, wandered up into the wilderness from Andover, Concord, and other Massachusetts towns, and settled in a "place called Suncook;" or who, leaving the Londonderry colony, came through the woods and over the hills to a "place called Buckstreet." Among the earliest settlers of the latter place were three brothers of the name of Martin,—Joseph, James, and William,—sons of James and Elizabeth Martin, who settled in Londonderry.

1. William Martin, born in the old country, migrated to New England with his family, and became a leading citizen of Buckstreet. He had three sons,—William,² James, and Nathaniel.

2. William * Martin, Jr., born 1712; married Hannah Cochrane, and settled in Buckstreet.

Children.

Mary, born November 30, 1742.

James, born January 7, 1745; married Elizabeth; died February 12, 1784; she died April 25, 1836.

Nathaniel, born May 9, 1747.

William, born November 22, 1749.

Robert, born January 20, 1759; married May 15, 1783, Abigail McCris, of Pembroke.

3. Samuel, born May 24, 1762.

Hannah, born September 11, 1766.

Children of James and Elizabeth Martin.

James, Jr., born April 5, 1770; died September 30, 1807.

Nathaniel, born November 3, 1771; married, December 26, 1799, Polly Blake, of Epping; died September 12, 1839.

Mary, born January 15, 1774; married Samuel Cofran.

Noah, born January 14, 1778; died October 8, 1806. (?)

* William Cochrane is also, by another account of the family, said to have been the son of Nathaniel and Margaret (Mitchell) Martin.

Elizabeth, born June 3, 1781; married Thomas Cochrane; died April 1, 1825.

Robert Martin became a leading citizen of Pembroke, the town having been incorporated the year he was born.

Children.

William, born October, 1783.

James, born April 26, 1786.

Samuel, born July 1, 1788; died October 8, 1872, aged 84.

Mary, born July 27, 1790.

Hannah, born December 15, 1792.

Sarah, born August 30, 1796.

Robert, born September 16, 1799.

Naomi, born July 28, 1801.

3. Samuel Martin, born May 24, 1662; married Sally, daughter of Major James Cochrane; was an industrious and honored citizen; and died in Pembroke July 6, 1828, aged 66. His widow, Sally (Cochrane) Martin, died April 2, 1849, aged 79. They are buried in Pembroke.

Children.

Polly.

Thomas.

Esquire James, born in Pembroke, July 1, 1799; married Elsie Bailey; died September 29, 1862, aged 63.

4. Gov. Noah, born in Epsom, July 26, 1801; married Mary Jane Woodbury, of Barrington.

Nancy.

MARTIN FAMILY RECORDS FROM PEMBROKE TOWN RECORDS.

Nathaniel Martin, of Loudon, and Peggy Moor, of Pembroke, were married January 27, 1814.

Aaron Martin and Mary G. Robinson, of Pembroke, were married December 26, 1815.

Mrs. Moses Martin died April 15, 1853, aged 40 years.

Mrs. Jonathan Martin died April 16, 1857, aged 79.

Mrs. Thankful C. (Martin) Jackson, wife of Aaron Jackson, daughter of Elder Richard Martin, died in Pembroke, March 4, 1864, aged 84.

The Moses Martin family came from Candia.

In 1732 Edward Martin was a proprietor of Epsom, as were James and William Marden.

In 1755 Nathaniel and Samuel Martin were in Capt. Goff's company.

In 1758 William and Nathaniel Martin lived in Buckstreet.

In 1759 William Martin lived in Buckstreet.

In 1767 Nathaniel and James Martin were in Pembroke.

In 1771 James Martin was elected hog-reeve, a ——— of his recent marriage.

In 1773 William, William, Jr., James, and Nathaniel Martin helped support the Presbyterian worship.

In 1775 Nathaniel Martin was at Bunker Hill.

In 1776 Nathaniel Martin was a soldier in the Continental Army, and William and James Martin signed the Association Test.

In 1777 Nathaniel Martin was elected a constable.

In 1782 Robert, William Samuel, and William Martin, Jr., signed a petition for a justice of the peace.

From 1792 to 1814, Robert Martin was constantly in office in Pembroke.

From 1794 to 1806, Lieut. Nathaniel Martin was prominent in Pembroke.

In 1798 Samuel Martin lived in Buckstreet.

In 1820 Samuel Martin was a non-resident tax-payer.

Gov. Noah Martin, son of Samuel and Sally (Cochrane) Martin, grandson of William and Hannah (Cochrane) Martin, and great-grandson of William or of Nathaniel and Margaret (Mitchell) Martin, was born in Epsom, July 26, 1801.

Noah Martin, M. D., was studious from early life, and, his tastes leading him in that direction, he elected to follow the study of medicine, and persevered through many difficulties, until he had acquired a thorough classical and professional education. After the usual attendance at the district school, and private tuition of Rev. Jona. Curtis, he became a pupil at Pembroke academy, under those able preceptors, the Rev. Amos Burnham and Prof. John Vose.

His professional studies were commenced in the office of Dr. Pillsbury, of Pembroke, with whom he remained one year; and he finished his preparatory medical education with Dr. Graves, of Deerfield, being with him two years. He then entered the medical department of Dartmouth college, and was graduated in the class of 1824; and soon after was associated with Dr. Graves, and in practice in Deerfield one year.

In 1825 Dr. Martin removed to Great Falls, and, being a thorough student, he felt that to keep abreast of his profession he must have a catholicity of thought that would allow him to discriminate, and use those discoveries in medical science which could be made beneficial to his fellow-men; and he soon showed that skill and energy which are the key-note of success, acquired a large and lucrative practice, and was a leading member of the medical fraternity.

After nine years' residence in Great Falls he removed to Dover. His established reputation, both as a physician and surgeon, brought him at once into the confidence of the people of Dover. And now, after ten years of professional life, Dr. Martin was considered one of the best physicians and surgeons in the state,—in fact, the leading physician in that section,—and the consulting physician in cases requiring superior medical skill. His natural dignity of mien and courteous bearing, united with his social qualities, pleasing address, and sympathetic heart, made him very popular. Generous in the matter of his services, prompt to answer the call from which no remuneration could come, as well as that of the wealthiest man, all who sought his counsel found him faithful and sure, always ready with kind words of advice and encouragement; and in the many delicate offices connected with his profession, he displayed that discriminating sense, judgment, and tact, conjoined with a nice observance of a tender and scrupulous confidence, which were among his characteristics, and endeared him to the hearts of patients. He was deeply devoted to his profession, pursuing it with ceaseless ardor, giving it his greatest thought and study, making many sacrifices of a personal nature for its benefit, keeping thoroughly informed regarding all matters pertaining to it, and calling to his aid its most advanced thought. His career was an eminently successful one; and he demonstrated what determination, perseverance, untiring application, and love for his noble art could do, and filled and honorable and high position.

In politics Dr. Martin was a Democrat, of that honest and stable Jacksonian type which holds the object of the nation to be the paramount good of the people. With but little ambition for political preferment, he was not always able to resist the importunities of political and personal friends, and was often brought forward for political office. He was elected to the New Hampshire house of representatives in 1830, 1832, and 1837; to the New Hampshire senate in 1835 and 1836; and in 1852 and 1853 he was elected governor.

Dr. Martin was elected a member of the Strafford District Medical Society in 1835, and was chosen its president in 1841 and 1842; a member of the State Medical Society in 1836, and its president in 1858; and a member of the American Medical Association in 1849. He was one of the founders of the Dover Medical Association, and its first president in 1849, and reelected in 1850. He was elected a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society in 1853, also, New England Historical Genealogical Society the same year; and vice-president of the same for New Hampshire in 1855. He was one of the organizers of the Dover library, and its president in 1851, 1852, and 1853. He was a member of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane in 1852 and 1853, and a member of the board of trustees of the House of Reformation for juvenile and female offenders in 1855. He was one of the incorporators of the State Agricultural Society, and was elected vice-president of the same in 1851. He was chosen president of the Savings-Bank

for the County of Strafford in 1844, holding the office until 1852, when he declined a reelection; was a leading director of the Dover Bank from 1847 to 1855, when he resigned; also a director of the Strafford Bank from 1860 to the time of his death. He also held various other offices of trust. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and of the order of Odd Fellows.

In all the various relations of life, the kindness of heart of Dr. Martin, his gentlemanly and unostentatious manner, and his preëminent abilities won him warm friends and admirers. Never was a man more conscientious in the discharge of official duties or private trusts; and never could the evil-minded find aught against his integrity or the purity of his motives.

Dr. Martin was married, October 25, 1825, to Mary Jane, daughter of Dr. Robert Woodbury, of Barrington. He died May 28, 1863. She died June 30, 1880. They were the parents of the Misses Elizabeth A. Martin and Caroline M. Martin, of Dover.

Dr. Martin was a diligent student of the law, and was thoroughly conversant with all the writings on statescraft. He was by no means an accidental governor, but carried to the office the knowledge of a statesman. His library contained the writings of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Webster, Clay, Benton, Irving, and their contemporaries.

In medical matters, he formed an opinion as by intuition, and was generally sustained by the event. In matters of law, his views had great weight. He was by no means the least conspicuous of the long line of illustrious men whom the state has called to the chair of chief magistrate.

NEW HAMPSHIRE AND THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

BY WILLIAM F. WHITCHER.

It is not an easy matter to fix the precise date of the centennial of the constitution of the United States, for the simple reason that it has several centennials. It was on Monday, the 17th of September, 1787, that the delegates to the convention which framed that wonderful form of government affixed to it their names, and sent it forth for the approval or disapproval of the people. It was on Saturday, the 21st of June, 1788, that the New Hampshire convention gave it the approval of that state, taking by four days from Virginia the honor of giving the constitution life, and of making something more than a mere plan or theory of government.

March 4, 1789, had been designated for the formal inauguration of the new government under the constitution, and had the first congress and the president-elect been present in New York on that date, the day which has since become known as Inauguration Day might be properly regarded as another constitutional anniversary; but it was not till the 6th of April that the first congress under the constitution organized, choosing John Langdon of New Hampshire president of the senate, for the sole purpose of counting the electoral votes; and it was not till the 30th of April that George Washington took the oath as the first President of the United States, and the wheels of government under the new constitution were set fully in motion. The first of these centennials has been duly celebrated, and extensive prepara-

tions are being made to celebrate the last. The 21st of June, the day on which New Hampshire, as the ninth state to ratify the constitution, gave that instrument binding force, may meet with no national recognition, but it is nevertheless one of the most important of the constitutional anniversaries.

The relation which New Hampshire sustained, either intentionally or otherwise, to both the framing and the adoption of the constitution, is an interesting one. Her history during the war for independence was an honorable one, but, the war over, the state of affairs throughout almost the entire state was deplorable. The people were crippled in their resources, and were overwhelmed with the burdens of debt. They charged the responsibility for the evils which they suffered upon the government which they themselves had created, and at last attempted to suppress both legislature and courts by violence. They held that large issues of irredeemable paper money would give them relief, and demanded such issue. The tender laws and stay laws passed by the legislature gave them no satisfaction, and the complaints culminated in the formation of a party which demanded the abolition of the inferior courts,—since the courts enforced the payment of honest debts,—the distribution of property, and the utter cancellation of all forms of indebtedness.

This rank communism led to open rebellion in September, 1786, which was only quelled by the tact combined

with courage which were such marked characteristics of Gen. John Sullivan. Resistance to constituted authority was overcome with the suppression of the riot at Exeter in September, 1786, but the finances of the state were at about as low an ebb as it is possible to conceive. The convention which framed the federal constitution organized on the 25th of May, 1787, when the delegates from a majority of the states had arrived in Philadelphia; but Rhode Island refused to elect delegates, and New Hampshire was for nearly two months unrepresented, though she had chosen John Langdon and the youthful Nicholas Gilman as delegates. The reason for her non-representation illustrates the condition of affairs of which mention has been made. Under date of June 6, 1787, James Madison, in a letter to Thomas Jefferson giving a list of the members of the convention, wrote,—
“New Hampshire has appointed deputies, but they are not expected, the state treasury being empty, it is said, and a substitution of private resources being inconvenient or impracticable. I mention this circumstance to take off the appearance of backwardness, which that state is not in the least chargeable with, if we are rightly informed of her disposition.”

Langdon and Gilman, however, in some way secured the necessary funds to meet the expenses, and took their seats in the convention July 23. The work of the convention, so far as agreement in the general plan of a constitution, was then completed; but it is not improbable that the absence of New Hampshire during the early part of the convention was of greater service to the country than her pres-

ence would have been. At the very outset of the proceedings of the convention the question as to the limit of its powers arose, and it was one which constantly recurred until its labors were concluded. The delegates from the several states saw, or thought they saw, a purpose to establish a strong national government at the expense of state sovereignty. They were exceedingly jealous of anything that savored of an infringement of state rights. The plan brought in by Governor Randolph of Virginia, at the beginning of the real work of the convention, known during its sessions as the Virginia plan, and which was the basis adopted on which to frame the constitution, was vigorously opposed by the small states as destructive of their autonomy. It proposed a national legislature, to consist of two branches, the members of one to be chosen by the people, the members of the other to be nominated by the state legislatures and chosen by the first branch; a separate national executive, to be chosen by the national legislature; a national judiciary, to hold office during good behavior; and that a republican government and a right to the soil be guaranteed to each state. On the main features of this plan, and on the question of the ratio of representation and the rule of voting in the national legislature, whether it should be by states or by individual members, the states at once divided into two parties. The small states insisted on retaining the right they already possessed of voting by states, while the larger states wished to secure for themselves a weight proportionate to their wealth and population.

The party of the smaller states, or the party of state's rights, included a majority of the delegations from Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. It is not to be forgotten that a century ago New York ranked as one of the small states, and seemed all unconscious of her possibilities of growth and development. The party of the larger states, or the national party, included not only the delegates from the then flourishing commonwealths of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, but also those from the two Carolinas and Georgia. These three latter states were only large in anticipation, but they were looking for a rapid and large increase in wealth and population. North Carolina then included what is now the state of Tennessee, and Georgia the present states of Alabama and Mississippi.

On many of the decisive votes in the early stages of the convention the roll-call showed the six larger states standing for a national plan of government, and the five smaller states for the state rights plan. Langdon and Gilman were patriots, devoted to the cause of country, but they were devoted also to New Hampshire. Had they been present during the early part of the convention they would naturally have sided with the delegates from the small states, and Richard Hildreth is doubtless correct in his judgment that "the adoption of any truly national plan of government would have been rendered very difficult, if not impossible." The empty state treasury of poverty-stricken New Hampshire may have been, very likely was, a fortunate circumstance for the nation. The es-

sential features of the plan of the constitution were practically settled before Langdon and Gilman arrived in Philadelphia, and the service they rendered in the discussion and settlement of details was alike honorable both to themselves and to their state.

When "the Honorable Convention" of delegates from the towns of New Hampshire, duly chosen for the purpose, "assembled at the Court House in Exeter on Wednesday the thirteenth day of February 1789, for the investigation, discussion and decision of the Federal Constitution," that instrument had already received the approval of the six states of Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. The convention of the latter state had closed its work only a week previously, ratifying the constitution by a vote of 187 to 168. As in Massachusetts, the delegates from the smaller and less important towns in New Hampshire were strongly anti-federalist in sentiment. Many of them came to Exeter instructed by their constituents to vote against the constitution. The discussion of the instrument throughout the country was at its height. On the day the New Hampshire convention met, the fifty-sixth and fifty-seventh numbers of the *Federalist* made their appearance. The convention was a notable body of men. It was composed of men who had been the leading spirits in the state during the Revolutionary epoch, men for the most part of marked ability and commanding talents. Among the delegates were John Langdon, John Pickering, and Pierce Long of Portsmouth, John Taylor Gilman of Exeter, Rev. Ben-

jamin Thurston of North Hampton, Rev. Samuel Langdon of Hampton Falls, Josiah Bartlett of Kingston, Thomas Bartlett of Nottingham, Gov. John Sullivan of Durham, Joseph Badger of Gilmanton, William Harper of Sanbornton, Jeremiah Clough of Canterbury, John Calfe of Hampstead, Dr. Ezra Green of Dover, Rev. William Hooper of Madbury, Daniel Beede of Sandwich, Joshua Atherton of Amherst, Rev. Aaron Hall of Keene, Ebenezer Webster of Boscawen, Jonathan Dow of Weare, Abiel Parker of Jaffrey, Matthias Stone of Claremont, Benjamin West of Charlestown, Benjamin Bellows of Walpole, Jonathan Chase of Cornish, Samuel Livermore of Holderness, Elisha Payne of Lebanon, Joseph Hutchins of Haverhill, Samuel Young of Bath, Isaac Patterson of Franconia, and John Weeks of Lancaster. John Sullivan was chosen president of the convention, and John Calfe secretary. With Sullivan as leading defender of the constitution, were the two Langdons, John and Samuel, Samuel Livermore, Josiah Bartlett, John Pickering, John Taylor Gilman, and Benjamin Bellows.

The leaders of the opposition, Joseph Badger, Joshua Atherton, William Hooper, Matthias Stone, Abiel Parker, and Jonathan Dow, were their inferiors in ability, but as the debate progressed it seemed that they had the advantage of the larger following. Very little is known concerning the detailed proceedings of the convention, since its journal gives but the most meagre account of its work, and its deliberations and debates were unfortunately never reported. One of the few rules adopted for its govern-

ment was the following: "On the question of adopting the Federal Constitution, and on that only, the yeas and nays may be taken, if desired by a member." The adoption of this rule prevented test votes from being taken, and, fortunately for the success of the constitution, enabled such delegates as were not fully decided on the question of its adoption, but who were prejudiced against it, to refrain from fully committing themselves at the first: the rule was therefore one of great importance. The opponents of the constitution reproduced the objections which had just been urged in Massachusetts; they complained of the absence of a religious test; they denounced the twenty years sufferance of the foreign slave trade, Atherton declaring it to be their purpose "to wash their hands clear of becoming its guaranties even for a term of years." Sullivan, Langdon, and Livermore explained and defended; they practised all the arts of conciliation until they were confident that they had a majority of the convention were it not for the adverse instructions laid upon some of the delegates. They wished above all things to avoid a vote, fearing rejection, and so after a seven days session they secured an adjournment, for the purpose of giving the delegates an opportunity to confer with their constituents, at the same time skilfully urging that it would be prudent for a small state like New Hampshire to wait and see what the other states would do. The place of meeting was changed from Exeter to Concord, and the time for meeting was fixed for the third Wednesday in June.

The failure of New Hampshire to

ratify was the first serious check the constitution had met with, and its friends, as the news travelled westward and southward, were much depressed. It was felt that the inability to secure a ratification in New Hampshire would do great harm in Maryland where the elections for a convention were taking place, and that its ill effects would also be felt in Virginia. Washington had voiced the general feeling of the friends of the constitution when he wrote to Gen. Knox from Mt. Vernon, under date of March 30,—“The conduct of the state of New Hampshire has baffled all calculation, and has come extremely *malapropos* for a favorable decision on the proposed constitution in this state; for, be the real cause of the late adjournment what it may, the Anti-Federal party with us do not scruple to pronounce that it was done to await the issue of this convention before it would decide, and add, that, if this state should reject it, all those who are to follow will do the same, and consequently that it cannot obtain, as there will be only eight states in favor of the measure. Had it not been for this untoward event the opposition would have proved entirely unavailing in this state, notwithstanding the unfair (I might without much impropriety have made use of a harsher expression) conduct, which has been practised to rouse the fears and to inflame the minds of the people.” To John Langdon he wrote in a similar vein three days later as follows: “Circumstanced as your convention was, an adjournment was certainly prudent, but it happened very *malapropos* for this state, because the concurrent information from that quarter

[New Hampshire] would have justified the expectation of a unanimity in the convention.” These fears were, however, groundless. Maryland gave in its adhesion on the 28th of April, and her example was followed by South Carolina on the 28th of May. When the New Hampshire convention met again on the 18th of June, it was felt that the chances were strongly in favor of ratification, most effective work having in the meantime been done by the friends of the constitution, especially by Sullivan, Langdon, Livermore, and Bellows. The strongest opposition to the new government which existed in the South was that which was made by the anti-federalists of Virginia, and the most powerful Northern opposition was that which existed in New York.

When the New Hampshire convention met in Concord, the conventions of both Virginia and New York were in session. That of Virginia had met on the 2d of June, and that of New York on the 17th. In Virginia the result was doubtful, while in the New York convention it was generally conceded that the anti-federalists were largely in the majority. If New Hampshire should ratify, the number of ratifying states would be nine, the requisite number to give the constitution force. If she should reject it, the influence of her rejection, small state though she was, could not fail to have a marked effect on Virginia, where the parties were believed to be nearly evenly divided, and would make its rejection all the more certain in New York. It is easy to see that the action of New Hampshire was awaited with intense interest by the whole country. No one felt a

greater anxiety as to the result than Alexander Hamilton, as the following letter of his, published for the first time in Lodge's recent edition of Hamilton's works, indicates :

NEW YORK, June 6, 1788.

To JOHN SULLIVAN, ESQUIRE, President of the State of New Hampshire.

Dear Sir: You will no doubt have understood that the anti-federal party has prevailed in this state by a large majority. It is therefore of the utmost importance that all external circumstances should be made use of to influence their conduct. This will suggest to you the *great advantage* of a speedy decision in your state, if you can be sure of the question, and a prompt communication of the event to us. With this view, permit me to request that the instant you have taken a decisive vote in favor of the constitution, you send an express to me at Poughkeepsie. Let him take the *shortest route* to that place, change horses on the road, and use all possible diligence. I shall with pleasure defray all expenses, and give a liberal reward to the person. As I suspect an effort will be made to precipitate us, all possible *safe* dispatch on your part, as well to obtain a decision as to communicate the intelligence of it, will be desirable.

This letter of Hamilton's very likely had its influence in hastening the decision of the New Hampshire convention. It met at Concord on Wednesday, the 18th of June, in the old North Meeting-house. Four days served for a discussion of the constitution, for the preparation and recommendation of twelve articles of amendment, and for its ratification by a vote of 57 yeas to 47 nays. That the convention fully appreciated the honor that belonged to it is evident from the care it took to insert in the record that its vote was taken at one o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, June 21, lest Virginia, by favorable vote at a later hour on the same day, should dispute with New Hampshire the honor of giving force

to the constitution. The ratification was made too late to have any effect on the action of Virginia, where a favorable vote was had on the 25th, but on the 24th the news from New Hampshire was received at Poughkeepsie where the New York convention was in session. To have reached there thus early, the express asked for by Hamilton must have been sent. It was discouraging to Clinton and the other anti-federalists, and in the same proportion encouraging to Hamilton and his followers. The anti-federalists, after recovering from the shock the news gave them, professed to care nothing for the action of New Hampshire. They argued that whether such a small, poor state came into the Union or stayed out of the Union was of little consequence while two such states as Virginia and North Carolina remained firmly anti-federal; and then began to talk of forming a new league with these two states. The fact, however, that nine states had ratified, and that the constitution had become a living thing, was one that they could not ignore. They would not vote to ratify, but the news from New Hampshire made them hesitate to take the responsibility of rejection. While they blustered and hesitated came the news that Virginia had ratified. Thenceforward the question of ratification on the part of New York was only a question of time, and on the 26th of July a favorable vote was secured.

As for the articles of amendment recommended, there is little or no doubt that they had been fully prepared before the convention reassembled, as the committee of fifteen, to

whom the matter of amendments was referred, reported within a few hours after their appointment. Atherton attempted to make the ratification by the state conditional upon the incorporation of the amendments into the constitution, but Livermore moved a substitute for Atherton's resolution, to the effect that in case the constitution be ratified, the amendments reported by the committee be recommended to congress. Livermore's substitute was adopted, but not until a stubborn attempt made by Atherton and the other anti-federalists to secure another adjournment had been defeated. It hardly need be said that the calling of the roll of the convention on the question of ratification was one of the momentous roll-calls in history: it is hardly exaggeration to say that the future of the United States depended on its result. Rockingham county was first on the roll, and Grafton county last. When the name of Livermore was reached, the vote was a tie. He broke the tie in favor of the constitution, and every delegate from Grafton county except-

ing Col. Joseph Hutchins of Haverhill, Piermont, Warren, and Coventry, followed him with a yea vote. Grafton county saved the constitution; and probably no one man did so much to make the vote of this county unanimous—with the single exception named—as did Samuel Livermore, the leading spirit of the Grafton delegation.

New Hampshire has reason to be proud of the relation she sustains to the Federal Constitution. She perhaps accomplished more in securing its framing on a broad national basis by her absence from the convention that framed it, during the first two months of its session, than she would have done by her presence. She was the ninth state to ratify, thus giving the instrument binding force; and by her timely ratification she did much to aid the federalists of New York in overcoming the odds of an anti-federalist majority by which they were confronted. June 21, 1888, is a centennial anniversary of more than ordinary national importance.

HEROISM.

BY HENRY H. METCALF.

Who are Earth's heroes, who the noble men
 Whose deeds, recorded by historic pen
 On Time's great record, live, and live for aye,
 In all the splendor of immortal day?
 Oh! whither shall we turn our anxious gaze
 To find exponents of heroic days?
 Shall we trace back the long, dim aisles of Time,
 Cross ocean's waves and stand in Eastern clime,
 Roam o'er the breadth of fair Assyrian plains,
 See Salmanasar carry off in chains

The shattered remnants of proud Israel's power,
Defeated, vanquished, at that awful hour
When bloody siege Samaria forced to yield
And Israel's fate forever fixed and sealed?
Behold great Cyrus, on the Persian throne,
Triumphant, rule the Eastern world alone,
By armies vast his mighty power extend,
Win crowns and kingdoms almost without end?
Pursue Darius in his haughty course,
When, with the flower of his imposing force,
He brought invasion to the Western land,
But met—sad hour for him—that patriot band
Whose valor washed as with a mighty flood
The plains of Marathon with Persian blood,
Gave Grecian triumph its immortal fame,
And won Miltiades a deathless name?
See Macedonia's chief his chariot ride
O'er all the earth, and War's empurpling tide
In mountain billows roll at his command,
O'erturning thrones, engulfing every land?
See Carthage rise, then Rome, her bitter foe,
Then Carthage fall beneath Rome's powerful blow?
See mighty Julius lead his legions forth
To conquer fierce barbarians in the North,
And Roman empire far and wide extend
Where art and arms their living power could send?
Or, coming down to mediæval days,
When Moslem darkness hid the glorious rays
Once shining from Judea's hills afar,
See Europe, roused, engage in holy war,
And Richard—England's lion-hearted king—
To Saladin defeat and ruin bring?
Behold the Tartar warrior, Jengis Khan,
Erect his empire on the sighs of man,
And his successor, dauntless Tamerlane,
Extend his conquests o'er the Indian plain?
Or, later still, in modern time, behold
The course of him who over Europe rolled
The tide of empire like a raging sea—
The man of fate—"the child of destiny"?
Turn we to our own land and our own time,
This land of freedom—glorious Western clime—
Where Washington immortal honor won—
His country's father, Freedom's chosen son—
To our own days, the days of trial past,

When Treason's mantle o'er the land was cast,
 When fierce Rebellion raised her bloody hand
 And War's red flood went surging o'er the land;
 See Lee his fiery legions leading forth
 To meet the mighty armies of the North;
 See stern Ulysses meet his fierce array
 With steel for steel, and win, at last, the day;
 See Sherman grandly face the opposing foe,
 Returning shot for shot and blow for blow,
 Until at length "Secessia," vanquished, falls,
 And Union flags float o'er her farthest walls!

It has been thus in all the ages past;
 The clang of arms and War's wild clarion blast
 Alone announce heroic deeds to man!
 Earth's greatest heroes lead the battle's van!
 In every age of time, in every land,
 From Asian plain to Britain's wave-washed strand,
 Triumphal arches, brazen statues, rise,
 And marble columns pierce the very skies
 In trophied honor of the warrior dead
 Who Victory's embattled legions led.
 Proud Sculpture all her mighty powers hath lent,
 And Painting hues in rich profusion blent,
 That living marble, canvas' speaking face,
 When Time's rude hand destroyed all other trace,
 Might tell the coming age of men whose power
 Gave law to kingdoms won in battle's hour!
 And Poesy hath sung her sweetest songs,
 And men and women in rejoicing throngs
 Have shouted forth a nation's wild acclaim,
 All, all in honor of the warrior's fame!
 Thus has it been—but must it e'er be so
 While man works out his destiny below?
 Must human hands with human blood be stained
 That heroes' names and heroes' crowns be gained?

O mortal man! deluded, erring man!—
 Thy sight obscured, life shortened to a span,—
 Oh! canst thou not to Truth's free light awake,
 The veil of Error from thy vision shake,
 And, standing forth in new and perfect day,
 Cast thy old false philosophies away?
 When human acts are viewed in their true light,
Heroic deeds consist in doing right!

Earth's real heroes ever were, and are,
 Not those alone who wield the sword in war,
 But those who walk through all the way of life
 Mid peace and sunshine, care and toil and strife,
 In that strait, narrow path where Duty guides
 And Truth directs, whatever else betides.

Oh ! nobler far, and more heroic still,
 Whose meed of praise Time's ages cannot fill,
 Those men who, living, lived for Right alone,
 Made Truth and Virtue's holy cause their own,
 And, dying, died as martyrs for the Right,
 Beneath the iron arm of Error's might,
 And left behind no stains of human blood
 When their true souls went out to meet their God,
 Than all the warriors, conquerors, lords of man,
 The world has known since Time's great march began !

THE BULOW PLANTATION.

CHAPTER VI.

The garrison within the castle very fortunately were not entirely unprepared for this sudden alarm. The voice of Captain Homer reached every sailor on the parapet, and they sprang to their places. The voice of Tristan Hernandez echoed through the basement and hall, and in a moment every man was at his station. There was a general stampede of those without for the open portal which three of the Minorcans guarded, and every one had passed in safety when the band of Indians from the orange grove made a bold dash to gain the open door. When the last negro had entered, the red men were not twenty yards from the walls. A continuous rain of bullets checked their advance, many falling, others stumbling over their companions, but

ten of them came dashing into the massive door that the Minorcans in their excitement and haste had found some difficulty in closing.

Jack Keeler had waited for this, and taking hasty aim with his Queen Anne musket fired point blank at the foremost savage, and suddenly and by no means gracefully took a back-seat on the parapet, from the great recoil of the long unused gun. But others saw the effect, and a loud "Hurrah !" burst from the sailors, for apparently not a savage escaped some one at least of Mr. Pedro's pistol bullets.

The Minorcans in the meanwhile closed and barricaded the door. Only one of the savages, the one aimed at, was actually killed by the discharge, but the remainder could not face such

fiendish music. They fell back to the line of their advancing comrades, who now appeared on every side, keeping upon every loophole in the castle a harassing because an accurate fire; not that every shot would enter, but because they would come so dangerously near that there seemed no safety in appearing at the windows. Oak shutters, which the carpenter had been making with a large auger-hole in the centre, were quickly adjusted in place in many of the windows, and from these the sailors, who had been withdrawn from the parapet, now that the first excitement was over, kept upon their exposed enemies a galling fire. The Indians were not prepared for this reception. They had completely surrounded the plantation, and at first had hoped to take the people by surprise as had been done already at so many other settlements. Seeing the garrison so well prepared, they fell back to the shelter of the great hedge to the west, to the orange grove to the south, to the creek bank and mansion to the east, and to the heavy timber to the north, evidently to plan a more effectual attack.

The first attack had lasted for only a few minutes, and none of the besieged had been seriously injured; but now, after their immediate safety was assured, Colonel Bulow and Tristan knocked at the door of the tower that had been assigned for the use of the ladies, and being bidden to enter by the pale and trembling Maud, opened it and passed within.

"Where are Helen and Isabella, Miss Everett?" asked Colonel Bulow.

"Are they not in the hall?" said Maud, trembling.

"Why, no, of course not," answered the colonel.

"They left me an hour ago to walk in the orange grove."

"And you have not seen them since?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"They may have entered the basement, sir," said Tristan, to conceal his own anxiety.

"We will search for them, anyway," said Colonel Bulow in a desponding tone. "If my Helen is lost, there is nothing for me to live for."

Entering the hall, they inquired of the sailors if they could tell aught of the whereabouts of the ladies, Maud following behind, the tears of dread anticipation and suspense running down her cheeks.

"Now you mention it," said Turner, "I did see them enter the orange grove some time since, and I do not remember of their returning."

In the basement among the hands the search was continued, but the young ladies were evidently not within the castle.

"Try to bear up under this affliction, my dear colonel," said Tristan. "They are evidently in the hands of the Indians. Osceola has promised Miss Helen protection, and it appears to me that he has captured her to save her from the fate he designs for the rest of us."

"But what can be done, Tristan?"

"Nothing, at present, for the Indians have always fired on a flag of truce, especially when they expect to leave no one to bear the tale. Hold on until evening, and I will think."

Events now settled themselves into the usual routine in a beleaguered fortress, about half the garrison be-

ing stationed on guard, while the remainder were scattered about attending to their various pursuits, running bullets, cleaning firearms, or seeking sleep. The howitzer was loaded to the muzzle with scraps of iron, nails, and bullets, and placed at the aperture over the entrance, ready for an attack at this most vulnerable point. During the evening the horse that Capt. Homer had ridden came running across the causeway. An Indian attempted to stop him, but was dashed aside, and on the thoroughbred sped towards the castle. Finding the door barricaded, he galloped off in the direction of the swamp-road unimpeded by the Indians, and disappeared in the avenue leading to the King's Road. Occasionally the sharp crack of the rifle warned some crawling savage that he was approaching too near, and a chance bullet in return entering an open porthole cautioned the inmates against exposing themselves.

We will now follow the new friends, Isabella and Helen, as they wandered from the castle toward the orange grove.

"Ah! Isabella, I do not blame you for loving this beautiful plantation. But I love you so, you must always make your home with me."

"But I don't see how I can live apart from my brother Tristan," with a sly glance at Helen.

Helen blushed just the least bit in the world as she replied, "You must try to induce your brother to settle near here," Isabella.

"I think that is his evident intention," said Isabella innocently.

"What a beautiful day," remarked

Helen. "Don't you think Captain Homer might have given us his company to-day, instead of riding off to slaughter the innocent wild ducks?"

"I really never think, Helen."

"If Captain Homer did not think, it might be as well for him. He was thinking pretty hard at the breakfast table this morning." And now it was Isabella's turn to change color, for the captain had been lost in a brown study that morning, with his eyes fixed on Isabella, for a moment only, it is true, but long enough for both of the young ladies to become aware of it.

"Now, Helen, if we are really to be sisters—"

"But, Isabella, we may only be cousins!"

"Hush! you dear naughty girl—if we are to be very dear friends, as I know we shall be, we must have no secrets from each other; now tell me, darling, who is your beau ideal?"

"Osceola," said Helen defiantly.

"Now who is yours?"

"Jack Keeler!"

"But I am in earnest."

"And so am I."

"I suppose. Isabella, you want me to own that Antoine—"

"No, Tristan."

"Well, then, to own that Tristan, your brother, is very near my ideal?"

"I would be pleased to hear you say it."

"I will propose a bargain—for you know I am a Yankee;—you tell me what you think of Clarence Homer, and I will entrust you with my inmost sentiments in regard to all your family."

"I need not hesitate, for I think Mr. Homer is a good, brave gentle-

man, one that any girl might be proud to claim as lover or husband."

"There!" cried Helen, "you have expressed my sentiments in regard to both your brothers."

They were meanwhile wandering through the orange grove, gathering the delicious fruit and eating the ripest. They continued to chat on innocently, when, on the side of the grove farthest from the castle, they were startled by the distant cry, "The Indians! the Indians!" followed quickly by two reports. In alarm they started to regain the castle, but a huge painted savage seemed to rise from the ground before them, so near had he crawled without being detected. With a scream they turned to fly, but they were in the midst of their enemies. They were quickly grasped, and half forced half carried across the open field towards the southern wood-border of the plantation. Helen glanced over her shoulder, but the castle was hidden by the grove; Isabella followed her closely, in the hands of two dusky, half-dressed Indians; and neither of the girls after the first scream of surprise and terror gave a cry, but calmly awaited their fate, both hoping that death would be the worst they should suffer.

They passed through the thick bushes under the overhanging branches of the old oaks, undisturbed by the hand of man, on into the primeval forest, till they came to a group of Indians gathered under a monarch of the woods. The scene was so picturesque that both ladies could not but admire the fitness of the framing to the wild picture of the Indians in their fierce yet grotesque war paint.

Such a gathering with the same surroundings might have been seen three centuries before by prisoners from the ill-fated expedition of Hernando de Soto.

The old chief known as King Philip was the centre of the group,—a tall, powerful man, with a cruel, remorseless face. "Here are the pale-faced maidens! Which is the one whose life our brother demands as his own?" said the old chief, addressing one of the younger warriors,—a dignified, stately red man, whom Helen at once recognized as Osceola.

He advanced, and, taking her hand, respectfully said,—"This is the maiden who did not treat Osceola as a dog. I promised her my protection, and she did not smile! Now she is safe! But the white men made me a negro—a slave: they would not give me powder nor bullets! I will make the white man red with blood, and then blacken him in the sun and rain, where the wolf shall smell of his bones, and the buzzard live upon his flesh. But it is not upon the women and children that we make war and draw the scalping-knife."

"What shall we do with the other pale-faced maiden?" asked King Philip. "She is your captive with the other."

"She shall serve the old chief in his cabin on the island in the distant swamp," said Osceola.

"The old chief can carry her long hair better than the maiden," said King Philip. "We are on the war-path now, and must not be impeded."

"There will be many warriors who will have to seek their island homes after each battle with the white man; she shall go with them, and you will

not see her again until you seek rest in your cabin."

"Be it as you say!" said King Philip. "Follow me, and do not trouble," said Osceola, "for I must place you in a safe place to keep others from you, and you from others, while I lead my braves to capture your fortress."

Two young half-breeds followed after. Osceola led the way with a quick, impatient step, as if thirsting for the combat to be carried on against the inmates of the castle, and seemed almost to begrudge the time needed to take the two ladies to a place of safety, and they had at times almost to run to keep up with him. They knew their only safety was under his protection, and bravely did their best not to be left behind. He took a westerly course towards the swamp, and, arriving at the edge of the dark water, roughly yet kindly seized Helen and carried her, as a mother would her baby, through the dismal shades of the untrodden morass. Isabella was borne along in the same manner by one of the following Indian half-breeds, and though her weight was much less than Helen's, she was much more of a load to her bearer than was Helen to the stalwart young chief. Far into the gloomy depths of the swamp they came to a hummock dense with foliage on the outside, and with a wonderfully compact growth of immense water oaks and cypresses within.

Pausing in the centre of this hummock, the surface of which was several feet above the level of the swamp—which accounted for the density of the growth—Osceola and

the half-breed placed their burdens on their feet. Selecting two great trees some three feet apart, he led them between the two and thus addressed them:

"You will be safe here, if you do not try to escape, and do not talk. Your only danger is in being discovered by some braves of the Cherokee or Creek tribes. The Seminoles will guard you, for they know you are for me; that I have saved you from the scalping-knife to lighten my cabin and cheer me at my lone camp fire when the war-hatchet is buried." Then, addressing the half-breeds, he continued,—“Watch over these pale-faced maidens, and let not harm happen to them, as you value your lives.”

As he turned to depart Helen said, with a quizzical look,—for she could not avoid seeing the comical part even of what might prove a tragedy,—“Good Mr. Indian, do you say we must not talk?”

“You must not talk,” echoed Osceola.

“You might as well kill us at once, then,” said Helen demurely.

The savage paused, looked at her intently for a moment, and turned away simply with a “Ugh!”

For a long time the girls sat in silence, with their backs against the great water oak, and hand clasped in hand. They could hear the distant reports of the rifles, and the gentle murmur of the wind rustling the leaves over their heads. On each side of them, but a few feet distant, sat their watchful guards.

“He did not tell us we could not whisper,” murmured Helen in Isabella's ear.

“That is true, Helen, but I am so

sad I would always keep silence, I think."

"And why so sad, dearest Isabella?"

"On your account, Helen."

"And not on your own?"

"Oh! no, I have nothing to fear."

"Pray tell me why, Isabella?"

"When these Indians know that I am a Spaniard and a Catholic, I shall be conducted in safety to St. Augustine, or wherever I may choose to go."

"Do they not make war on you as well as on us?"

"No, for we have always used them well, and have not sought to remove them to a country far away from their home."

"Don't you think there is a chance of our friends rescuing me?"

"I fear not, dear Helen. Tristan knows all about the Indians, and can talk with them so that you would think he was one in reality if you did not look at him; but what can he do alone?"

"Then there is cousin Clarence Homer: does he not count for one?"

"Alas, Helen," said the beautiful Isabella, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, "that is another reason why I am sad; I fear the gallant hero is dead."

"Why do you fear that, dearest?"

"When I heard that alarm ring out, so distant yet so distinct, I recognized Mr. Homer's voice, and, as you looked back to the castle for assistance, I looked to where he stood on the opposite shore of the creek, a mark for twenty rifles; and a moment later I saw four savages dash over the causeway to capture and murder him," and Isabella ended with a low sob.

"If that is all, I do not despair. He has his horse and gun, and will certainly escape."

"His horse cannot keep pace with those Indians, Helen, especially on the sand. They will overtake him within three miles after he strikes the beach. They are human blood-hounds, and will follow him to his death."

"Did you love him, darling?"

"How can you ask? I loved him at first sight, I think. Remember, I am fresh from the convent, and he is the first gentleman I have ever met. Then he risked his life for me! I shall never see him again!"

A long pause ensued, and both ladies were lost in painful thoughts.

At length Helen whispered,—“Why did Tristan remain to help defend the castle when he could have left in safety?”

"Because he loves you, dearest."

"And now, my wise little one, can you tell me why Antonio remained and the Minorcans also?"

"I think Antonio is very much attracted by Maud Everett,—the dear girl,—and I only hope she will love him in return, although I think he would remain if only for the reason that Tristan does. There is an *esprit de corps* in our family; our motto is Latin 'In union is strength.' The Minorcans stopped for gold."

"Why did you not declare yourself to the old chief, and demand your liberty, Isabella?"

"I wanted to come with you, love, and help you when the time comes when you need it."

Late in the afternoon the guards passed the ladies some dried venison and corn cake, and motioned them to eat it.

"They need not have left a guard so far as I am concerned," said Helen. "I never should venture from this island alone. I could imagine all kinds of snakes and alligators in the water we passed through."

"There is really no danger now from them, as they all disappear at the first cold weather, and are not seen till the coming spring."

As night settled about them, they lay back against the trees in each other's embrace.

"Tell me, Helen, do you not love my brother?"

"He has never asked me that."

"But I must know; we may be torn apart this very night. I would not force your confidence, but I would know that."

"I do love him dearly, and I think he loves me, but he has not said so."

[To be continued.]

ANNALS OF OUR VILLAGE.—Continued.

By W. A. WALLACE.

SUIT FOR SLANDER.

In this suit for slander it will be noticed that the plaintiff received more abuse than cash from the defendant's lawyer.

Benjamin and Keziah were married in 1820, and toiled happily on life's journey for several years. Then getting a little unsettled they moved over to South Road, and lived in the same house with James, whose wife was named Rhoda. This was more than sixty years ago. It was pleasant and neighborly between the families for a season, but for all that the house never was large enough for them.

One day a neighbor came in and asked Mrs. Keziah if she had heard of the stories her friend in the other part of the house had been circulating? To be sure, it was none of her business, but it would trouble her to keep it, so she "out with it." It was how Mrs. Keziah had been to Mrs. Rhoda's cream pot, to her soap barrel, to her meal chest, and to her hens' nests, and had declared that "she was no better than any other thief." There were very grievous times under that roof soon after that neighbor's visit, and then Benjamin, to vindicate the good name of his

wife, was persuaded to cite Mrs. Rhoda before a justice, either to prove her stories or acknowledge herself a slanderer. This she persistently declined to do, but in due time obeyed a summons, and appeared before Hon. Daniel Blaisdell, who held his court in the hall of Cobb's tavern. Mrs. Rhoda was there represented by Elijah Blaisdell, Esq., who, from a shoemaker, had by hard study and labor risen to be a lawyer in the village. Mrs. Keziah was represented by C. B. Heydock, of Hanover.

Mrs. Rhoda had no witnesses to prove her assertions, but she testified very positively as to her losses; and "I know that I have told the truth, for nobody else has had a chance to steal my soap and eggs and things; and if Mrs. Keziah ain't guilty, she would n't be so awful touchy about it, there now!"

Mrs. Keziah just as positively denied all the allegations, and declared Rhoda to be a common gossip and slanderer, who would n't tell the truth even to keep friendly with the neighbors; and to prove these charges she introduced several of the neighbors, who swore that Mrs. Rhoda was a common gossip, tattler, and liar, and always had made mischief among her acquaintances; and this was no worse than some of her other stories, only she had n't been brought into court before.

Blaisdell's defence of his client was not an argument, but simply a torrent of abuse and vituperation poured upon Keziah, and he claimed judgment for his client because she had only spoken the truth.

Mrs. Keziah said afterwards that she always hated the sight of Blais-

dell after that speech. Up to that time she had never believed that for five dollars a man who pretended to be decent could be so mean a liar.

The hall was crowded with men and women, all curious to hear the outcome of this famous dispute. I was there also, a little boy, standing upon one of the side benches. Suddenly there was a crash, loud shrieks, and a rush for the doors and windows. Everybody wanted to get out at once—not everybody, either, only the timid and scary ones. The timbers of the flooring had given way, and the middle of the floor had sunk down about two feet, and was only held together by a few nails.

There sat Judge Blaisdell, cool as the north wind, and deliberate as S—— S—— when he begins to tell a story. His legs were crossed, and he had slipped down so that his big belly rested against the table. "Men," he said, "don't crowd the door! There is no danger; follow each other out carefully and quickly, and in five minutes you will feel better than you do now. And you women, struggling together there—just step back upon the bench near that boy, and then watch me! You'll be all right in a minute."

The hall was soon cleared of the excited crowd, and then the judge very deliberately climbed up out of the wreck; and with no unnecessary delay reorganized his court in another room, where, after the lawyers had each claimed the innocence and virtues of their clients, he proceeded to give judgment, which was that this matter, little in itself, had grown big by being talked about, and it had made several persons unhappy. It was not right

for Mrs. Rhoda to charge her neighbor with stealing unless she had proof of it, because by so doing she had placed herself in jeopardy. She is brought before this court on a charge of wilful and malicious slander. Her answer is, that she has stated the truth,—it is not slander,—but she offers no proof in support of her charge; while her neighbors come in here and swear her to be a common gossip, liar, and slanderer.

“Mrs. Rhoda, your case is a bad one. There is a slow-moving finger pointing at you from all around, and behind each finger is hissed one poisonous word—‘Slanderer!’ It grieves me to announce my judgment in this case, as between two women who ought to live together in unity; but the evidence of your neighbors is conclusive that you are a slanderer, that you carry a viperous tongue, which you do not try to rule. You are fined ten dollars, and the costs of this court; and when you go home, take this advice along with you, and act upon it: When you find your tongue inclined to utter another slander, seize upon it and bite it before the word is spoken. And so may you continue to live in peace, and in the love and respect of your own household. This court is adjourned without date.”

AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. STEVEN WORTH.

The following incident in the history of our old meeting-house was related to me by a person who was an eye-witness of the scene. I was much interested in the recital, and made notes of it. I have entitled it “Elder Wheat’s Rebuke of Infidelity,

and what came of it.” I thought by way of contrast it would be an excellent tail-piece to the “Suit for Slander.”

ELDER WHEAT’S REBUKE OF INFIDELITY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Steven Worth, about the year 1797, married Molly, the widow of his brother, and settled down upon the farm where Watts Davis worked out his hard and disagreeable life. Steven loved and cherished his wife all her days, and was a sincere mourner when she died, in 1816. The funeral was held in the meeting-house one Sunday, which was thronged with sympathizing friends.

Elder Wheat preached a long sermon on death and the darkness of the grave, taking for his text a whole chapter, and placing special emphasis upon the phrase “where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.”

For the first hymn the elder requested the choir to sing that screed by Dr. Watts, which is supposed to have been written when the doctor was oppressed by nightmare or indigestion. The first verse reads,—

“My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead!
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed.”

Abraham Pushee was a young saddler here, a good singer, and very skilful upon the violin, which instrument, greatly to the chagrin of Dea. Worth and Richard Clark, he had insisted upon bringing into the choir. When the elder read the hymn, Pushee refused to sing it. The sentiment it expressed was too horrid to be adapted to any music in his books. Turning to the singers, he requested them

to sing the next hymn commencing, "Why do we mourn departing friends," to the grand old tune of "China."

When the choir struck at the first line of the hymn, the elder jumped to his feet, and exclaimed, "That is not the hymn I wish you to sing!" but the choir kept on singing, paying no attention to the elder's exclamation.

After his sermon, he made a general address to the mourners. Then he became personal, and the ludicrous incidents which followed are related by an eye-witness. He said he "had always been told that Brother Worth was a courteous man, kind and considerate to everybody, lovin' and honorin' his wife as a true husband; but I learn with sorrow," he continued, raising his voice, "that he is a convert to the hell-damnin', heaven-darin', God-provokin' doctrines of Tom Paine, the infidel author of the 'Age of Reason.' Now, my duty to my God and my people requires me, even here in the presence of the remains of his lamented partner, who this day is restin' peacefully in the arms of Jesus, to rebuke the devil and all."

And there is no telling what the good old elder might not have said, had he been permitted to finish his rebuke, but at this point an interruption occurred. Hon. Daniel Blaisdell rose in his pew with great energy, and stood leaning forward with one hand extended, and mouth open to speak. But Steven Worth, the chief mourner, got the start of him, exclaiming as he rose up that "the time and place for such unfeeling remarks, even if they were well deserved, were ill chosen. He had never before heard of that awful book: both the

'Age of Reason' and Tom Paine were strangers to him. He hoped they were good men, and more considerate and charitable to others than the elder was toward him. He had done his duty as a husband and Christian in the fear of the Lord; and this attack upon him looked as if the evil one had entered into the——" Another interruption occurred right here. His brother John was so overcome that he was seized with a sudden illness, and had to be taken out in a dead faint. Confusion was very great all over the house. Everybody was standing up in astonishment, and talking indignant nonsense.

When quiet was restored, Mr. Worth concluded his remarks by saying he would "get those books and read them; for it couldn't be any worse for him to read them than for the elder, and then he could judge for himself if they were bad books."

Capt. Wells and Mr. John M. Barber were greatly offended at the elder's remarks, and refused ever after to hear him preach. Many others were very angry, but expended their ill-feelings in talk.

The elder, like the rest of them, was in confusion, and when the uproar subsided a little, he quite grimly declared that he had spoken from report. He was glad to learn that Brother Worth was not an infidel, and even if he were, perhaps it would not become him to judge him. Then the long services, which had occupied nearly all day, were brought to a conclusion, and the body laid away in the ground.

Afterwards, when Judge Blaisdell met the elder, he asked him "what evil spirit beset him to attack Steven

Worth at that funeral. It was an unheard of outrage, such as only a crazy or a drunken man would commit. Had he ——?" "Well, he had —— for his stomach's sake. It was good for him, and gave him courage and confidence." "Yes," retorted the judge, "and your courage, as you call it, caused you grievously to afflict a good man, whose heart is heavy with grief at the loss of a wife he loved. You, old man of God! to make a public scandal on such an occasion! Go, now: commit no more such folly!"

Elder Wheat preached in Canaan for seventeen years after that event, but never made a similar speech at a funeral. He was a good man, faithful to all the light that shone for him. The good he did will send its influence away down through the ages, and his memory will be green when others are forgotten. To show how important a character he was, the young men and maidens sought his counsel and assistance. I can state that I have the record of the marriages he celebrated during his ministry: they are 308 in number.

CHARLES EMERY STEVENS.

Charles Emery Stevens was born in Pembroke on the 24th day of March, 1815. He was the eldest son of the Hon. Boswell Stevens (D. C., 1804)—judge of probate for Merrimack county, one of the original members of the board of trustees of the academy and its first secretary—and of Catharine Hale Emery, granddaughter of Noah Emery, of Exeter, a member of the Provincial congress of New Hampshire in the Revolution. He was born in the old house which many years ago was demolished to make way for the present residence of Mr. George P. Little. This old house, somewhat stately and well placed, commanding a wide reach of the Merrimack valley and Kearsarge mountain beyond, was erected sometime in the last century by Gen. Asa Robinson, whose son, Hon. Peter Robinson, at one time speaker of the house of assembly in the state of New York, is believed to have been born in

the same house. There also resided for a time Hon. Richard Bartlett, secretary of state for New Hampshire; and there the father and mother of Mr. Stevens both died.

At the age of ten, or thereabouts, he entered Pembroke academy as a pupil, and for the next five or six years pursued a course of study preparatory for college, under the instruction of Hon. John Vose (D. C., 1795) and Mr. Erasmus D. Eldredge (A. C., 1829), successive principals of the academy. A reminiscence of his earlier school-days in the academy, of interest not only to himself but to all interested in the academy's past, may here be narrated. In 1825, Lafayette, "the nation's guest," in his triumphal progress through the land, came to Pembroke on his way to Concord, there to receive the welcome of New Hampshire at the hands of her executive and legislature assembled in the capitol. He arrived in Pembroke near

midnight, the long street thronged with people and lighted with bonfires, and with his suite took lodgings for the night in the old "Fisk tavern." Everywhere he had been shown whatever was thought to be evidence of the prosperous condition of the young nation whose independence he had so largely assisted to establish; and in Pembroke the obvious thing for him to know about was the new and flourishing academy with its pupils. Accordingly, in the morning, after he had breakfasted, the pupils were paraded near the tavern in two lines, the boys on one side and the girls in white frocks on the other. Then the illustrious guest, passing down and back between the lines, gave each pupil his hand as he passed, and among the rest the subject of this sketch, then about ten years old. In 1831 he entered Dartmouth college, where he was graduated with the class of 1835. With this class began the experiment of abolishing appointments for commencement. The subsequent history of the class shows that preëminence in the college class-room is not always prophetic of distinction on the broader stage of life. Of this class were Hon. John P. Healy, the law partner of Daniel Webster so long as he lived, and the highly trusted city solicitor of Boston for a generation; Hon. Bradford N. Stevens, member of congress from Illinois, a Democrat, yet so highly esteemed as to be elected in a Republican district; Hon. Charles T. Woodman, speaker of the house of representatives in Maine; Hon. George Barstow, speaker of the house of representatives in California; Hon. Harry Hibbard, speaker of the house, and president of the senate in New Hamp-

shire, and member of congress from the same state; Hon. Amos Tuck, member of congress from New Hampshire, and U. S. naval officer at the port of Boston, at one time assistant-principal of the academy; and Hon. Peter T. Washburn, governor of Vermont. None of these, unless one, possibly two, would have taken honors at commencement had "parts" been assigned. The class was one of perhaps average ability; it was also the largest, save one, that had then been graduated from the college. Exactly 50 were borne on the roll when the diplomas were distributed, of whom nine or ten still survive.

Among the instructors of the class were Prof. Ebenezer Adams (D. C., 1791), in mathematics; Prof. Roswell Shurtleff (D. C., 1798), in moral philosophy and political economy; Prof. Charles B. Haddock (D. C., 1816), in rhetoric, composition, etc., a favorite nephew of Daniel Webster's, through whom, when secretary of state for the United States, he was appointed chargé d'affaires to the kingdom of Portugal; Prof. Calvin E. Stowe (afterwards husband of Harriet Beecher), in Greek; Prof. Alpheus Crosby (D. C., 1827), in Latin and Greek; and Prof. Ira Young (D. C., 1828), in mathematics and natural philosophy. Over all was the vigilant and enterprising, aggressive if not always progressive president, Dr. Nathan Lord. Under the influence of such associates, tutors, and governors, the subject of this sketch had his collegiate moulding.

After being graduated, he entered the office of his father as a student of law. In a few months this course of study was interrupted by the

death of his father, and he subsequently became a member of Andover Seminary, where he pursued his studies for two years, without, however, completing the prescribed course. For several years after he was employed in the business of teaching. While thus occupied as principal of Worthington academy, in Massachusetts, he was invited to assume the office of editor of the *New Hampshire Statesman* during the absence of its proprietor and editor. This was in the memorable year 1846, when the fierce conflict between the old dominant party and the new party of liberty culminated in the election of John P. Hale as United States senator. The "leaders" in the columns of the *Statesman*, during the summer and autumn of that year, will show with what degree of ability Mr. Stevens discharged his editorial duties in that crisis of the state. In the latter part of the year, resumption of editorial management by the proprietor brought his connection with the paper to a close. He returned to his former business of teaching, first as principal of the academy in Fitchburg, and later as principal of the high school in Barre, Mass. After remaining in this last position for several years, he, in 1849, became the proprietor and editor of the *Barre Patriot*, then the Whig organ of Worcester county north. Disposing of this property in 1852, he accepted an invitation to become the chief political editor of the *Worcester Daily Transcript*, then placed upon a new financial basis in order to become the Whig organ of Worcester city and county in the Scott campaign. During this period occurred the famous Democratic barbecue and ratifica-

tion at Hillsborough, N. H., the birthplace of the Democratic candidate, Gen. Franklin Pierce. As the Worcester Democrats had no organ of their own, Mr. Stevens, upon their invitation, accompanied them to the barbecue for the purpose of reporting the proceedings. On the arrival of the train at Concord, Gen. Pierce was discovered standing upon the station platform with bared head, to receive and acknowledge the salutations of his friends. Towards noon the company arrived in Hillsborough, and the ratification proceeded. Roast ox was eaten outside the head-quarters, and "chicken-fixin's" inside. Then followed the feast of reason. Conspicuous among the speakers, the *pro tempore* reporter took note of the witty John Van Buren—"Prince John," as he was called—and of the perfervid Capt. Isaiah Rynders, leader of the N. Y. Empire Club. Each was a power in the party, the one with the "kid glove" wing, the other with the "short hairs." This great demonstration was prophetic of the issue of the campaign. Gen. Pierce was overwhelmingly elected, and the Whig party soon sank below the horizon.

In the following year, Mr. Stevens was appointed to a position in the state department at Boston. His special duty was to assist in preparing for publication the early colonial records of Massachusetts. To decipher the obscure, abbreviated chirography of that period, accurately collect the sense of the text, and then condense it into a modern index of sufficient fulness, was the thing he had to do. This position he continued to hold until the great political overturn, caused by the phenomenal

rise of the Know-Nothing party. Refusing to affiliate himself with this party, he surrendered his place, which, by taking the opposite course, he might have kept. A door, however, was almost immediately opened to him in the long established publishing house of Gould & Lincoln, where he was installed as their literary reader and editor. In this situation it was his good fortune to be the means of introducing to the American public the *Metaphysics* of Sir William Hamilton. On his recommendation, also, the house published the able and popular text books on Mental and on Moral Philosophy, by his friend, Prof. Joseph Haven, D. D., of Amherst college, afterwards of Chicago Theological Seminary. But the great financial disturbance of 1858 caused a sharp curtailment of the publishing as well as other business, and his connection with it accordingly came to an end.

Besides assisting at the publication of books written by others, Mr. Stevens has published several of his own. Before speaking of these, however, mention must be made of one upon which he especially felicitates himself. This was the publication of the earliest collection of Macaulay's Miscellanies. It came about in this way: While he was a student at Andover, the famous essay on Milton was for the first time brought under his notice. It impressed him as no other writing had done. Like Oliver, he "asked for more." The essay was accessible only in a volume of the *Edinburgh Review*. This was suggestive; it led him to search through the whole series. His search was guided by style alone; and it was rewarded with a "find" of fourteen

articles. The list of these was transmitted to Macaulay, and by him was duly authenticated. Then the collection was published in two volumes by Weeks, Jordan & Co., Boston, 1840, under the title, *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, by T. Babington Macaulay. This was the very earliest publication of Macaulay's writings over his own name on either side of the water; and thus it came about that America had the honor of introducing to the world, *in propria personâ*, this renowned author. Of this genesis of Macaulayan literature, Allibone gives no hint in his Dictionary of Authors; evidently he had no knowledge of its existence. But copies must be found here and there, and one at least of this precious *editio princeps* is carefully preserved by Mr. Stevens in his library.

The first book of his own, published by him, was entitled *Anthony Burns: A History*. It is an exhaustive history of that most memorable extradition of a slave from Massachusetts to Virginia, which took place in the year 1854. Because Mr. Stevens was an eye-witness of the thing that was done, and had knowledge of the actors and actings, he undertook the task. The plan of the book, in all its completeness, came to him in an hour; but many months passed by while he was collecting and authenticating his material. The work seemed to him worthy of all painstaking, and he took all possible pains to make it worthy. The book was published by the publishers of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Writing of it to them, Charles Sumner said,— "It must take its place in the permanent literature of the country. It is a monograph as remarkable for its style

as its completeness." And, again,—
"This volume possesses the interest of a romance, the substance of history, and the authority of a law book." And, again,—
"It is a work which cannot die." The copy belonging to the Boston Public Library has upon its fly-leaf inscriptions that imply special appreciation of the book. In the handwriting of Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell, the eminent son of the eminent author of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights, and the father of James Russell Lowell, are these words of presentation: "To the Lowell Literary Association of Young Men, with the best wishes from Chas. Lowell. Elmwood, May 5, 1857." Below these words are the following: "Bequeathed to the Public Library of the City of Boston. By Miss Lydia S. Gale. Received Nov. 21, 1865." The book has been long out of print, and a chance copy now commands a premium.

The next book published by Mr. Stevens was *New Biographies of Illustrious Men*. This was a collection of brief but carefully written biographies, with sketches of the writers in an extended introduction by the editor. The chief attraction of the volume consisted of four new biographical essays from the pen of Macaulay.

In 1859 he was appointed assistant register of probate and insolvency for the county of Worcester, and this office he continued to hold for ten years. At the end of that period he was elected by the people register of probate and insolvency for a term of five years. By successive elections he filled this office for three terms, so that in both capacities his connection with the probate office extended through a quarter of a century. At

an early day he introduced reforms into the office, which caused it to be pronounced a model of its kind. For one thing: a method of filing the papers was invented and put in operation, by which any person, without loss of time, could strike any given estate among many thousands on file. Through his advocacy, together with that of the judge, before the legislative committee, the erection of a new court-house was secured, primarily for the accommodation of the probate department. The arrangement and details of court-room, registry, and adjunct apartments by the architect were chiefly on the lines suggested by Mr. Stevens. One of these details was the invention of a grooved cast-iron shelf, to facilitate the handling of many hundreds of tin boxes of files placed side by side. Another was the adjustment of drawers at the bottom of alcoves, so as to serve the two-fold purpose, first, of storing the seldom used contents of the registry, and, second, by passing through on either side to act as a step (not projecting when not in use), whereby the upper shelves of the alcove on either side might be easily reached. Such little conveniences greatly facilitate the despatch and economy of business in a public office. Before Mr. Stevens came into the probate office it was customary for the register to charge a small fee for searching records, and finding (literally) papers for parties. By the new methods and facilities this was done away with: no appreciable time was consumed, and no compensation was called for. The office was inspected by Gov. Head and suite on the occasion of their visit to Worcester as guests of the Associa-

tion of the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire, and their admiration of all they saw was freely expressed.

While holding the office of assistant register, he was invited to write the leading editorials for the Worcester *Daily Spy* by its proprietor and editor, Hon. John D. Baldwin, during his absence in Washington as member of congress. Thus, at different periods, he came to occupy the same position on both of the leading daily journals of Worcester.

In 1874 occurred the centennial celebration of the town of Barre, where, as already noted, Mr. Stevens for some years resided, and where he married his wife. A conspicuous feature of the occasion was the presentation of a portrait of Col. Isaac Barré, the eloquent friend of America in the British parliament, for whom the town had been named. The portrait had been procured from England upon the suggestion of Mr. Stevens, and he was invited to prepare and pronounce a poem suited to the incident. He was also invited to speak in response to a sentiment touching the "Early Settlers" of the town, from one of the earliest of whom his wife was descended. The poem, of nearly 200 lines, and the speech, were both printed in the centennial volume published by the town.

It was in 1852 that he was married to Caroline Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Seth Caldwell, Esq., and a descendant of William Caldwell, who, with his son James, went to Barre in the year 1718, and thus became the first settlers of the town. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens are William Caldwell Stevens, M. D. (A. C., 1876), a physician practis-

ing in Worcester, and Katharine G. Stevens.

In 1875 he had a principal part in organizing the Worcester Congregational Club, of which he became the first secretary, and subsequently a vice-president. This was the fourth organization of the kind in the United States, the first being the Boston club, followed by those of Essex and North Bristol. The new departure was "catching," and now some forty clubs are to be found scattered through the land from Maine to California. It was a natural outgrowth of Congregationalism, and in entire harmony with its economy. In 1877 Mr. Stevens was appointed to read before the Worcester club an essay on Church and Parish, Two, One, or Two in One. The rumor of it reached Rev. Dr. Wolcott, of Cleveland, Ohio, chairman of the committee to report on the Parish System to the National Council, and at his request the manuscript was sent to him for his perusal. Afterwards it was printed in connection with the report in the volume containing the proceedings of the council, with this prefatory note by Dr. Wolcott: "This able and elaborate essay was read by its author before the Worcester Congregational Club, and is given to us at our request. Its plan does not admit of abbreviation; we give it entire, and are happy to add it to the literature of the topic."

In 1885 the twentieth annual reunion and banquet of the Dartmouth Alumni in Boston and vicinity took place in that city. - The same year was also the semi-centennial of the Class of '35, and Mr. Stevens, as representative of the class (two others only were present), was called up to

address the company. Occupying twenty or thirty minutes, he presented reminiscences of the college men and manners of his day, and concluded with a poem commemorative of the college and her three illustrious sons, Chase, Choate, and Webster. What was uttered was applaudingly received, and at the close he was urged to put it in print, which was afterwards done.

In the summer of the same year the now widely known Lombard Investment Company selected him as one of a committee to visit the field of their operations in the West, and report his observations. Having no pecuniary interest in the company, being in fact a stranger to it until then, he was in a position to observe impartially and bring back a true report. First visiting the central office in Kansas City, he thence traversed the surrounding territory in the states of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, and Nebraska, over hundreds of miles of railway lines radiating from that centre. Farms and city properties under mortgage to the company were inspected, record offices examined, and the central office minutely investigated. Then he wrote an elaborate report, of which, together with two other reports, all in one volume, the company printed and circulated 75,000 copies. The effect of thus taking the public into the company's confidence was seen in the following year, when its business expanded to nearly \$10,000,000, as against something over \$4,000,000 in the preceding year. For Mr. Stevens personally, his horizon was enlarged beyond all former experience; it was his first vision of the marvellous West, and thenceforth he believed in its inexhaustible future. He was prepared

to appreciate at its full value the famous exhortation of Horace Greeley to the young man.

Later on in the same year he wrote and printed (without publishing) a memoir of his ancestor, Noah Emery, of Exeter. As an active and influential member of the Provincial congress during the Revolution, and as its recording officer, in whose handwriting are the state records of that period, and notably that of the Declaration of Independence in red ink, now in the state department at Concord, this staunch patriot deserves to be held in enduring remembrance by the people of the state which he helped to create. The memoir was prepared at the request of the president of the Association of the Descendants of John and Anthony Emery in America, and was read at their reunion in Boston in that year, the 250th from the landing of the two brothers. Noah was a descendant of Anthony, and among his own descendants were Nicholas Emery (D. C., 1795), a justice of the supreme court in Maine, and Augustus Lord Soule (H. U., 1846), a justice of the supreme court in Massachusetts. His youngest son Richard (grandfather of the subject of this sketch) was impressed on the high seas into the British service, soon after the peace of 1783, and never suffered to return to his native land.

Some years ago Mr. Stevens was elected a member of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society in Boston. He still resides in Worcester, where he continues in the practice of his profession. A sound constitution, fortified by a regular and temperate habit of life, has kept him in good working trim.

LANDMARKS IN ANCIENT DOVER AND THE TOWNS WHICH HAVE SPRUNG THEREFROM—Continued.

By MARY P. THOMPSON.

Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set —Proverbs xxii, 28.

FOLLET'S SWAMP. This swamp is frequently mentioned in the old grants and deeds at Dover and Exeter, and in the early records of Durham. April 2, 1694, John Thompson, Sr., had a grant of land from the town of Dover in Follet's swamp at Oyster River, on the north side of the mast path. And this John Thompson, in his will of April 12, 1733, gives his son Jonathan his "land at Follet's swamp on the south side of mast path where he (Jonathan) now dwells." This land is now owned by Mr. Geo. J. Wiggin, whose first wife was a descendant of the above Jonathan.

Eli Demerit, the first settler of this name, in his will of November 12, 1739, gives his son Ely all his lands "at a place commonly called and known by the name of Follet's swamp in the town of Durham." This land formed part of the estate afterwards inherited by his great-grandsons, Nathaniel and Israel, and still owned by their descendants.

"Lieut. Jones' fence near follet's Swamp" is spoken of April 4, 1752. His land was above the Demerit farm, on the borders of Oyster river. This shows that Follet's swamp not only extended all along the mast road to the present turnpike-road, and even beyond in the direction of Madbury, but also up the river bank in the same direction.

In the town records of Durham, mention is made in 1794 of Samuel

Thompson, Nathaniel Demerit, and Edmund Thompson, as the school committee of "Follet's Swamp district," the same which was also called at that time, as it is now, the "Mast Road district."

Another Follet's swamp is in the vicinity of Packer's falls, on the upper side of the river, where William Follet had a grant of land in 1661. (See *Moharimet's Marsh*.) This William Follet was in Dover as early as 1649, and John Follet, or ffollet, belonged to the Dover Combination of 1640.

A third swamp, of the same name, is mentioned as late as 1820, when the heirs of Jeremiah Brackett were taxed in Durham for land "at Follet's swamp in Packer's Falls." This land is on the south side of Lamprey river, and is now owned by Mr. James McDaniel. But in the middle of the last century it was in the possession of a Follet, whose cellar may still be traced. The name, however, has been corrupted, and the swamp and a neighboring brook are now known as Follard's marsh and brook.

FOOTMAN'S ISLANDS. These islands, two in number, are off the Durham shore of Great Bay, not far from Adams Point, and are now owned by Mr. Shute. So named from Thomas Footman, who was at Oyster River as early as 1648. *Footman's Rock*, which has a cave-like recess, is on Mr. Connor's farm at Longmarsh. *Footman's Hill* is above Peter's Oven in Lee.

FOX POINT. This point is on the upper side of Broad Cove, on the Newington shore of the Pascataqua river. The name seems to have been given by the sportsmen of that day, who drove the foxes they pursued into the long, narrow neck leading to this point, whence their prey could not escape. It was previously an Indian "drive," where the aborigines brought the wild deer to bay in the same manner.

Fox Point was originally granted by the town of Dover to John Bickford, of Oyster River. He and Temperance, his wife, May 13, 1677, out of love and affection to their daughter, Mary, wife of Nicholas Harrison, of Oyster River, cooper,¹ conveyed to her twenty acres in Dover, bounded in part by the river Pascataqua, where it leads into Little Bay, said land known by the name of ffox poynt. Fox Point was the Newington terminus of the old Pascataqua bridge. It now belongs to Dr. Langdon.

"Fox Point ferry" to Durham Point is mentioned in 1792;—perhaps the same as "Bickford's ferry," spoken of August 23, 1764, when Stephen Willey conveyed his homestead, at or near this ferry, to Stephen Willey, Jr. There was, however, a ferry last century from Fox point to the upper shore of Oyster river, at the mouth, spoken of August 21, 1771, when the right to this ferry was bought by George Knight (son of John), of Portsmouth, from whom it was sometimes called "Knight's ferry." (See *Oyster River Garrisons*, article *Meader*.)

FRANKLIN CITY. This name was given to a town incorporated and laid out in Durham, at the end of Pascataqua bridge, towards the close of last century, by a company of men belonging to Dover, Portsmouth, Durham, etc., two of whom—Nathaniel Coggs-well and Thomas Pinkham, in behalf of themselves and their associates—petitioned the New Hampshire legislature in 1796 to be incorporated under the name of the *Franklin Proprietary*, to "continue a body politic and corporate by that name forever." The act of incorporation was passed December 14, 1796, and approved two days after. This bill authorized Ebenezer Thompson, of Durham, to call the first meeting of the proprietors, or, in case of his failure, Ebenezer Smith, of the same town.

The *Portsmouth Gazette*, of April 11, 1801, gives notice of a meeting to be held by the proprietors on Thursday, May 7, of that year, among other purposes, to see what should be done about the New Hampshire turnpike road passing through some of their lots, and to renew the boundaries. This notice is signed by eleven of their number, among whom are Wm. K. Atkinson of Dover, Mark Simes of Portsmouth, etc.

The founding of Franklin City was projected by men specially interested in trade and shipping. In the first quarter of this century many vessels were built, not only on the wharves in Durham village, but at Pascataqua bridge. The embargo and the war of 1812 were a great check to this business, but mention is made of two

¹ The Rev. John Pike records that Nicholas Harrison, of Fox point, was suddenly taken with a strange kind of melancholy stupor, in October, 1701, and died, strangely insensible of any spiritual good, April 11, 1708.

privateers built at the bridge by Andrew Simpson of Durham during that war, the contracts for which are in the writer's possession.

The decline of shipping was a serious blow to the settlement of the proposed city, and the idea was gradually abandoned. Mention is made, however, of the owners of thirty-six lots in 1825; and May 28, 1829, Andrew Simpson sold twenty-five lots. But their decrease in value is shown by the abatements in the rate-lists. One of these abatements in the Durham records of 1821 runs as follows: "Timothy Pinkham, on land in Franklin City, \$3.15."

Franklin City was laid out by Nathaniel Coggsell and Thomas Pinkham. The plan was drawn by Benjamin Dearborn, one of the proprietors, who was a teacher in Portsmouth, and a man of much mechanical genius. This plan, beautifully executed, is still preserved, and in the possession of Mrs. Alley, the present owner of the site of Franklin City. But no one can behold it, with its wharves, streets, and edifices, all marked out in imposing array, without being reminded of that which young Martin Chuzzlewit found adorning one side of Mr. Zephaniah Scadder's office, and, like Eden City, with nothing yet built, and in nearly as low and unpromising a situation as that renowned settlement.

FREETOWN. This name has long been given to a part of Madbury, north of Moharimet's hill, now in "District No. 3." James Huckins, December 19, 1746, sold Eli Demerit twelve acres of land "in a place called Freetown." And the inventory of Mrs. Sarah Dam's estate,

July 16, 1767, mentions her land "at a place called Freetown, in Madbury."

FURBER'S POINT. This point is on the Newington shore at the Narrows, on the upper side of Welsh Cove. One side of it is on Great Bay, and the other on Little Bay. It is so called from an old family of this region, descended from Wm. Furber, of the Dover Combination of 1640, who was living at Welshman's Cove in 1652.

The name of *Furber's Straits* is sometimes given to the Narrows between Furber's Point and Adams Point on the Durham shore. Furber's ferry formerly ran between these two points.

GAGE'S POINT. This name is given, on Whitehouse's map of 1834, to a point at the mouth of the Cochecho, on the west side.

Elisabeth Roberts (born in 1697), great-granddaughter of Thomas Roberts of the Dover Combination of 1640, married, for her second husband, Col. John Gage, who came to Dover before 1725. John Gage's land near the mouth of the Cochecho is mentioned in 1745.

GALLOWES HILL. This hill is mentioned May 30, 1699, as a little below the falls in Oyster river, where Samuel and Philip Chesley and others had liberty to build a saw-mill. (See *Oyster River Falls*.) This mill became known as "Chesley's mill," and was so called as early as 1701. At a later period it became a grist-mill. Gallows hill is just below, on the so-called "Mill road," that leads from Durham village to Packer's Falls. This sinister name is derived from some residents of former days, supposed to be morally qualified to undergo the *highest* penalty of the law.

Swazey's hill in Dover, just below the city hall, between Central avenue and the Cochecho river, was often called Gallows hill after the execution of Elisha Thomas, who was hung in 1788 for the murder of Capt. Peter Drowne of New Durham. The spectators assembled on this hill, but the gallows stood at the foot—where the print-works now are.

GEORGE'S CREEK. This creek, mentioned in the Dover records of 1803, empties into the Cochecho river near Beach's soap factory.

GERRISH'S MILL. The first mill of this name was at one of the lower falls of the Bellamy river. John and Paul Gerrish, through their wives—daughters of Maj. Richard Waldron—acquired exclusive possession of all the mill privileges on this river in the seventeenth century. Capt. John Gerrish bought his brother's part, and became the sole owner in 1701. At his death this property fell to his sons, Timothy and Paul, who seem to have had two mills on the lower part of the Bellamy in 1719. (See *Demerit's Mill*.)

Gerrish's mill, in Madbury, frequently mentioned in the Dover and Madbury records, also stood on the Bellamy, directly south-west of Barbadoes pond. It was built towards the middle of last century. A record of January 7, 1758, speaks of it as "set up by Capt. Paul Gerrish and others." Among these was John Hanson, of Dover, who, the same day, sold Daniel Hayes, of Madbury, one sixteenth part of this mill. "*Log hill*, adjacent to the mill," is spoken of in the deed of conveyance. A grist-

mill was also erected here. One of these mills was swept away by a flood in 1798, and the other, June 24, 1799; but they were both rebuilt soon after. Mrs. Sarah Meserve, of Dover, March 28, 1804, sold Daniel Hayes, of Madbury, one twenty-fourth part of Gerrish's saw-mill—"the same," she says in her deed, "that was set up by my father, Benjamin Gerrish."¹ This saw-mill became a day-mill in time, and was taken down about 1833.

"The grist-mill and falls, with the privilege belonging to the same," were, in the early part of this century, acquired by Eli Demerit,² who advertised them for sale, by auction, April 21, 1832. This mill is also now gone. The dam was removed in 1865 by the Messrs. Sawyer, of Dover, who have acquired control of all the mill privileges on the Bellamy.

Gerrish's Bridge. A petition for a bridge across Bellamy Bank freshet, "a little above Capt. Paul Gerrish's saw-mill," was made October 12, 1756. This bridge is spoken of in 1787 as standing by "Benjamin Gerrish's corn-mill." Being long and high and difficult to keep in repair, Gerrish's bridge is repeatedly mentioned in the town records.

GOAT ISLAND. This island is in the Pascataqua river, near the Durham shore, just below the mouth of Oyster river. In 1652 it was granted to Wm. Pomfret, who afterwards gave it to his grandson, Wm. Dame. In the middle of last century it belonged to Timothy Emerson, and in the inventory of his estate, in 1755, it was valued at £60. This

¹ Benjamin was the son of Paul Gerrish.

² This Eli was the great grandson of Ely Demerit, who built the first saw-mill at Bellamy Hook.

island was one of the links in the Pascataqua bridge, built in 1794. It now belongs to Mr. Cyrus Frink, of Newington. (See *Pascataqua Bridge*.)

GODDARD'S CREEK. This inlet was, till 1870, one of the boundaries between Durham and Newmarket, and, of course, between Strafford and Rockingham counties. The dividing line, as run March 4, 1805, began "at a picked rock under Lamprey eel River bridge" at Newmarket, and ran "S. $56\frac{3}{4}$ E. 264 rods, to the head of Goddard's Creek, thence to the mouth thereof at the Great Bay."

This creek is mentioned as early as 1660. In 1678 it is spoken of as separated from Lamprey river by a neck of marshy land which then belonged to Robert Smart, and had apparently belonged to his father John as early as 1640. It was so named from John Goddard, who was sent over by Capt. John Mason in 1631, and first established himself on the Newichawannock. He had a grant of land on Great Bay before 1648, and died about 1660.

GOOSEBERRY MARSH. This marsh, in the upper part of Madbury, is mentioned August 24, 1741, when Timothy Moses conveyed to Timothy Emerson, of Durham, five acres of land at the east end of Gooseberry marsh, on the south side of Bellemans Bank river.

GREAT BAY. This beautiful basin of water, four miles wide in one part, enclosed between Durham and Newmarket on the north, and Greenland and Newington on the south, was so named as early as 1643. It was otherwise called the Bay or Lake of

Pascataquack. It is generally supposed to be formed by the union of the Winnicot, Squamscot, and Lamprey rivers, but it is by no means dependent on them for its supply of water. It is a tidal basin that depends chiefly on the ebb and flow of the ocean. "At high tide," says Mr. J. S. Jenness, "when this large basin is filled by the sea, the prospect over its pellucid surface, framed all around with green meadows and waving grain and noble woods, is truly enchanting. But when the tide is out, a vast bed of black ooze is exposed to view, bearing the scanty waters of several small streams which empty into this great lagoon."

GREAT BEAVER DAM. This dam was at Bellamy Hook, a little above the mouth of the Mallego. April 26, 1719, John Davis, Sr., sold Samuel Chesley five acres of fresh marsh above Great Beaver Damm, on the north side of the lower branch of Bellemies bank freshet. Chesley sold this land that same day to Eli Demerit, Wm. Jackson, and others, evidently for the purposes of the mill, built not long after at the Hook. (See *Demerit's Mill*.)

GREAT FALLS. This name was given by some early explorers to the chief natural falls in the Newichawannock river, where they found the water dashing wildly from ledge to ledge, a distance of a hundred feet or more. About 1750 Andrew Horne, of Dover, acquired this water privilege and the adjacent lands, where now stands the flourishing village of Great Falls. Soon after, he built a saw-mill and grist-mill here, but cotton manufactures were not begun before 1820.

GREENLAND. This name is mentioned as early as July 10, 1655, when 300 acres of upland and meadow were granted to Capt. Champernoun,¹ "adjoining his now dwelling-house at greenland." (See *Portsmouth Records*, edited by Mr. F. W. Hackett.) October 21, 1657, Valentine Hill, of Oyster River, sold his "farm called greenland, lying in y^e bottom of the great bay in y^e river of Piscataqua." And John Davis, of Oyster River, in his will of May 25, 1686, gives his son Joseph "one half of the marsh which I bought of Mr. Valentine Hill, situate and lying at Greenland."

HEN AND CHICKENS. This name is given to a group of islets in the Pascataqua river, between Fox point and Rock island.

HEROD'S COVE, otherwise HARROD'S. This cove is on the Newington shore, above Furber's Point, on the north-eastern side of Great Bay, but the name is no longer in use. It was called Herod's cove at an early day, some say from an Indian sagamore of that name. It may be a corruption of Heard, pronounced with a brogue. John Heard had a point of land "at the bottom of the Great Bay," near Winnicot river, spoken of in the Portsmouth records of 1653 as "*John Heard's Neck*."

The name is otherwise written Harrod as early as 1664; and as late as Oct. 26, 1727, when Clement Misservie of Scarborough, Maine, sold John Vincent of Portsmouth land in Newington formerly belonging to his father, Clement Misservie, but origi-

nally part of a grant from the town of Portsmouth to the Rev. Joshua Moody. This land extended from the freshet that empties into Harrod's cove, near Deacon Moses Dam's land, to a maple near the road to Welsh cove.

It is called "Harwood's Cove," May 12, 1735, when John Perry sold a thatch-bed thereon to John Vincent.

HOGSTY COVE. This cove, on the Newington shore of Great Bay, is mentioned under this name as early as 1652. It is one of the bounds of ancient Dover and the Bloody Point settlement, and is spoken of as four miles across from Canney's creek. It was also, of course, one of the upper bounds of ancient Portsmouth. When George Snell and Wm. Vaughan surveyed the bounds of Portsmouth, in 1695, they ran the line "from Canney's Cove in the longe rech (Long Reach) to Hogstye Cove at y^e mouth of y^e Great Bay; and from the middle of the mouth of y^e one cove to the middle of y^e mouth of y^e other," etc. Hogsty cove is between Loughton's point and Fabyan's point, and is now known as *Loughton's cove*, from Thomas Layton of the Dover Combination, who had a grant on this shore. Wm. Pomfret, of Dover, August 20, 1651, conveyed to Hatevil Nutter his marsh on Great Bay, "at the great cove there above long point," between the marsh of Thomas Layton and the marsh of John Dan.

THE HOOK, or LEE HOOK. This is a deep bend in Lamprey river, now in "district No. Six," Lee. A saw-

¹ This was Francis Champernowne, of royal blood, the friend and relative of Sir Walter Raleigh, "the noblest born and bred of all New Hampshire's first planters," as Mr. J. S. Jenness declares. On Gerish's island at Kittery Point may be seen his lonely grave, with its cairn, over which Dr. Wm. Hale, of Dover, has recently sung so plaintive a dirge.

mill was built here at an early day. The inventory of Geo. Chesley's estate, of Durham, August 27, 1724, mentions part of the mill "at y^e hook of Lampreel river." It is called "the Hook mill" in a deed of 1728. November 28, 1748, Samuel Smith and Capt. Jonathan Thompson were appointed agents of the land proprietors in Durham to agree with Col. Peter Gilman and others about "the parcel of land in Durham on the south side of Lampreel river, commonly called and known by the name of the Hook land." In a deed of August 30, 1748, this region is called "Durham Hook."¹

HOPPER. This name is given to a natural, tunnel-like hole in the ground, somewhat remarkable, near the site of Clark's garrison in Madbury. Another Hopper is mentioned in 1753 in connection with the northern bounds of Dover.

HORN'S WOODS. These woods are in the Lubberland district, below the present road from Durham falls to Newmarket. In former times they were, of course, much more extensive. They are mentioned, not only in the Dover records, but in the very earliest town records of Durham. For instance: August 12, 1732, forty acres of land were laid out to John Doo (Doe), beginning "at a black oak in Horn's Woods so-called." And again, October 31, 1749, Capt. John Smith's "ten acre lot in the horn's woods by the grassy swamp" is spoken of. Perhaps the name was derived from John Haunce or Hanse, who was taxed at Oyster River as early as

1655. There were Horns in Dover, but none appear in the early rate-lists of the Oyster River settlement.

HORSEHIDE BROOK. This brook rises at the Moat, in the Packer's Falls district, and empties into Oyster river at the mill-pond. It is perhaps "the little brook that cometh out of the mooet," mentioned in old grants. There is, however, another brook above which empties *into* the moat, on which a shingle-mill once stood. This is known as *Dirty brook*. April 8, 1703, John Bickford sold John Smith sixty acres of land "on y^e south side of Dirty brook, going to y^e second falls on Lamprey river." The name of Horsehide brook is derived from the ignoble use formerly made of it by a neighboring tanner.

HUCKINS BROOK. This brook rises in Madbury, above the town-house, passes through the old Tasker lands—whence this part of it is often called the Tasker or Tasket brook,²—crosses the highway below the Miles house, and, after being fed by the Pendexter springs farther down, comes into Durham, where it flows through the old Huckins land, east of the spot where stood the Huckins garrison, destroyed by the Indians in 1689. It is joined by the "Tom-Hall brook" a little below the place where the Huckins massacre occurred, and empties into Beard's creek.

Huckins Mill was built on this stream at an early day. It is mentioned Jan. 10, 1697-8. The remains of the dam are still to be seen. One fourth of this mill was sold by John Huckins [to Capt. Samuel Emerson,

¹ It must be remembered that Lee then formed part of Durham.

² The name of Tasker seems to have been thus corrupted at a very early period. Or Tasket may have been the original name. At any rate, it is written Tasket in the Dover rate-list of 1675, and in the court records of 1686. (See Farmer's Belknap, page 169, foot note.) John Tasket's name is on the muster-roll of Capt. James Davis's scouting party in 1712. And the name is frequently so called to this day in Madbury.

October 24, 1727, for £30. The receipt for this sum, still extant, declares,—“The said mill standeth on the stream called Huckins brook.” The entire mill, and the Huckins lands, were acquired by Capt. Emerson and his sons, and are still owned by their descendants.

HUMPHREY'S POND. The Cochecho, or Great Pond, on the borders of Dover and Somersworth, is so called in Merrill's *Gazeteer* of New Hampshire, published in 1817. The Somersworth records of 1793 also speak of “Humpherey's pond.” In some records it is called *Hussey's pond*, from a neighboring family. It is called *Messenger's pond* in 1859. It is now generally known as *Welland* or *Willands pond*, from William Welland, whose land, partly in Dover and partly in Somersworth, was at the head of this pond. He died about 1801.

HURD'S POND. This pond, in the upper part of Somersworth, is so named on Holland's map of 1784. It is now called *Cole's pond*.

INDIAN HILLS. John Meader, aged seventy years, or thereabouts, testified, September 17, 1702, before John Woodman, justice of the peace, that all the marsh flats from the lower point where the Indian hills are to y^e head of y^e creek, on both sides of the creek commonly called Fresh creek, on y^e north side of Cochecho river, . . . were in the possession of Robert Huckins in the year of our Lord 1647 or 8.

Robert Huggins, grandson of the above Robert, sold this same land, near the Indian hills, to James Guppy, October 19, 1713.

INDIAN PATH. This way is spoken of in the Dover records May 4, 1657,

when land was laid out to Edward Rawson on both sides of the Cochecho, “a little below the Indian path,” and “about three miles above Peter Coffin's house.”

JEWELL'S POINT. This point, so called on Emerson's map of 1805, is on the Lubberland shore of Great Bay, above Crummit's creek. It is now called *Long Point*, and forms part of the Randall farm, adjoining the old Smith lands. The Rev. John Adams, of Durham, records the marriage of Mark Jewell, of Stratham, and Mary Smith, of Durham, October 17, 1751. Bradbury Jewell, who once owned this point, was perhaps their descendant.

JOHNSON'S CREEK. So called from Thomas Johnson, who had land on this creek as early as 1647. (See *Jones's Creek*.)

JONES'S CREEK. This creek is frequently mentioned in the Durham records. It is the first inlet of salt water from Oyster river above Bunker's creek. It was originally called Johnson's creek, from Thomas Johnson, who was taxed at Oyster River as early as 1647. Permission was granted Ambrose Gibbons, December 5, 1652, to erect a saw-mill on the freshet at the head of Thomas Johnson's creek, at a rent of £4 a year. This freshet, or brook of fresh water, still bears Johnson's name. It crosses the line between Durham and Madbury, where a bridge, known as “Johnson's Creek bridge,” is one of the old bounds. The creek of salt water is now called Jones's creek, from Stephen Jones, who bought part of the estate of Thomas Johnson about 1667, and erected a garrison near this creek. This land is now owned by Mr. Wm.

Jones, a descendant of the above Stephen.

KNIGHT'S FERRY. The ferry which once ran from Bloody Point to Hilton's Point, was so named from John Knight, a French Huguenot, who, after coming to this country, seems to have exchanged his name of Chevalier for its English equivalent of Knight. "John Chevalier and man" are on the Portsmouth rate-list of 1681. October 8, 1702, "John Knight of Portsmouth, *alias* Chavalier," for the sum of one hundred pounds, bought the Carter farm at Pine Point, adjacent to Bloody Point, bounded north by Michael Brawn's lot, then in the possession of John Downing. (See *Pine Point*.) December 7, 1702, Benjamin Bickford and his wife Sarah sold "John Knight *alias* Chavalier" an adjoining meadow of sixteen acres, bounded by the river (Pascataqua) at the east, the highway at the west, and Henry Langstaffe's land on the north. This land John Bickford, of Oyster River, had previously conveyed to his son Benjamin. August 1, 1705, Zachariah Trickey of Bloody Point conveyed to John Chevalier, *alias* Knight, fourteen acres of upland at Bloody Point, *where y^e ferry is kept*, part of y^e land formerly granted Thomas Trickey, bounded east by Zachariah's homestead, of which this tract was a part, south by the highway going to Nutter's (Welsh Cove), and north-west by the Maine river and other Trickey lands. This deed was confirmed Nov. 22, 1705, when mention was made of the boats, gondeloes, and other equipments for the ferry.

¹ The marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of John Knight and Bridget his wife, to John Jauvrin, is thus recorded by the Rev. John Pike: "Mr. John Jambrin of Jersey (belonging to England) was legally married to Elizabeth Knight, *alias* Sheavallier, of the town of Dover in New England, upon the 12 of September, 1706." The Knights and Jauvrins are connected with the present writer through her paternal grandmother.

The Knight place at Bloody Point is now owned by Miss Nancy Drew. This was the Newington terminus of Knight's ferry.¹

There was another Knight's ferry between Fox point and the Durham shore. (See *Oyster River Garrisons*, article *Meaders*.)

LAIGHTON'S COVE. (See *Hogsty Cove*.)

LAIGHTON HILL. This hill is often mentioned in the Madbury records. (See *Atkinson Hill*.)

LAIGHTON'S POINT. This point is on the Newington shore, at the lower side of Hogsty cove.

LAMPREY RIVER. The Indians called this river the Pascassick, a name now confined to the lowest western tributary, and generally written Piscassick. In the Exeter records of 1639 it is called Lamprill and Lamprel river, and elsewhere Lamper-eel, Lampreel, etc. It is said to be first mentioned as "Lamprey river" in 1652, when declared to be the lawful boundary between Dover and Exeter. It is also called Campron river in 1647. "Cameron" is mentioned as late as 1713.

There are several falls in this river within the limits of ancient Dover, where dams have been erected. The first is Wadleigh's, often called the "upper falls" in early times, and previously known as "Island falls," from the islet therein. Below are Dame's falls, formerly Mathes's. Then Hook Island falls, so called from an isle that divides them. "Hill's falls" are mentioned in 1838, as near the mouth of Little river.

Below are Long falls, and another

fall apparently unnamed. Then come Wiswall's, where stood the paper-mills of the late Thomas H. Wiswall. These were previously called Wiggin's falls. "Wiggin's mills" consisting of paper-mill, grist-mill, and saw-mill, part of the estate of Moses Wiggin, were advertised for sale March 18, 1857. The privilege was then bought by Mr. Wiswall, who with Mr. Moses already occupied the mills.

Below the bridge on the road to Newmarket are the falls to which the name of "Packer's" is now confined, and farther down are Sullivan's falls. There are no others in the river till we come to Newmarket falls at the head of tide water. (See *Packer's* and *Sullivan's Falls*.)

LANGSTAFFE ROCKS. These rocks are in the river Pascataqua, off the Newington shore, below Bloody Point. They are hidden beneath the current, and are carefully avoided by boatmen, especially when the tide is low. The name is derived from Henry Langstaffe, one of the men sent over by John Mason in 1631, who acquired land near Pine Point. (See *Knight's Ferry*.) The Rev. John Pike calls him Henry Langstar, and says he died at Bloody Point, July 18, 1705, at the age of about 100 years, from a fall down four steps in his lean-to. His descendants write the name Lancaster, but he himself seems to have called it Langstaffe.

LASKEY'S BRIDGE and MUNCY'S BRIDGE are mentioned in the bounds between Durham and Lee, when perambulated March 21, 1798. They are both across Oyster river. The former is on the Mast road, near the old Laskey farm, now Mr. John Bart-

lett's. It is called "Mast bridge" in a deed of neighboring land from Moses Davis to David Kincaid, Nov. 18, 1713. Muncy's bridge is below Dishwater mill, on the back road. A nocturnal meeting of the "Know-Nothings" is said to have been held on this bridge in the heyday of that party—a singularly appropriate place for such a gathering.

LEE HILL. This elevation, or table-land, is in the central part of Lee, where five or six roads meet, coming from Durham, Epping, Newmarket, etc. Here is a hamlet, rather than a village, with a meeting-house, town-house, post-office, variety store, and a grave-yard of appalling aspect; and in the days of stage-coaches there was a tavern. In the time of the Federalist and Republican parties this height was often called "*Federal hill*," from the number of Federalists in the vicinity.

LIBBEY'S BRIDGE. This bridge across the Bellamy river, near Gov. Sawyer's residence, is frequently mentioned in the Dover records. It became notorious in 1807 for the most daring robbery ever committed in New Hampshire. In the evening of July 24 of that year, two armed men stopped the carriage of Mr. John Whiting on this bridge—a lonely spot at that period—and robbed him of nearly \$14,000, but not without resistance and the discharge of pistols on both sides. A reward of \$1,000 was offered for the robbers, but to no purpose.

This bridge received its name from Enoch Libbey, who lived a little below, on the Back River road, and owned the Sawyer privilege at the neighboring falls. The *Dover Sun*

of 1824 gives notice of clothing business carried on "near the village of Dover, at the place formerly known as *Libbey's mills*," but then owned by the Great Falls Manufacturing Company.

Libbey's bridge was for a time known as "*Dunn's bridge*," from its proximity to Dunn's tavern—previously the Titcomb place, where Col. Benjamin Titcomb, a Revolutionary officer who was wounded in three different battles, ended his days. Sawyer's village, and the château-like residence of Mr. Jonathan Sawyer, stand on the old Titcomb land.

LIMBY'S LEDGE. This rocky islet is on the upper side of Adams point in Great Bay. It is said to derive its name from Lemuel Furber, who, being left on this isle, was forced to swim ashore at the risk of his life. On Emerson's map it is called *Nutter's island*.

LITTLE BAY. This bay, so called as early as July 17, 1645, is the basin between Durham Point and Newington, into which the waters of the Great Bay pour, on their way to join the main body of the Pascataqua.

LITTLE JOHN'S CREEK. This is an inlet from Back river on the eastern shore, at the head of which Joseph Austin had permission to erect a saw-mill, Dec. 5, 1652, at a rent of £6 a year. The fresh-water stream above the mill is called *Canney's brook*.

LITTLE RIVER. This stream is frequently mentioned in the early records of Dover and Durham. It rises at Mendam's pond in Barrington, and empties into Lamprey river south of Lee hill. Communication was opened between this stream and Oys-

ter river about two hundred years ago by means of the Mast road, which comes to Little River a short distance above Lee hill. Here a saw-mill was built at an early period. It is spoken of April 12, 1733, on which day Jonathan Thompson's father bequeathed to him all his privileges at Little River mill; and Jan. 1, 1750, John Follet conveyed to Samuel Demerit, of Durham, one sixteenth part of Little River mill, with all his rights in the falls, mill-pond, etc.

LONG CREEK. This creek is mentioned Oct. 26, 1658, when a "grove of pines," reserved by the town, was laid out on the north-west side of Little Bay, about half a mile from a creek commonly called the long creek, bounded on the south by Thomas Willey's grant. "John Alt's Long Creek near y^e mill" is spoken of in 1678. This creek is again mentioned in 1722, in connection with land on the north-west side of Little Bay. It is no doubt the same as Crummit's creek. The fresh-water stream which empties into this creek rises in the Long marsh, whence Long creek may have derived its name. One branch of this stream is now known as the Edgerley brook, from one of the old families of Oyster River, still perpetuated in this vicinity. John Alt, in 1667, gave land in this region to his daughter Rebecca, wife of Thomas Edgerley.

Thomas Edgerley, Sr., and his wife Rebecca conveyed land to their son Samuel, May 21, 1700, "between the Long Crike brook and the highway that goeth into y^e commons, beginning at a marked pine tree at the head of y^e old dam." Long creek is called "Mill creek" in 1711.

BOOK NOTICES.

GEMS.

The new book for male voices called "Emerson's Male-Voice Gems," will please the average male quartet, glee, and chorus club, and supply a want that has been manifest for some time. The music is of a good grade, without being too difficult. Mr. Emerson has selected and arranged such pieces as his experience has suggested as being exactly suited to the wants and abilities of male quartets and clubs who are desirous of improving the taste while enjoying good music. The book is quite large, octavo size, contains 176 pages, and is filled with good things, selected and original. Send for a *descriptive circular*, giving full particulars concerning this and other books. Send also for the large descriptive catalogue issued by the publishers of this book. The catalogues cost you nothing. The price of the book, "Emerson's Male-Voice Gems," is \$1.00. It will be sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, for the price, by O. Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

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A useful and attractive book, just issued, bears the title of "Children's School

Songs," and is a collection of the best songs that could be gathered from all sources, and offered in the present convenient shape. It is intended for the primary grades, and will be a delight to little children in either school or home. Much care has been taken in the preparation of the book, so that it tends to elevate the taste of young singers, not only in music, but also in the words or verses, and in the topics chosen to be illustrated in songs. There are three divisions in the book, viz., the First part, or simple instruction; the Second part, or melodious exercises and songs; and the Third part, a splendid collection of children's songs, of a character that makes the book a home pleasure; for the pretty songs have been well chosen from the best that foreign and American authors have produced.

The book contains nearly 150 songs, is of convenient size and shape, nicely bound in board covers, and sold at 35 cts. per copy, by mail. A liberal discount to schools. Send for a descriptive circular of this and other books published by O. Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

HAMPTON.

The whole sea-coast of New Hampshire was originally divided into two townships, Portsmouth and Hampton. The Massachusetts authorities, in less than a score of years after they were settled about Cape Ann and Boston harbor, were gazing longingly toward the charming territory just beyond their northern boundary.

In locating their bound house in Hampton, they placed it three very long miles north of the Merrimack river. Nor were they satisfied with

this arrangement, for soon after they sent a colony and planted them within the territory, and settled a learned orthodox minister over them. These Puritans knew a good thing when they saw it, and they quickly recognized the great advantages of Hampton as a sea-side resort over every other part of the Atlantic coast.

They were determined to possess it. They followed the Merrimack river up to its fountain-head in Lake Winnipiseogee, and sent skilful navigators

down to Clapboard island in Casco bay to ascertain the northernmost bounds to which they could stretch their charter limits, not to take in Portland, nor Portsmouth, nor Dover, nor Exeter, but simply that they could legally claim the township of Hampton. Those unacquainted with the exact situation may be led to believe that they wanted Hampton on account of its beautiful rolling lands, with groves of old oaks and clumps of beech trees, and hummocks of white pine and spruce, that lend such an aromatic and health-giving tone to the atmosphere, or on account of its limpid streams and bubbling fountains, or on account of the possibilities its broad marshes offered for snipe-shooting, or its wide sand beaches offered for sea-bathing, or on account of its being the destined home of the families of Webster, of Weare, and of Tappan. To the initiated, however, their eagerness to extend the jurisdiction of Massachusetts over the whole New England coast, down east as far as Casco bay, is traceable to their mad desire to possess that most charming site for a sea-side hotel,

BOAR'S HEAD.

Captain John Mason and Sir Ferdinando Gorges are said to have followed along the whole coast before a colony was settled or a grant issued, when they could have the choice of locating a patent; and one cannot fail to note the shrewdness of Captain John Mason in taking eighteen miles of the sea-coast of New Hampshire, which included

BOAR'S HEAD,

and leaving the vast sea-coast of

Maine to his partner, Sir Ferdinando Gorges. The death of Mason gave the Bay colony a chance to claim the whole region. The Puritans, however, were not to be left in peaceful possession of their prize. Although Capt. Mason died before he could come over and enjoy his manor, with all its many attractions, he left heirs, who, arriving at the age of discretion, fully appreciated the value of their vested interest in the province of New Hampshire in general, and in particular

BOAR'S HEAD.

The heirs of Gorges consented to part with their possessions to the king: not so young Mason. He clung with a despairing grasp to his patent, and so worked on the feelings of his sovereign that the slice of New Hampshire was taken out of the dominions of Massachusetts, and erected into a royal province,—not, as many have supposed on account of the fault found with the laws of the Bay colony, nor even the religious intolerance of the Puritans, nor because young Mason was kept out of his rights in the wild lands of the territory, but because thus only was it thought possible for him to come into peaceful possession of

BOAR'S HEAD.

Then commenced a series of law-suits which lasted nearly a hundred years, ostensibly to gain possession of this piece or that piece of land, invariably decided against the claimant by every court in the province, and as regularly decided in his favor on appealing to the supreme court of the mother country. Long years of vexatious suits had greatly wearied both

parties, and the old man Gov. Allen, the last heir, had decided to make a compromise, and accept several thousand pounds of lawful money and all the rest of New Hampshire, and leave the authorities in possession of their narrow strip of cultivated lands and the real object of the controversy,—

BOAR'S HEAD.

Death, however, ended this carefully considered arrangement, and Gov. Allen was gathered unto his fathers before the final papers were signed and recorded. However, a compromise was at length effected, and the New Hampshire authorities came into full and undisputed possession of their territory; and for many years they prided themselves upon the ownership of

BOAR'S HEAD.

Not satisfied with its delightful reality, early artists magnified its extent and importance. On Carrigain's map it is represented as a vast and lofty headland, rising many hundred feet above the ocean, its summit divided into numerous farms and enclosures, with a village clustering at its base. John Farmer, in his valuable *Historical Gazetteer*, gives the same illustration, which goes to prove of what vital importance to the state was considered the grand natural attraction of

BOAR'S HEAD.

In the course of time it did become a very celebrated resort. To it for countless years came people from Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, and other Western states. In fact, a new state was

not considered well in the Union until a delegation of its citizens had gazed upon Bunker Hill monument, and recorded their names on the book in the office of the

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL.

In the course of human events this valuable and highly desirable locality came in possession of that prince of landlords, Col. Stebbins Hitchcock Dumas, whose ancestry probably followed the white plume of Henry of Navarre as he led his Huguenot hosts to victory, who—the colonel, not the king—built, not a castle to overcome the surrounding territory, but a hotel in which to entertain the great throngs which annually gather on the summit of the headland to pay homage to the ocean. Vast as it was considered when erected, many times has it been filled to its utmost capacity, while the resources of the general government have been taxed in furnishing tents to accommodate the sovereign citizens who otherwise would have been without shelter. However, the colonel has provided for the possibly overwhelming numbers, and is bound to furnish for all guests acceptable accommodations, even if they prefer a chair on the verdant, wind-swept lawn.

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL

is noted for the immense cod-fish which are served on its tables, the bloater mackerel, the pickled haddock, the savory hake, the broiled scrod, the delicious lobster, the luscious clam, from the neighboring ocean, while all lands contribute to add to the attractions of its bill of fare.

Next to the location, which is all

that heart could wish or fancy picture, besides the hotel, the most beautiful because the most useful object in the landscape, the chief attraction at present about the place is the landlord. He is a host in himself. Like a poet, a landlord *nascitur, non fit*.—is born, not made. “He welcomes the coming, speeds the parting, guest.” He may have a hotel the most magnificent pile in the world, but if he is not adapted to the business, he will drive away, rather than attract, the travelling public. Possibly the long contention over the ownership of

BOAR’S HEAD

would have been averted had it been known that it would ultimately have come into the possession of such a goodly landlord as Col. S. H. Dumas. The sternest Puritan would most willingly have resigned the jurisdiction of the locality to the present genial, affable, and courtly landlord, or in his absence his deputy Lieutenant-Governor, Major Samuel D. Baker, chief clerk. The hotel is open for the reception of company June 16, 1888, and thereafter; and do not let anybody forget it.

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1888.

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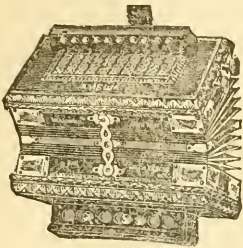
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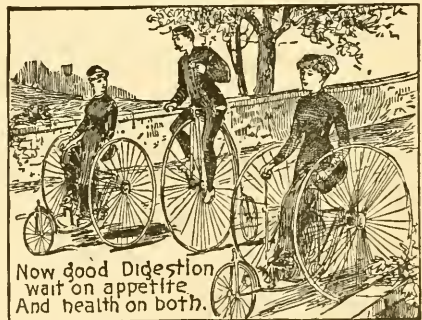
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VOL. XI.

JULY, 1888.

No. 7.

HON. MARTIN A. HAYNES.

BY HON. JOHN C. LINEHAN.

Few men in the state of New Hampshire are better known than Martin Alonzo Haynes. He is to the manner born, and first saw light in Springfield, N. H., July 30, 1842. Descended from sturdy Puritan stock, he is of the eighth generation from Samuel Haynes, who came across the Atlantic in the ship *Angel Gabriel* in 1635, and located in Portsmouth, in the parish of Greenland, where he was one of the nine founders, a deacon of the First Congregational church of Portsmouth, a selectman for ten years, and held many other positions of honor and trust.

Martin was four years old when his parents removed to Manchester, N. H., where his father, Hon. Elbridge G. Haynes, was for thirty years a prominent figure in the history of the city, noted for his honesty, integrity, sound judgment, and active interest in public affairs.

The first rumbling of the thunderbolts of secession, early in April, 1861, startled the young lad of eighteen, who, having graduated from the

high school, was acquiring the printer's trade. Like tens of thousands all over the North, the first call for 75,000 men from President Lincoln found him in the front rank of those who responded from his native state. Who, of the generation grown to manhood and womanhood in those stirring times, and still in life, can forget those glorious days, when the best blood of the North, like a sacrifice of the classic ages, was offered up for the freedom of a race and the union of a nation; when from the forest and farm, the church and the school-house, the university and the factory, the counting-room and the warehouse, went forth the voice of the people singing in unison,—

"The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, and up with the stars;
For we'll rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once
again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

In the ranks of the first company to go into camp at Concord—the "Abbott Guards" of Manchester—young Martin found himself attired in the old claw-hammer suit which is

inseparably connected with New Hampshire's first volunteers, and in which so many slab-sided sons of the soil had their first photo's taken, and a view of which to-day would make a brass idol laugh. But those ill-fitting, ill-favored habiliments clothed heroes whose names will not be forgotten while the record of the old Second—the war-worn, battered old Second—survives in the military archives of the state. It was intended to have the Guards embodied in the First (three months regiment), but before leaving the state the company was transferred to the Second (three years regiment). Shortly after the arrival of the regiment in Washington he was appointed commissary clerk, but learning, when the advance into Virginia was to be made, that the arrangement was to have him remain behind in charge of the “salt horse” and “hard tack,” he threw up his “commission” in disgust, demanded his Springfield, and took his place as a high private in the ranks of his company, bound not to be in the rear when the long roll beat. For three long years, as a private, “he fought in the ranks,” participating in every engagement in which his regiment took part, from the first Bull Run to Bloody Cold Harbor, and never, during that long period, did he once respond to surgeon's call or was one day off duty. When the average man understands the nature of a private soldier's duties outside of the risk of limb and life in action, the morning roll-calls, guard duty in camp, picket at the outpost, police and other duties, guard mounting, squad, company, and battalion drills, inspection, and dress parade, he can

then determine what it meant to be one of the boys who “only fit.”

He was wounded three times, but, more fortunate than many of his comrades, his injuries were of a slight nature,—at the first Bull Run, in the neck by a splinter from a fence rail while defending late in the day the sunken road immediately in front of the Henry house; at Glendale, receiving a severe contusion in the groin from a spent ball; and at the second Bull Run, in the famous bayonet charge of Grover's brigade, when the Second Regiment pierced two rebel lines of battle, he received a savage blow in the face and bled profusely, but carried out of the struggle Lieutenant Rogers, who was mortally wounded, and who died in his arms.

The loss of the regiment in this affair was 132 out of 332 who went into action. At Gettysburg his usual good luck attended him, for while the three comrades nearest him in line (House, Merrill, and Cilley) were badly wounded, he escaped without a scratch. In the terrible struggle which occurred at the Peach Orchard, now one of the historic points of the great battlefield, the loss of the regiment was terrible, 193 out of 354 engaged being killed, wounded, or captured. He had the distinguished honor in June, 1886, of delivering the address on the occasion of the dedication of the monument erected by the state of New Hampshire in memory of the men of the Second who had there made a glorious record for the old Granite State; and the scene during the dedication services, at which were present a large number of the veterans of the Second, as

well as hundreds of others, including survivors of the Fighting Fifth, headed by their old colonel, Hapgood, and a large delegation of the New Hampshire battalion of Berdan's sharpshooters, was one never to be forgotten. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles was also an interested spectator.

At the expiration of his term of service he returned to Manchester, barely twenty-one years old, conscious that he had done his part of the work in the restoration of the Union, and fortunate in again seeing those who were near and dear to him. He resumed newspaper work, serving on the editorial staff of the *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Union*, until he left to take the position of clerk and paymaster of the Rockingham mills, at Portsmouth, N. H. In January, 1868, in company with Benjamin F. Stanton, he founded the *Lake Village Times*, and had remained sole proprietor, with the exception of the first three years, until he sold out about a year ago. He represented the town of Gilford in the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1872 and 1873, serving the first year as chairman of the Committee on Fisheries (a most appropriate position), in the latter year as chairman of the military committee, in which place he also felt at home. From plain Private Haynes he was promoted by Governor Prescott to a full fledged colonel, as aide-de-camp on his staff.

In 1876 he was appointed clerk of the circuit court and the superior court of judicature for Belknap county, retaining the position until 1883, when he resigned to take a seat in the national congress.

He has always taken an active in-

terest in the gatherings and reunions of old soldiers, and since the institution of the Grand Army of the Republic in this state has been one of its most active members, ready to contribute his share in money or in time, and a welcome visitor to the many camp fires, now so often lighted and so thoroughly enjoyed by those outside as well as those inside of the order. He was one of the founders of the New Hampshire Veteran Association, whose camp at Weirs is a never ending source of wonder and delight to visiting veterans, and one of its first presidents, serving two years, and turning over to his successor the organization free from debt and with several thousand dollars worth of buildings for the accommodation of the multitudes who make their pilgrimage to the annual reunions. He effectually dampened the ardor of the gamblers and blacklegs who attempted to ply their vocation, by marching one of their number who defied all control down to the steamboat wharf and pitching him overboard, kit and all. He was also commander of the Department of New Hampshire G. A. R. in 1881 and 1882, instituting many new posts and largely increasing the membership.

Upon the approach of the fall elections of 1882 his old comrades in arms brought his name forward for the Republican nomination to congress from the First District, and after a canvass which is memorable in the history of New Hampshire politics, he was nominated in the convention at Dover, and elected by an unprecedented plurality of nearly thirty-eight hundred. In 1884 he

was renominated in the convention held at Wolfeborough, and received nearly twenty-two hundred plurality at the polls. He was renominated for a third term in 1886, but was defeated by an adverse plurality of 105 votes, although, as twice before, he polled more than his party strength and ran ahead of his ticket.

He served his constituents faithfully for four years, and to the best of his ability aided many of his comrades in getting their just dues from the government. In this respect he was unwearied, and the narration of one of his kind acts will be an illustration of what he has done for many who are to-day enjoying the benefit of his labors. Among those who enlisted in the summer of 1861 was a young Irish lad of seventeen years of age. He had just returned from a campaign of three months in the First New Hampshire Regiment, and hearing of the formation of an Irish company in the third regiment, then being organized, he was among the first to enroll his name in Company C, Capt. Donahoe. When he took what proved to be his last farewell, he left behind him his mother, a poor widow, and a sister, blind from birth. He participated in all of the engagements attending the long and bloody siege of Charleston, being severely wounded in the very first assault at Secessionville, on James Island, June 16, 1862. When the 10th Corps was ordered to Virginia, in 1864, he accompanied it, and in the terrible campaign which the survivors of the Third Regiment have such distinct recollections of, that followed—Drury's Bluff, Mine Run, and Cold Harbor—he was mortally wounded, died,

and was buried at Hampton, Va., after rendering three years' faithful service to his adopted country. He never forgot his poor old mother in New Hampshire, sending his pay home regularly. She received her pension in due season, and, being thrifty and frugal, she had contrived to save enough out of her scanty income to build a comfortable cottage, which she occupied, free from debt. For years the figures of the mother and daughter were the most familiar objects on the street, to and from the church, Sunday mornings, in the village where they resided. Early in 1886 the widow died, leaving the poor girl dependent on the labor of an invalid sister. A friend of the family made the facts of the case known to honest Mart Haynes, who, in the goodness of his big heart, had a special bill drawn up, and never cried halt until it passed both branches of congress, was signed by the president, and the certificate, allowing her \$12 a month as long as she lived, duly forwarded and placed in the hands of the astonished recipient, with the amount of the first instalment, before she knew actually that she was an applicant for a pension, and all this *without the expense of even a postage stamp!* That unselfish act brought happiness to two poor hearts, and the surviving comrades of the Third Regiment will feel justly grateful to Hon. Martin A. Haynes for the efforts which will make easy the declining years of the relatives of their brave comrade, Stephen Cooney, of Company C.

He was married in 1863 to Miss Cornelia T. Lane, of Manchester, and two daughters survive to bless

their pleasant home, which is delightfully situated in Lake Village, on an eminence, surrounded with fruit and forest trees, and overlooking the waters of "The Smile of the Great Spirit."

He has delivered many addresses and poems at soldiers' reunions and other gatherings, and has also written a "History of the Second Regiment," copies of which are now eagerly sought for by collectors. He is decidedly a man of the people, makes

friends and keeps them, and delights in the sports of gun and rod. He is still in the prime of life, of magnificent physique, over six feet in height, and on the weighty side of 200 pounds. Blessed with a charming wife, two beautiful, healthy children, and a happy home, with a legion of friends, and a life of usefulness before him, he has the best wishes of thousands who deem it an honor to be known as his friends.

THE BULOW PLANTATION.

CHAPTER VII.

Nothing more could be done within the fortress to render it more secure, so the time was occupied in posting the hands to the best advantage, and in drilling them to meet the expected attack. The shutters of the towers were firmly secured, and the outlets on to the parapets barricaded with extra oaken bars. Several hours had elapsed since the first attack, when Tristan, calling to Colonel Bulow and Antonio, drew them into Maud's apartment, and, closing the door, said,—

"Colonel Bulow, I must resign my command of the garrison, for I am going to leave you."

"What, Tristan, are you going to desert our friends?" cried Antonio.

"I am going to try and save Isabella and Helen from Indian vengeance," said Tristan, "for if they fail to storm this fortress—and they will if you remain, Antonio, and meet

each of their stratagems by your knowledge of Indian warfare—even their trusted young chief, Osceola, cannot save them."

"I fear you will but sacrifice your life in the attempt, my brave young friend," said Colonel Bulow. "Can we not attempt to ransom the ladies?"

"As well try to ransom the young fawn that has been struck down by the fierce and hungry jaguar!"

"And you do not want me to share your danger, brother?" said Antonio, reproachfully.

"Your place is here, Antonio, to save the fair locks of Maud Everett and the gray hairs of Colonel Bulow from gracing the belt of one of the blood-thirsty savages who will soon howl all about you."

"Yes, I need you, Antonio, for you will be my only dependence when Tristan departs. Not that I care for

myself, but I feel responsible for the safety of every defender and inmate of this castle," said the Colonel. "Now that Helen is gone to her death, I fear there is not much for me to value my life for."

"Do not speak thus, dear sir," said Tristan hastily. "You take the energy and life out of me, for now that Helen is away, and in great danger, I will tell you that she is dearer to me than life. I love her."

"If you can save her from her impending doom, you shall indeed be my own son. Poor Clarence, my nephew, sacrificed his life to give us warning. I can see him now, cold and dead on the distant sea-beach."

"Let us hope, sir, that his bravery has saved him."

"I will hope against hope for both my children till I know their doom," said Colonel Bulow, turning away to hide the tears that would course down his manly cheeks.

"Now, Miss Maud," said Tristan to the little blonde, who during the conversation had been a silent listener, "I must ask as a favor that you resign your apartment to me for a dressing-room for an hour or so, as I must do a little masquerading. Antonio, I shall want your assistance."

They overhauled some of the goods taken from the library of the mansion, and finding in the confusion what they sought, they carried a bundle into the tower, and Colonel Bulow and Maud retired and left them alone.

"What's goin' on now, general?" asked Captain Smith, as the colonel appeared in the main hall.

"A forlorn hope is to attempt the rescue of my daughter, sir."

"Now dew tell! Who are the ones allotted off for this venture?"

"Don Tristan Hernandez will go alone as soon as the night falls."

"I want to know! Well, he was brought up with them Indians, and looks as fierce as any of them when he is mad. I guess he will pass for one if he dresses up and puts on a little paint."

"That may be his intention. You may have guessed aright, Captain Smith."

"Now, if it wa'n't for my wife and boys down in Sedgwick, I would like to go with him, general. But I guess there will be some tall wadin' round in swamps, and my rheumatiz would use me right up if I did go."

"Don Tristan will go alone, my good sir; he will risk no life but his own."

"And I shall pray for him and for his sister and your daughter," said Captain Smith, devoutly. "The good Lord has us all in his hand!"

"They need your prayers. That is all you can do for them," said Colonel Bulow, turning away.

John Tarr, and the mate, James Turner, had been detailed to keep watch in the tower in the south-west angle of the castle, immediately over the chamber assigned to the ladies, and as they watched on the two adjacent sides, Turner was hectoring Tarr on his ill-success in bringing down an Indian.

"The pesky things seem to have more lives than a cat," retorted Tarr. "I admit I had the buck fever, or Indian fever, when they made their first dash for the gangway from them orange woods, and may have fired a little wild, but I have been

cooler since. I wish I had father's gun, though: I never missed with that."

"Jack Keeler brought down his man, though, and wounded half a dozen others, and he never shot a wild-cat, either," said Turner.

"He ought to have killed something, with the handful of bullets he loaded with. Did you see him sot down, though? I thought, for sure, the gun fired both ways."

Just then Antonio appeared at the head of the ladder, and placing his finger on his lips to caution Turner from attracting Tarr's attention, motioned him to approach Tarr, who stood near while peeping from the loop-hole in the heavy shutter, with his back turned towards Antonio. Without a question, Turner complied, still watching Antonio. Then turning to the room below, Antonio motioned some one to ascend, and in a moment a wild, fierce-looking savage sprang quickly into the room. Turner grasped his rifle more firmly, but the presence of Antonio reassured him, and looking more closely he thought he recognized Don Tristan. And when the savage pointed to his moustache, which was plastered to his face and corresponded with other hideous dashes of war-paint thereon, he was certain. Antonio then disappeared below.

So turning coolly to Tarr, the mate continued: "Now, John, when you get so near an Indian as you did this morning, I want you to make a dead shot."

"You can bet I will! I have got over the surprise the sight of them first caused."

"I am glad of that," said Turner,

"for we shall have it pretty lively here before morning, maybe."

"Let 'em come on! I am ready for one, at least."

"But supposing some big brave should enter this very tower?" said Turner, coolly.

"Why, I would say—and turning his head a little timorously around he saw a great savage, with uplifted tomahawk, approaching him. Dropping his gun as he fell upon his knees, he said,—“Good Mr. Indian, I don't mean you any harm. Please spare my life!”

Turner, turning about innocently and seeing the Indian apparently for the first time, laid his gun down deliberately, and kneeling down by the side of his companion, commenced, “Now I lay me down to sleep,” but overcome with his emotions, he fell on the floor and apparently went into violent hysterics. Tarr hid his face, and not receiving the threatened blow, looked up, but the Indian had disappeared. He arose, but Turner was rolling about the floor. When Tarr told him the Indian had left, he cried, “Oh, don't! you will kill me!”

Subdued laughter in the room below made him begin to open his eyes, and, ignoring Turner, he picked up his gun and glumly resumed his watch.

In the opposite tower Frank Tarr and Jack Keeler were posted, Frank being on the alert, first looking in the northerly and then in the easterly direction. Jack was employed making fresh cartridges, having taken a great liking to his clumsy old flint-lock, and being resolved, he said, “to feed it high and stuff it full” for future use. “Don't you see, me boy,” to

Frank, "them catamounnts will be all 'round us and all over us to-night. I don't think they will stop on the roof long, though," and he handled his gun affectionately.

Gradually the shades of night came on, and the line of savages crept nearer. Not a light shone in the castle, and all within was in darkness. Tristan, secure in his disguise, prepared to leave before the Indians should possibly fire any of the buildings in the neighborhood; so, bidding good-bye to Antonio and Colonel Bulow and Mand Everett, he reached the parapet and prepared to descend.

Close by the north side of the south tower, where it projected beyond the walls of the main building, a stout cord was hastily lowered, and Tristan, with his blanket and rifle slung over his shoulders, sprang over the parapet, through one of the embrasures, and slid rapidly to the ground. Turner and Tarr quickly stooped behind the battlement as they drew in the rope, and none too quickly, for a bullet whistled clear over their heads where they had stood but for a moment with their forms against the back-ground of the sky.

"These red men mean business, you see, Tarr. We are in for it now."

"I had rather be here than in Don Tristan's or Captain Homer's shoes. He must think an all-fired sight of that girl to follow her about among these Indians, or girls are scarcer here than they are to home."

"Wouldn't you do as much for your sweetheart?" asked Turner.

"Not much, while there's another girl left."

"I guess you never were in love, Tarr.

"Yes, sir, I have been—many times," said Tarr, as he helped to replace the bars that secured the door of the tower, which they had re-entered.

Antonio took his place by the embrasure over the main entrance to the castle, and intently watched the darkness without, his ear inclined to catch the faintest sound. The only noise within was the occasional muffled cry of some infant below.

Some one lightly touched his shoulder.

"Well, what is it?" he whispered.

"I think this will be of service to you."

"Oh! that is you, is it, Captain Smith?"

"Yes, sir. I have fished out of my sea-chest my night-glass, and it may help you."

"But I cannot set it, it is so dark."

"I have had to use it so many dark nights that I have cut a notch in it to set it by. Here, try this."

Antonio did as requested, and looking through the aperture for a moment, quietly reached it to the captain, and quickly opened the barred embrasure. Quick and sharp his voice broke the silence as he gave the order,—

"Fire!"

A line of light sprang from every port-hole, and for a moment lightened the dense darkness. The howitzer belching out into the night its iron load was directed by no casual aim, for with the night-glass Antonio had seen a long line of Indians, supporting a ram, dashing onward impetu-

ously and noiselessly toward the gate or door. A howl of rage arose on the outside like that of famished and disappointed wolves, and a thousand bullets rained harmlessly against the stony walls.

Antonio, quickly closing the aperture, once more took the captain's glass and looked long and intently into the darkness.

"I am much obliged for the use of your glass, Captain Smith, for by its aid we have sent a large party of braves to their happy hunting-grounds. The log they carried lies where it fell, and a dozen or more savages lie about it dead or dying. Nearly every man in that charge will have at least a nail to urge him on to vengeance."

Juan and Pedro loaded the howitzer once more, ramming home a cartridge of miscellaneous projectiles.

No more was heard from the Indians for a long time except the occasional noise as of piling wood about the ramparts, especially near the door. Suddenly a flame leaped up near the south-east corner, followed by the quick report of a rifle from the north-east tower, and an Indian sprang into the air and fell very near the fire he had started.

Frank Tarr had not said much, but the evidence of his keen watchfulness was seen in this masterly rifle-shot. He had patiently bided his time. The fire, however, had been set, and now burned up brightly, showing to the Indians without by its light every loop-hole and crevice of the castle, and, by its very glamour in the eyes of the garrison, protecting their assailants from an accurate return fire. The walls were massive, and no real danger was anticipated from this bon-

fire, save in the injury it might do to the heavy oak door, which must inevitably be weakened by the long continued heat.

"General Bulow, I have been down below and taken a look at that door," said Captain Smith, "and I tell you the wood is fairly bein' cooked clean through."

"Do n't you think it will hold?"

"No, sir! Let that scorching heat continue an hour, and you can kick it open."

"Ah! Antonio, what can we do?"

"I, for one, shall fight at the portal till I drop. They will enter over my dead body."

"I can use a gun and handle a sword, and I will fight by your side," said Colonel Bulow.

"You see, general, I am a married man, and have a wife and children, who would be left disconsolate if the Indians walked over my dead body."

"What can you do?" asked Antonio impatiently. "Do n't you see you are shut up here, and if the Indians once get control, not a man will depart to tell the tale?"

"Why, I can keep them out, I guess."

"For Heaven's sake, speak, man!" cried Antonio impetuously, and almost angrily.

"Gentlemen. I could do what I propose while I should stop to explain. Just give me charge of the lower hold, as I should say on ship-board, and the thing will be done in a short time. Just let me take them five boys who have sailed with me, and Mr. Pedro and Juan, and I will arrange things below altogether too hot for Mr. Indians."

"There seems to be a good deal of

confidence in the captain's mind, Antonio; and these Northern gentlemen have many resources that we never dream of. Let us do as he proposes."

"Very well, sir; but I hope his confidence will not get us on a lee shore."

The captain smiled grimly in the darkness, but calling his party together he proceeded below, willing to accept a large amount of bantering from any one in order to accomplish his design.

"Now, Pedro, you call half a dozen black boys to wait on us, for we mean business.

"Juan, you start the quickest kind of a fire under your boiler, and fill it up a third full of water; then, while it is heating, just have the hose you use on the general's garden laid along this way towards the door.

"Now, my boys," to the negroes, "sink a trench through this mortar, till you can just step out," and he directed them by the bright light from the open furnace doors.

"Now, my hearties, you overhaul all the spare cable you find attached to that stump machine."

Palmetto logs that had been used for flooring of the bins, a wood quite impervious to fire and destruction by insects, were quickly arranged in a stockade, and secured deftly by the handy sailors with the heavy logging chains running in and out several times, and on each side of the door firmly secured in massive iron bolts imbedded in the stone-work. There was great system in the captain's work, for he counted correctly on the Indians delaying their attack until the fire had expended itself. Now the stockade was completed, and only

lacked a covering to make it a perfect eel-trap for the assaulting party. This was quickly accomplished by ready hands, who, now that the contrivance was nearly arranged, entered heartily into its full execution. More palmetto logs were easily tossed into place on the top, and for greater security were lashed there. Thus was formed an apartment some twelve feet in diameter, nearly semi-circular, about the main entrance. The captain had matured this plan, but hesitated to propose it until he saw it was needed.

"Now, then," he cried, "I want a man for every loop-hole between the logs at the first attack, each with a good charge in his musket. After the first fire—and do n't scare them off too quick—you can retreat behind the walls of the nearest bins, or take your places at your portholes. Juan, how is the steam coming up?"

"There's about sixty pounds' pressure on now, sir."

"Very well; now make fast the hose to the discharge pipe."

"Yes, sir, I tried to do so, but they do not fit."

"Here, Harry," to a sailor, "just cut your cowhide boot-tops off, and splice that hose and pipe together."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Take a bunch of cotton, and line the leather."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"And do n't let your knots slip up on us."

"No, no, sir!"

"Now, I think the rest of you," addressing the sailors, "had better report to General Bulow and Mr. Hernandez, and tell them we are all ready below here to receive the

strangers; and then request to be sent to support the boys in the towers, the only other weak point. Harry and I will take charge of the top of this little shanty, and be ready to give the savages a hot bath."

The sailors hastened to obey orders; and Harry, returned from his task, reported all completed, and led the hose over the centre bin to the top of the stockade.

"Now, captain, I am a younger man than you, and an unmarried man," said Pedro, "and I claim the privilege of running that hose, with Harry to help me. I want revenge for having my ear pierced by an Indian bullet."

"Very well, Mr. Pedro, then I will go above to the hall. I may be of use there."

"We need you too much to allow any danger to happen to you. You have brains, sir!"

"Easy, Mr. Pedro, draw it mild; a little of it goes a long ways."

"Any way, sir, I have a great respect for you."

The captain advised them to close the furnace doors, and shut the whole place in total darkness, and then proceeded to the hall above. Juan was told not to let on the water until he had the signal agreed upon, and then the basement fell into the deep silence of fearful suspense.

In the story above the great hall was in profound darkness, for the fires without had died away, and all was still. The captain groped his way to where the bowitzer was located, and stood by Antonio's side and murmured, "All is secure below for the present, Mr. Hernandez."

"Very well," coolly replied Anto-

nio, who was still watching through the night-glass for the approach of the storming party. A long time he continued thus, and the captain knowing he was a little offended with himself, groped his way toward the centre of the hall to find a chair or a stool, where he came against Colonel Bulow seated by the side of Maud Everett.

"Do n't be startled; it's me—Captain Smith," he whispered.

Just then the cool breeze of the night came refreshingly on their faces, and then the ominous word rang out—"Fire!"

The howling of a frightful tempest was like the hideous din that now arose on every hand after the discharge. This shot, too, like the other, had been well directed, and the ram once more came to the ground, but a hundred hands were eager to grasp it. Now that the first discharge had been received, the Indians dashed onward to revenge their losses. The battering log in fierce, determined hands was plunged against the door, and, as Smith had foretold, it gave way under the enormous pressure. The bars and iron *débris* of the portal were quickly dashed aside, and howling like demons the Seminoles pushed on to their doom. In a moment the trap was full. Those in the rear eagerly pressed the van, each anxious to join in the revel of blood. The negroes could not wait longer; they thirsted for the fray, and into that seething mass they poured a deadly volley. The fallen served but as the steps for those behind, and again the trap was filled with surging and writhing men. The negroes had tasted blood, and another

discharge made the place run with gore. Out of pity, almost, Pedro gave the signal for hot water. In an instant the scalding stream was directed at the struggling mass of humanity. The Indian can burn at the stake without a groan, it is said; but no human being, half naked, could withstand such terrible agony.

In the meanwhile the sailor boys in the towers were called into sudden and unexpected service. An assaulting party of Indians, by the aid of long, slim sticks from the adjacent forest, had gained a foothold on the parapet.

At the command of Antonio to fire, Turner had waited till the voices gave him the direction in which his shot would tell most, and firing at the mass below stepped back to reload and allow each of his comrades to stand up and deliver. Glancing out over the parapet, he saw the dark forms of the Indians coming over the wall on every side.

"Hold on, boys!" he cried. "We have got some business close at home."

Some thirty Indians had already climbed the wall, and were now hauling up a heavy piece to act as a battering-ram. The steady discharge of seven rifles as fast as one could fire, retire, and reload, seemed to harass them, but they had come to do a desperate job, and seemed determined to do it. The log was quickly placed in line, and on it came toward the doomed door of the southern tower. Just as it struck, a report like a small cannon rang out,

and half the number of those who remained came plunging on, lifeless or disabled. The very shot seemed to force on the advancing ram. Jack Keeler, with his Queen Anne, had again done good service, for it was the discharge of his gun from the opposite tower that had done such fearful execution among the Indians.

The door, however, flew open. The bars were broken like reeds. John Tarr was now desperate. His gun had been discharged, but he felt for his trusty sheath-knife. In a moment he was among the advancing Indians. The muscles of his arms, accustomed to wielding the axe in the woods of Maine and to raising the yards of ocean ships, gave his blow the speed and strength of a thunderbolt. The party did not wait to be penned within their room, but charged the enemy; and being supported by their friends from the opposite tower, soon saw the last Indian drop from the wall. Not a wounded Indian remained. Fifteen dead ones, three unwounded save by the fatal knife plunge of Tarr, were hurriedly passed through the embrasure over the entrance, and dropped with their fallen comrades. So ended this famous assault on Colonel Bulow's sugar-house. Of the garrison, not a man had been killed; but a few were more or less wounded, Tarr among the others; while of the Indians, the correct number of killed and wounded will never be known. Every man, white and black, had done his duty. Even Tarr, by his bravery, had retrieved his character.

[To be continued.]

LANDMARKS IN ANCIENT DOVER AND THE TOWNS WHICH HAVE SPRUNG THEREFROM—Continued.

BY MARY P. THOMPSON.

Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set —Proverbs xxii, 28.

LONG MARSH. This marsh is in the vicinity of Durham Point. It is mentioned as early as April 2, 1694, when twenty acres of land were granted to Ezekiel Pitman at the lower end of the long marsh above the head of John Davis's land; and it is spoken of again Feb. 22, 1720-'21, when a road was laid out across the long marsh, beginning at Team hill, and extending to the king's thoroughfare road to Lamprey river. This name has been perpetuated to our day; and the old road, mentioned above, is still known as the "Long Marsh road." *See addenda.*

LONG POINT. This point, on the Newington shore of Great Bay, below Hogsty Cove, is mentioned as early as July 17, 1645, when Darby field of Oyster River, planter, sold John Bickford seven or eight acres of marsh at Long Poynt in the great bay, together with one point of land thereunto adjoining. This name seems to have been originally given to the whole neck of land below Hogsty Cove, comprising not only the Long Point of the present day, but also High Point and Loughton's Point.

What is now known as Long Point is between High Point and Thomas Point. It is sometimes called *Woodman's Point*, from a daughter of

Nicholas Pickering, who married a Woodman, and had a farm that included Long Point for her dowry. Long Point and High Point are both in one pasture, now owned by Mr. James Alfred Pickering.

There is also a Long Point on the Lubberland shore. (See *Jewell's Point*.)

LONG REACH. This name is mentioned several times in the early records of Dover, referring to lands along the southern shore of the river Pascataqua, below Bloody Point. James Rawlins, in 1662, mortgaged 100 acres of land "lying in y^e Long Reach, back from Canney's cove upward." The name seems also to have been given to the opposite shore of Kittery, which then extended up the river as far as South Berwick. The Rev. John Pike, in his journal of Aug. 24, 1694, says, "8 persons were killed and captivated at Long Reach; 5 at Downing's, and 3 at Toby's." Toby's was in Kittery. Belknap speaks of the Indians crossing the river at Long Reach in 1677. Strictly speaking, the name belonged to that part of the Pascataqua between Newington^{Hilton} and the opposite shore, which, in fact, is marked "Long Reach" on Holland's map of 1784. The name was probably given by the boatmen on this river in early times.

See Pascataqua river

LUBBERLAND. This name was given to the district along the upper shore of Great Bay as early as 1674. It then belonged wholly to the Oyster River precinct, afterwards Durham, but a part of it was set off to Newmarket in 1870. It is frequently mentioned under this name in the public records of the last two hundred years, but in a few instances it is called Loublerlan and Lomberland. The name may have been given by the sailors or fishermen of early times by way of deriding the peaceful farmers along Great Bay.¹ The Rev. John Pike, in his journal, speaks more than once of Lubberland. For instance, Aug. 27, 1696, he makes the following entry: "David Davis killed by the Ind^{ns} at Lubber-land." The Rev. Hugh Adams, of Durham, at a later day calls it "Lover Land," for which there appears no precedent.

The drive around the shore of Lubberland from Newmarket to Durham Point, in full sight of the beautiful waters of the Great Bay, is one of surpassing delight.

MADBURY GARRISONS. These garri-sons are all of the eighteenth century.

Clark's garrison, built by Abraham Clark, stood on Clark's plains, near the Dover line, where Mr. Biederman now lives. It was taken down about 1836.

The *Demerit garrison* was built by Ely Demerit, Jr., about 1720, where

now stands the house of Mr. Alfred Demeritt, his direct descendant. It was taken down in the spring of 1836.

The *Gerrish garrison* stood on the first hill west of Gerrish's mill, near the present dwelling-house of Mr. B. F. Hayes. This must not be confounded with the old Gerrish garrison, so successfully defended by Capt. John Gerrish in 1689. The latter, of course, was near one of the lowest falls of the Bellamy, and within the present limits of Dover.

Meserve's garrison. Traces of this garrison are still to be seen on a hill that formed part of the old Meserve lands between the Bellamy and Oyster rivers, above Hicks's hill. Another Meserve garrison at Back river is still standing, but in a ruinous condition. *It has been taken down.*

The *Tasker garrison* was at the very foot of Hicks's hill, where the house of Mr. E. E. Demeritt now stands. It was erected after the Indian attack of 1694, when the Taskers, who then had only a common dwelling-house on the same spot, made their escape to the Woodman garrison. The Tasker garrison was taken down about 1820, soon after the place was acquired by Mr. Ebenezer T. Demeritt.

The *Twombly garrison* stood a few rods above the present residence of Mr. Jacob Young. It was taken down in the spring of 1842 by Mr. Nathaniel Twombly, and some of

¹ *Land-louper* and *louper-ian*, Scotch words from which Loublerlan or Lubberland may have been derived, has a more invidious signification, as is evident from the application of the name of "landlouper" to Capt. Waverley by the Laird of Balmawhapple, and to the German adventurer Dousterswivel by Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck. The Zetlanders also called the pirate Cleveland a "landlouper," though for many years he had been a cruiser in the Spanish main. And Scott, too, makes King James I use the word "dyke-louper" in reference to the escapades of the Duke of Buckingham. A *louper* is evidently a person given to overleaping the proper bounds of moral restraint.

its timbers were used in framing the barn now owned by Judge Frost, at the corner of Locust and Nelson sts., Dover.

MAPLE BROOK. This brook rises in Barrington, and empties into Oyster river not far from Wheelwright's pond. It is often mentioned in the Durham records of last century; as Aug. 10, 1745, when a road was laid out "from a peaked rock by Thomas Willey's new house where he now dwelleth," past James Bunker's, etc., to Maple brook, so-called. And Nov. 18, 1758, a road was laid out from the north-east corner bound of Nottingham, running along the Barrington line, etc., to Maple brook, so-called.

MAST-PATH OR ROAD. A mast-path was laid out at Oyster River at least two hundred years ago, for the conveyance of timber suitable for masts and other shipping purposes to the head of tide-water, whence it was sent down the river to Portsmouth. This path was declared, June 6, 1701, to be a highway of four rods wide, "as first laid out," beginning at the foot of Oyster River falls, and extending "to the utmost bounds of the town"—that is, through the present township of Lee, to Little river, and thence to the bounds of Nottingham. The Dover records of 1694 speak of land laid out in Oyster River woods "south of the Mast Path." In 1716 they mention the same road as "the Mast Path that leads to Little river." And the Durham records of 1744 speak of a highway "from the little river mill to Nottingham, where the

mast pathway now goeth." And "y^e mast way y^t leads up to William Kelse's at Nottingham," is mentioned in a deed of Nov. 20, 1744.

But when the mast-road in Durham is spoken of at the present day, it is commonly understood as that part of the old way which begins at the mast-road school-house at the crossing of the N. H. turnpike-road, and extends across Oyster river in the direction of Lee Hill.

The mast-road through Madbury is spoken of in the Dover records, March 24, 1728-'29, when the town voted to lay out a road "from y^e place commonly called by the name of *Winget's Slip*¹ to y^e end of y^e township." The surveyors testified, Dec. 27, 1729, that they had laid it out "as y^e mast way now goes." And the same day they laid out "a cross road four rods wide from y^e above said mast way to Newtown way, beginning at a pine tree between Philip Chesley's land and John Tasker's land."²

This mast-road, leaving the Back River district, runs across Pudding Hill in Madbury (the so-called "old road"), crosses the B. & M. railway at the Madbury station, and goes past Hicks's hill, whence it extends to Newtown. The Exeter records speak of land laid out last century to Stephen Willey, in Newtown, "on the south side of the mast path which comes from Madberry."

The "*mast path to Mallego*" is mentioned in 1717. April 19, 1725, John Pitman, son of Joseph, sold Benedictus Torr twenty acres of land

¹The Wingate place at Black river is now owned in part by Mr. Ford.

²Philip Chesley's land was on the upper side of Beech Hill. The Tasker land was connected with the garrison of that name, afterwards acquired by Mr. Ebenezer T. Demeritt.

at the *Long turn*, "on the westerly side of y^e mast way that leads up to the Hook timber." And the same road is again mentioned March 1, 1739, as the "old mast way y^e leads through y^e Hook."

The *Mast Path to White Hall* is mentioned December 20, 1714, when Ebenezer Downs conveyed to John Hurd half the land given his brother Thomas by their grandmother, Martha Lord, beginning at a pine tree near the great Pond above Cocheco (Willand's pond), on y^e west side of the mast path y^e leads to White Hall (a swamp in Rochester).

MATHEWS CREEK. This creek is mentioned December 5, 1749, when Francis Mathes,¹ or Mathews, conveyed to his grandsons, Gershom and Benjamin Mathews, one hundred acres of land adjoining "the Great Creek, commonly called Mathews's Creek." It is called "Mathes creek," October 10, 1753, when Lemuel Bickford, of Newington, conveyed land on the west side of this creek, originally granted to his grandfather John Bickford, and Thomas Footman. The same name is given it in 1768. It is the same as Crummit's creek, which is otherwise called Mill creek, Long creek, and Branson's creek. The latter name is mentioned February 15, 1711-'12, when Henry Nock and his wife Sarah (daughter of Charles Adams, of Adams garrison), sold Joseph Kent a neck of land granted Charles Adams by the town of Dover in 1656, on the south side of Branson's creek, bounded from the western branch thereof upon a south line

to the Great Bay. Land on the south branch of *Mathes's Mill-pond*, formerly belonging to Gershom and Benjamin Mathes, Jr., was sold in 1810 by Joseph Wormwood to Eliphalet Daniels. This branch of Crummit's creek is now known as *Daniel's brook*.

The name of Mathes's creek is also given to the inlet on the south side of Oyster river, formerly called Stevenson's creek.

MATHES ISLAND. This name is now given to Bickford's Island, the largest of Ambler's islands, off Durham Point, from Mr. John Mathes, the present owner, to whom also belongs the smallest of the group, generally called *Hen Island*. (The writer begs leave to correct here an error in the article, *Ambler's Islands*.) The third, sometimes called Sassafras island, is now generally known as *Langley's Island*, from Mr. Jeremiah Langley, the present owner.

MATHEWS NECK. This name is given on Emerson's map of 1805 to a small peninsula on the Durham shore, at the Narrows between Great and Little bays. A "neck of land at the head of Little Bay, on the west side." is mentioned in the inventory of Frances Mathews's estate, as given in 1704, fifty or sixty years after his decease, by his son Benjamin. The "Neck Farm" is mentioned in the inventory of Abraham Mathes's estate, February 9, 1762.

There is a tradition that this peninsula, or neck, was owned or occupied by William Durgin, who was taxed at Oyster River in 1664. He married, June 25, 1672, "Katharine, relict of

¹ This Francis Mathes, son of Benjamin, was the grandson of Francis Mathews, one of Capt. John Mason's colonists of 1631, and a signer of the Exeter Combination of 1639. He had a grant of land at Oyster River in 1644. His descendants are still numerous at Durham Point, where they own large tracts of land.

X See David Davis's garrison
and the foot-note page 274.

Thomas Footman,"¹ and was still living March 12, 1677-'78, when "aged thirty-five, or thereabouts," he testified as to Robert Smart's land at Goddard's Cove. According to tradition, the Indians crucified him at *Shooting Point*, on this peninsula, and carried his seven daughters to the Bloody Point shore, and there barbarously murdered them. This must have been before November 30, 1703, on which day his widow Katharine administered on his estate.

Mathews' Neck was acquired early this century by Elder John Adams, and is now owned by his son. Hence its present name of *Adams Point*. Until the construction of the present causeway, this peninsula became an island at high tide. A cove on one side is often called *Island Cove*. Beneath the banks of this point may be seen some half-ruined caves, said to have been used by the aborigines in pre-historic times. At a later day they often served as places of refuge for the early settlers, when in danger from the Indians. Another of these caves is to be seen on the shore of Mr. John Emerson's farm on Little Bay.

Furber's ferry once ran from Mathews's Neck to Furber's Point on the Newington shore. In 1827, several people at Durham Point and Newmarket petitioned the New Hampshire legislature for a bridge "across the Piscataqua at Furber's ferry." And in 1832 William Claggett and others presented a like petition. But the town of Durham instructed its representative to oppose this movement, and the proposed bridge was never built.

MECHANICSVILLE. This name is given to a suburb of Dover in the Directory of 1843, 1846, and 1848, at which period it was inhabited chiefly by people of industrial pursuits, such as George and John Gage, wheelwrights, John Gould, baker, Daniel K. Webster, tanner and currier, etc. It was about half way between Garrison Hill and Willand's Pond, and included Gage or Faggotty hill. The name is no longer in use.

MOAT. The Moat is an outlet or arm of Lamprey river, which encircles an island that for two hundred years has formed part of the Doe lands in the Packer's Falls district, Durham. It is a short distance below the so-called "Diamond bridge" on the Boston & Maine railway. The Moat is often referred to in old records. Mention is made of it in 1656, and again August 14, 1667, when "Anthony Nutter's marsh near the mote," is spoken of.² A road was ordered to be laid out March 6, 1710-11, from Lampereel river, "as strait as it may be to the old Bridge by y^e moat, so as y^e way goes to Graves his Land, thence to the falls," etc. (See *New Hampshire Town Papers*, x, 539.)

The "*Mote river*" is spoken of in the settlement of the estate of John Doe, in 1742, as adjoining the Doe lands.

The name of the moat has been perpetuated to this day; and the island it encircles, which belongs to the Doe family, is still called the *Moat Island*, otherwise *Doe's Island*.

MOHARIMET'S MARSH. This marsh is on the upper side of Lamprey river,

¹ She is called "Cattren" in Thomas Footman's will of August 14, 1667.

² See *Broad Marsh* in the *Addenda*.

in the Packer's Falls district, but the name has not been perpetuated. It was so named from the Indian sagamore of this region, in whose presence, and with whose consent, Samuel Symonds took possession of his grant at the Island falls, now Wadleigh's, June 3, 1657.

The name is otherwise written Mahorimet, Mohermite, Moharmet, etc., and is no doubt a corruption of Mahomet. In fact, it is to be found so written in a Durham record of 1735, which runs as follows :

"Whereas there was a Certain tract of Marsh laid out unto William Follet of six acres in the Marsh called Mahomet's Marsh the 7th day of the 6^{mo} 1661. And also a Certain tract of land laid out to the said William Follet and bounded the 18th 10 month 1663, near a Marsh called Mahomet's Marsh, and we whose names are under written being Called by Nicholaus Medar¹ the Possessor of the afors^d Lands to renew the bounds, we have Run the Points of Compass as before. That is to say, beginning at a White Oak stump, one of the Old bounds next Thomas Footman's land," etc. This land was laid out August 30, 1735.

July 1, 1710, Nicholas Follet and Mary his wife conveyed to Nicholas Medar two lots—one of six acres and the other of one hundred acres—in Moheremet's fresh marsh next Thomas Footman's land.

March 30, 1749, Nicholas Medar conveyed to his son Samuel eighty-six acres of land, "part of the marsh formerly granted to W^m Follet."

May 23, 1763, Nicholas Medar sold Timothy Medar thirty acres, "part

of the one hundred acres formerly laid out to W^m Follet." This lot was bounded N. E. and S. W. by Joshua Woodman's land, and joined the lands of John and Samuel Medar. Timothy Medar, shipwright, conveyed the same thirty acres to Isaac Medar June 12, 1772. This land, after various owners, was, September 1, 1820, purchased by Capt. Edward Griffiths, whose son still owns it.

Mention is made in the Dover records of a highway laid out on the south side of Oyster river freshet, June 13, 1719, beginning at Chesley's mill, and following the old way past the land of Moses Davis, Jr., etc., to Wm. Follet's hundred acre lot at Maharimut's Marsh.

Moharimet's marsh, most of which is now drained and cultivated, no doubt extended beyond Mr. Fogg's farm, and included the so called "Croxford swamp." (See *Follet's Swamp*.)

MORRIS'S POINT, otherwise MAURICE'S. This name, no longer in use, is given on Emerson's map to a point just below Pindar's point, on the Lubberland shore of Great Bay. It was derived from Thomas Morris, who was taxed at Oyster River as early as 1663, and owned a tract at Lubberland before 1681. The Rev. John Pike, in his journal, records the death of "old Tho. Morris of Lubberland" July 30, 1707. He seems to have left no wife or children. In his will of December 1, 1701, he gives his friends, James and Wm. Durgin, his house and land to be divided equally among them, and he distributes his personal effects among various neighbors on the Lubberland shore.

¹Nicholas Medar appears to have been the grandson of William Follett.

NANNEY'S ISLAND. This island is in Great Bay, off Long Point, on the Newington shore. It derived its name, perhaps, from Robert Nanney of the Dover Combination of 1640. His name is on the rate-list of 1649. This island now belongs to Mr. James A. Pickering.

NEEDHAM'S COVE. This cove, on the Lubberland shore, is mentioned November 11, 1715, when Joseph Roberts, Sr., of Dover, conveyed to John Footman four score acres of land on the north-west side of Great Bay, adjoining "Needum's Cove," beginning at a white oak next Pinder's fence. It was probably the cove above Pinder's point. This point, or Jewell's, must have been the *Needham's point* of early times. Its name, not perpetuated, was derived, without doubt, from Nicholas Needham, "Ruler of Exeter" from 1639 till 1642—one of the names given to Durham localities derived from Exeter grantees at the time the latter place asserted a claim to the Oyster river lands.

(See *Broad Cove* in the *Addenda*.)

NEWICHAWANNOCK. This name is of Indian origin. According to Mr. J. S. Jenness, it is derived from *nee-week-wan-auke*, and signifies "my wigwam place." It was originally the name of the Indian village near Salmon falls, but the early settlers gave it, not only to the falls themselves, but to the whole stream below as far as the main body of the Pascataqua. This stream was otherwise called *Fore river* by the people on Dover Neck. A trading-post was established on the Newichawannock in 1631, under the charge of Ambrose Gibbons, one of Capt. John

Mason's stewards, who, soon after his arrival, erected a saw-mill at the falls.

NEWINGTON GARRISONS. ^x The cellars of two garrisons on the Newington shore can still be seen. One is the so-called *Downing garrison*, on Fox Point, no doubt built by Nicholas Harrison, who in his will of March 5, 1707, gives his son-in-law, John Downing, and Elisabeth, his wife, "as his eldest daughter," all his "housing, orchards, and lands at ffox pointe," given him by his father-in-law, John Bickford (see *Fox Point*), and also half his lands in New Jersey. ^{see pag 2}

This was Col. John Downing, who died at an advanced age in 1766. ^{Correct in page} He represented Newington in the General Assembly for many years, and was a member of the Governor's Council from 1742 till 1749, if not longer. His daughter Mary married Thomas Pickering of Newington, who were the direct ancestors of the writer.

Col. Downing, who was an extensive land-owner, does not appear to have occupied the Harrison Garrison, but some of his numerous descendants certainly did. It was built of logs, with four large rooms, each said to have been occupied by a family at one period. It was attacked more than once by the Indians, who, on one occasion, set fire to it, traces of which could still be seen when it was taken down about fifty years ago by Col. Isaac Frink, who had acquired it.

The **NUTTER GARRISON** stood near Welshman's cove, and was no doubt built by Anthony Nutter (son of Hate-evil, of Dover), who is men-

tioned in 1663 as a "planter at Welshman's cove." He is noted for aiding and abetting Thomas Wiggin, of Squamscott, in his assault upon Deputy-Governor Barefoot in 1685, on which occasion he is described as "a tall, big man, walking around the room in a laughing manner." (See *N. H. Prov. Papers*, I, 578-9.) He married Sarah, daughter of Henry Langstaff, and died February, 1686. Their daughter Sarah married Capt. Nathaniel Hill, son of Valentine.

The land where the Nutter garrison stood is now owned by the heirs of Col. Isaac Frink, to whom it was conveyed by his wife's brother, Mr. Joseph S. Nutter, who died unmarried.

NEWTOWN. This name has been given for more than two hundred years to a district in the upper part of Lee, between Wheelwright's pond and Madbury. The Dover records speak of a highway laid out in 1688 from the head of Beard's creek to Newtown.

Newtown Orchard is mentioned January 27, 1719-'20, when land was laid out to Capt. Samuel Emerson, along Oyster river, about a mile and a half from Wheelwright's pond, beginning below *Newtown Orchard*, and extending to the upper falls. "*Newtown Plains* in Durham" are mentioned in the directions for laying out a road March 9, 1764. These plains, so called to the present day, constitute a sandy, barren, monotonous region in the upper part of Newtown.

NORTH RIVER. This tributary to Lamprey river rises in North River

pond, on the borders of Northwood and Nottingham. At the head of this stream once lived a small tribe of Indians, who, after the fall of Louisbourg, became troublesome to the neighboring settlers for many years.¹

North river is frequently mentioned in the early records of Durham. Capt. Samuel Emerson had a grant of 42½ acres, which was laid out November 5, 1750, on the south side of North river, "beginning at the river on the dividing line between Durham and Nottingham." It was here that communication was opened at a still earlier period between North river and Oyster river by means of the Mast road.

NUTE'S POINT. The point of this name, according to Whitehouse's map, is on the east side of Dover Point, below the site of the old meeting-house of 1633. The name is derived from the Nute family of Dover, descendants of James Nute, one of the men sent over by John Mason in 1631.

NUTTER'S ISLAND. An islet in Great Bay, near Adams point, is so called on Emerson's map of 1805. (See *Limmy's Ledge*.)

OYSTER RIVER. This river rises at Wheelwright's pond in Lee, and empties into the Pascataqua river just below the mouth of Little Bay. Some old records make a distinction between Oyster river and "Oyster river freshet,"—the former being the tidal stream that comes to a head at the lowest falls, where now is Dur-

¹The writer remembers hearing her maternal grandmother, who was born in Nottingham in 1756, relate how in her childhood she had been forced to take refuge eight times in a garrison—doubtless Longfellow's—on account of these Indians or their allies. Only a few years previous (in 1747) several people of that vicinity had been slain, among them Mrs. Elizabeth Simpson, who was shot by the Indians as she stood near a window kneading dough for the oven.

ham village, and the latter the fresh-water stream above the falls to its source. "The landing-place at the head of Oyster river" is spoken of in the Dover records of May 17, 1703, meaning at the head of tide water. The name of this river was derived from the oyster beds found by the early pioneers towards the mouth. These beds are often mentioned in the old records. The one on the upper side of the river, at the mouth of Bunker's creek, is spoken of April 9, 1703, when a road was laid out, "beginning at the wading-place at the oyster bed," and running along the west side of Follet's rocky hill to the head of Bunker's creek. The "parsonage lot near the oyster bed" is spoken of in the Durham records of 1763. This bed is on the lower side of the river, at Oyster Point.

The name of "Oyster River" was also given to the settlement that began to spring up on both shores of this stream as early as 1640. Strictly speaking, it formed part of Dover, but it was a distinct settlement, and had a separate history from the first. In the old records, and in the early history of New Hampshire, it is generally spoken of as "Oyster River," but is sometimes called the "Precinct of Oyster River," as in a remonstrance against its incorporation as a town addressed to Gov. Burnet May 14, 1729. The dividing line between this precinct and Dover proper was, as stated December 21, 1657, a straight line from the first rocky point below the mouth of Oyster river on the north side to the path at the head

of Thomas Johnson's creek, and thence to the end of the town.

The Oyster River settlement was legally made a separate parish May 4, 1716, and was incorporated as a township, under the name of Durham, by an act of the General Assembly passed May 13, 1732, and signed by Gov. Belcher two days later.¹

OYSTER RIVER FALLS. The first falls in Oyster river are at *Layn's mill* in Lee, where a saw-mill is said to have been erected nearly, if not quite, two hundred years ago. This is called "*Newtown saw-mill*" in a record of 1738. It is, perhaps, the mill mentioned in the inventory of the estate of Robert Huckins, of Oyster River, April 22, 1720, in which "half a quarter of the saw-mill at *Webster's falls*, so-called," is specified. John Webster, of Salisbury, Mass., had land adjoining the falls in Newtown, which he conveyed to Capt. Samuel Emerson, January 27, 1719-'20.

The second falls are between the present residences of Mr. H. B. Snell and Mr. C. H. Jones. A grist-mill was built here the middle of last century, called the *Snell mill*, no doubt from Thomas Snell, who acquired land in Newtown, October 22, 1742.

Below was another dam for a brief period, where stood a mill of which there is now but little trace.

The next falls are on the borders of Lee, near Madbury, and known as *Dishwater falls*—not from any turbidness of the stream, but from the scarcity of water at certain seasons

¹ The above dates of incorporation are from the copy of the Durham charter in the town records. But, according to the Journal of the General Assembly, as given in the *N. H. Proc. Papers*, IV, 784, the vote for making Oyster River a town passed the House May 11, 1732, and "his Excellency was pleased to give his consent" thereto, May 12, "being Fryday."

of the year; about enough for domestic purposes, in fact. The mill here is called "*Dishwater mill*." It is, however, mentioned as the "Demeritt mill" April 23, 1839, from Mr. Samuel Demeritt, at that time the chief owner."

Below Mast road, in Durham, the remains of a dam may be seen, where a mill once stood, on land originally granted to Henry Marsh, and conveyed by his children, Hezekiah and Dinah, to Jonathan Thompson, February 7, 1737-'38. On the opposite side of the river is the land of Moses Davis, who was slain by the Indians in this neighborhood in 1724.

A little farther down, in a wild, picturesque spot near Blacksnake hill, are the best natural falls in the river, but too narrowly enclosed by hills to afford suitable mill facilities.

Near the Boston & Maine railway one comes to a series of little falls or rapids, extending nearly to Durham mill-pond, one of which was granted May 30, 1699, to Lieut. James Davis, Samuel and Philip Chesley, and Wm. Jackson, for erecting a saw-mill, at a rent of 50s. a year. This is spoken of as "Chesley's mill" as early as June 6, 1701, when a road was ordered to be laid out from the mast path to Chesley's mill on Oyster river, and over the freshet to the old way into the commons, and so on to Lamperel second falls. This is the well known "mill-road" to Packer's Falls, which, however, has greatly changed its course since first laid out, June 24, 1703. This mill finally became a grist-mill, and the exclusive property

of Thomas Chesley and his descendants for nearly a hundred years, but it is now gone, and the water privilege here is now owned by the Boston & Maine Railroad.

Below Chesley's mill, near the so-called "string-piece," a dam was built, and a mill erected by Joseph Hanson in the early part of this century. Both are now gone, and only a hollow in the bed of the stream is left to attest the power of the fall. This hollow is often called "the Pool."

The lowest and chief falls in Oyster river are at the head of tide water in Durham village. They are often mentioned in the early records as "Oyster river falls," or "the falls," and at a later period as "Durham falls." They were granted November 19, 1649, to Valentine Hill¹ and Thomas Beard for erecting a saw-mill, at a rent of £10 a year. Nathaniel, son of Valentine Hill, formally renounced "all right to Oyster river falls and freshet" September 13, 1697, and this mill privilege was granted March 25, 1699, to Capt. John Woodman, Lieut. Nathaniel Hill, and Ensign Stephen Jones, at a rent of £7 a year. Complaint being made of this sum, and of the damage done by the mill above (Chesley's), the rent was reduced to £3 a year. This mill is still in operation, with a grist-mill adjoining, and is now owned by Mr. Samuel Randlett.

OYSTER RIVER ALONG-SHORE. Descending Oyster river from the bridge at the foot of Durham falls are the half ruined wharves on both shores, where

¹In Hurd's History of Rockingham and Strafford Counties (1882) this name is incorrectly given as "Valentine Smith." The same mistake is made in San'ord & Evert's Atlas of Strafford County (1871). There were no Smiths at Oyster River in 1649.

many vessels were built and launched in more enterprising days. At the right, immediately above the first wharf, rises the steep hill where stood the meeting-house, built in 1716, beneath which the gunpowder from Fort William and Mary was for a time stored in 1774. Just below is Gen. Sullivan's house, its terraced garden extending to the very shore. Further down is a small creek; then comes the *Sea Wall*, built a century or more ago, to protect the bank from the encroaching tide. Near it is another creek, no doubt the upper bound of the Ambrose Gibbons grant, laid out to Robert Burnham in 1661. Below is *Burnham's Point*, with *Parson Buss's Pulpit* at the lower side. *Well cove* is on the upper side. A short distance further down is *Burnham's creek*, formerly *Pitman's*, into which empties *Sandy brook*. This creek was the lower bound of the Gibbons grant. Then come the Burnham Oaks and the *Old Woman's Sliding-Place*, where the bank, generally steep, slopes down eighteen or twenty feet to the river, and is always bare. Here, in the river, is the *Roundabout*, well known to boatmen. There is no bend in the river itself, but the name is given to a deep groove or channel in the very bed of the river, which, off the Burnham Oaks, sweeps around towards *Ledge wharf* on the opposite shore, forming a deep curve, and then returns toward the lower bank. Below the Oaks are two small creeks. Then comes *Mathes's creek*, formerly Stevenson's, with *Oyster Point* on the lower side. Here is one of the oyster beds, from which the river derives its modern name. In early times there

was a ford across the stream at this place, easily traversed at low tide by people on horseback, then the usual mode of travelling. This ford is mentioned in 1703 as the "*Wading-Place*." A path or road led to the main thoroughfare across Long marsh to Exeter.

Two sharp rocks lie off this shore, avoided by boatmen. Further down is *Drew's Point*, where the Durham packet to Portsmouth used to stop for passengers. Here is another small inlet. *Charles's Point* is below. And at the mouth of the river, against Little Bay, is *Durham Point*, often called *Bickford's Point* in former times.

Returning to the upper shore, the first inlet below Durham falls is *Beard's creek*, with *Butler's Point* on the upper side. Further down is *Ledge wharf* and two or three little creeks. Some distance below is *Jones's creek*, otherwise *Johnson's*. The next inlet is *Bunker's creek*. Here is the upper oyster bed, and the upper end of the old ford, whence a road was laid out towards Dover at an early day. *Gilmore's Point* is not far below,—so named from James Gilmore, who lived in Durham at the Revolutionary period. At the lower side of the Smith land is *Stony Brook cove*, referred to in early records. At its mouth, off the old Davis land, now Chesley's, is *Barnes's island*. Passing another small creek, called *Davis's creek*, you come, at the mouth of the river, to *Half-Tide Rock*, so-called from its being covered when the tide is half way up. Below is another rock, called by the boatmen "*Half-Tide, Junior*."

THE "COÖS COUNTRY."

BY W. A. FERGUSON.

The "Coös Country," or Upper Connecticut Valley, in northern New Hampshire and Vermont, is a land of wonder. Not only in summer, when it attracts the tourist by its lovely and varied beauty, but in winter, when metropolitan residents think of it only as a land of frigid desolation. It is in reality one of the most enjoyable places in which to pass the long period of cold weather. What if the thermometer does indicate ten, twenty, thirty, forty degrees below zero? the clear, dry air, charged with ozone, is Nature's best tonic, and the blood surges through the veins with wonderful power. Those city people who shiver and shake at zero weather under the prevalence of an east wind and its negative electricity, would here scarcely credit the story of the mercury, while the inhalation of the air is like that of laughing gas or compound oxygen. Still, clear, and cold, the air imparts a vigor only known by those who have experienced its health-giving results. In many of the charming villages a severe wind is rarely felt in winter. A lady of this section recently told me that she could never visit her sister in Boston in the winter, as she suffered so much from the cold weather. I am convinced that before many years sagacious medical men will establish sanitariums in this valley,—yes, even to the Canada line,—which will prove as remedial winter resorts as those of Florida and California.

At Lancaster there are presented

effects of light upon the mountains which would fill an artist's heart with joy. Under the bright sun, pink, pale green, blue, orange, and scarlet distinctly show themselves, or blend in soft and indescribable transitions of color, while the snow in the heavy foliage of the evergreen trees of the mountain-sides appears like cloud-wreaths of some fairy transformation scene, as unreal and as mystical. Not Lancaster alone, but many other places, give the beholder a grandeur of scenery of which the summer knows nothing. The mountains stand out sharply defined, and loom up as if much nearer than in the summer's heat.

And this is a land of push and energy. Men, strong mentally and physically, grapple with the problems and actualities of life with an earnestness and a grip that mean success, and accomplish results. Its professional men, when brought in contact with their brothers in other sections, are felt to be no mean antagonists, equipped as they are with strong minds in equally strong bodies. Stalwart and untiring, the men of this vigor-imparting land are not listless dreamers, but men of action, independent in thought and deed, supplementing their faith by corresponding works.

This has ever been a land of romance. Not the romance of tropic climes, where barks of silken sails and oars of gold waft one dreamily on to fortune on the gliding current

of palm-embowered rivers and seas of limpid blue, but the romance of labor, of suffering, of action, and of rough and wild adventure. Here was early the paradise of hunters and trappers, which was first brought to notice by the hardy spirits who composed the rank and file of Rogers's Rangers of the French and Indian War. They became acquainted with it in 1755 in their memorable retreat from savage vengeance, after destroying the chief village of the St. Francis Indians, those blood-thirsty allies of the French. Somewhere in this region tradition places the burial-place of the silver Madonna of thirty pounds' weight which some of the party carried from the burning church of the fated town until exhaustion compelled relinquishment of the prize. On this retreat provisions failed, and the old chronicle states, "They in vain tried to appease their hunger by boiled powder-horns, bullet-pouches, leather aprons, bark of trees, and some even ate human flesh."

This lovely valley, with its broad intervals then covered with majestic white pine "fit for masting the royal navy," its hillsides clothed with deciduous trees, particularly the maple, on which the frost had placed a crown of beauty of intertwined crimson and yellow, scarlet and gold, while on the mountains the dark green foliage of the spruce and fir contrasted strongly with the other brilliance and beauty, must have presented a pleasant aspect as they came from the swamps, the tangled underbrush, and the monotonous stretches of Canadian evergreens. Here was the home of the moose—that strange survival of a pre-historic race of ani-

mals—the caribou, the beaver, the sable, and other edible and fur-bearing animals, while the streams were full of those luscious fish, salmon and trout. Civilization in its ruder forms soon took possession, and battled with all the wild and savage elements which combated them. Its advance here is the story of European occupancy as it has been repeated again and again. We are not now writing its history, but we would fain tell something of the men in this region, and what they have done for the world.

In 1799 James Wilson made the first terrestrial and celestial globes made in America, in Bradford, Vt., by the side of the Connecticut, and here he afterward developed his rude manufacture so as to produce globes rivalling the best imported from England and France. With no guide or teacher but an old encyclopedia, he struggled on in poverty and ridicule, published his first edition in 1814, and in person exhibited to the people of Boston the first American globes seen in any city in the country. Scientific men were quite excited by them and their quaint maker, with his rustic garb and manner. Boston, then as now prompt to encourage merit, aided Wilson to found a manufactory in Albany, N. Y., in 1815. After he was eighty-three years old Wilson invented and made his planetarium, a machine which, turned by a crank, practically illustrated the daily and yearly revolutions of the earth, the cause of the successive seasons, and gave the place of the sun for every day of the year.

Here was born the steamboat. At the commencement of this century

lived, at Orford, Samuel Morey, a man of remarkable inventive powers. Under his direction, his brother, Ithamar, of Fairlee, Vt., built a steamboat which successfully navigated the Connecticut. The machinery was placed in the bow. Samuel took a model of this crude boat to New York and exhibited it to Fulton, who was experimenting in the same

direction. Fulton was pleased with it, and suggested the change of the machinery to the middle of the boat. Morey went home, made the requisite changes, but returned to New York only to find that Fulton had patented his ideas, claiming and securing the benefit of that which the brain of another had produced.

JEREMY L. CROSS.

As wit goes by colleges,
As well as standing and degrees,
He still writes better than the rest
That's of the house that's counted best.

It is the fortune of some men to be central figures in controversy, and, by reason of such a situation, recipients of undeserved censure and undeserved encomiums. The part of his life which made him known as a public character, Jeremy L. Cross devoted to Masonic organization, instruction, and literature. At times he was in the field for long tours as a Masonic lecturer; later, he was engaged in business in the city of New York; but though born in Massachusetts, his boyhood, youth, and early manhood were passed in New Hampshire, and to New Hampshire he returned in the evening of life to end his days.

In New Hampshire he maintained the family homestead during his long life-time, and provided all of life's comforts for parents, sister, and other kinsfolk. It is known only to a few of the specialists in one department of New Hampshire's bibliogra-

phy, that one of his works, published first in 1819, passed through no less than sixteen editions while he lived. One of the first of these has his portrait as a frontispiece, and in one of the latest is another, taken quite late in life. He prepared several other works of less popularity. All these publications related to the subject of Freemasonry. In a preface to the fifteenth edition of his "Monitor," he gives an autobiographical sketch of his Masonic connections and labors, and Robt. Morris, LL. D., the poet of the craft, has published articles on his methods and accomplishments as a writer and lecturer. (*Voice of Masonry*, vol. i, pp. 269, 329; 1863.) Nevertheless, his memory is clouded by the smoke of the battle of the rival Scottish Rites, and it is doubtful if it ever settles into the calm waters of history until the final cessation of the warring of these factions.

His father was William Cross, a resident of Haverhill, Mass., where this son was born, June 27, 1783. The father had been a Revolutionary

soldier, and took his family from Haverhill, Mass., to Portsmouth, and finally to Haverhill, N. H. At Portsmouth Jeremy passed his youth, acquired what education he had for beginning a career for himself, learned the trade of a hatter, and with a partner commenced in business before he was out of his teens. There, too, he became interested in Freemasonry, and received degrees in St. John's Lodge as follows: E. A., Sept. 2, 1807; F. C., April 6, 1808; M. M., July 6, 1808. He was Junior Deacon in 1809, and continued in membership till 1813. Meantime, his business venture at Portsmouth had proved unsuccessful, and he proceeded to Lancaster, where he found work at his trade. Here he assisted in reviving North Star Lodge, and in 1814 became its Senior Deacon. He states that he began to employ himself as a Masonic lecturer in 1810, and now, having spent some four or five years as he could spare time from his regular vocation in perfecting himself in the work and ritual, he is dimitted, Oct. 25, 1814, from the lodge at Lancaster, and enters more fully into the business of instructing lodges as a lecturer. He was at first occupied principally in Vermont. The Aurora, a Mark Master's lodge at Bradford, Vt., gave him its degrees on the 9th of August, 1814. The records of Champlain Chapter, at St. Albans, have the following concerning him:

"June 21, 1815, Jeremiah L. Cross of Portsmouth and . . . proposed as candidates for examination. Motion made and carried, that if Bro. Cross should be found worthy to be exalted, that we take his fees in lec-

turing on the lower degrees, if he will agree to take it in that manner, and that Bro. Worshipful be a committee to make proposal on that subject to Bro. Cross."

"July 15, 1815. Present, . . . J. L. Cross, . . . ; then proceeded to confer," etc., etc.

"After spending some years in the New England states, in the year 1815," he says, he "visited New York city, where he received the ineffable degrees, and was regularly constituted and appointed by the council a Sov. Gr. Ins. Gen'l of the 33d and last degree, received as a member of said council, and invested with full power to confer said degrees."

In 1816, Philip P. Eckel and Hezekiah Niles, of Baltimore, are understood to have communicated the Royal Master's and Select Master's (then known as Royal and Select Masons) degrees of the Cryptic Rite to Mr. Cross, and thenceforth he became very industrious and greatly interested in the establishment of councils for the dissemination of these degrees throughout the country.

Mr. Eckel's authority, given to Mr. Cross in writing, empowered him to confer the Select Mason's degree and to establish councils. A copy of the paper is printed in the *Voice of Masonry*, vol. i, p. 330, and the original is in the custody of the Grand Secretary of the District of Columbia, Mr. W. R. Singleton. The genuineness of the paper has been denied, but Mr. Singleton, who is not only a learned Freemason but also a competent lawyer, has been at pains to procure original papers in the handwriting of Mr. Eckel from his descendants at Baltimore for compari-

son. Mr. Singleton has no doubt of the authenticity of the patent to Mr. Cross.

He became the founder of many of the Vermont councils, and of several in New Hampshire. A pamphlet preserved in the library of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire gives the list and many interesting details.

His own narrative further informs us that "finishing his travels in the West, he pressed on to Natchez and New Orleans, at which latter place he, in the year 1817, was received and acknowledged by the council as Sov. Grand Inspector-General of the 33d degree, was presented with a full and perfect set of all the degrees, their histories, accompanied with the drawings, emblems, seals, etc., and was fully empowered to preside as Grand Commander of the Northern jurisdiction in his turn, with many flattering expressions of their hospitality and benevolence."

The Grand Chapter of Connecticut appointed him, in 1818, to the office of Grand Lecturer for that jurisdiction. Many other grand bodies gave his work their formal approval. This action indicates the progress he had made as an expert in this department of Masonic labor.

His diary shows that he was the recipient of the Templar degrees in Boston in the last part of the month of August of the same year.

Further light is thrown upon this episode of his advancement by other records. It appears that he was knighted in St. John's Encampment at Providence, Sept. 28, 1819. The Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, June 27, 1820, "Voted, that the doings of St. John's

Encampment in regard to Sir Jeremiah L. Cross be approved and the fees remitted, he having previously received the orders in an unconstitutional encampment, and was healed by St. John's."

A Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite was established at Charleston, S. C., in 1801, by John Mitchell and Frederick Dalcho. From this body Mr. Cross received authority by diploma, dated June 24, 1824, not only to hold himself out as a Sov. Gr. Ins. Gen'l, but as an organizer under this rite. It is evident from this instrument that he had been possessed of the thirty-three degrees of the rite, and was to be so recognized by all who respected the edicts of that council. By it he was empowered "for life to establish, congregate, superintend, and instruct lodges, chapters, colleges, consistories, and councils of the Royal and Military orders of Ancient and Modern Freemasonry over the surface of the two hemispheres."

Miss Eliza Cross, late of Haverhill, N. H., the sister of Mr. Cross, who, living to be almost a centennarian, was ever religiously devoted to her brother's memory, and a sterling friend of the institution with which his name was so thoroughly identified, stated that there was also in her possession an earlier diploma, issued to her brother from the Supreme Council of New York, under the hand of DeWitt Clinton. In her later years she was unable to find the document. This was presumably the certificate of his appointment as Sov. Gr. Ins. Gen'l of the 33d degree by the New York Council in 1815.

The genuineness of the Charleston diploma, also, has been denied; but

this position is not held by Mr. Drummond, and Dr. Robt. Morris says (*Voice of Masonry*, vol. i, p. 335) it is "signed by Moses Holbrook and others, with all the seals and evidences proper. The original, which we have personally inspected, is in the care of Miss Eliza Cross."

Since the death of this lady, the paper has come into the custody of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire. The evidence already adduced is confined mainly to the record proof of his membership and advancement in the various Masonic bodies which were then, as now, understood to be legitimate and regular. His membership in each was perfected before the close of the first period of American Masonic history.

The elaborate diary which he kept through this period gives us to conclude that he was a man of large industry, painstaking and conscientious in all his undertakings. He took no part in the conviviality that was a feature of refreshment in the lodges of that time. His reflections as recorded show that he was exceedingly solicitous as to the hereafter, and was subjecting himself to severe religious discipline, but with many forebodings.

Mr. Cross never married, nor did the sister to whom reference has been made.

The Anti-Masonic storm of 1826 having continued with increasing fury until most of the Masonic organizations in the Northern states had disappeared, Mr. Cross and other Masonic laborers turned their attention to other occupations. He entered, in 1834, upon mercantile pursuits in the city of New York, and was successful.

In the South, however, where the anti-Masonic spirit was not intense, there was an uninterrupted demand for his works, which he supplied. With the renewal of interest in the order at the North, and the rapid reorganization which resulted, new editions of the works of Mr. Cross were required and supplied, and he became active in various ways in the renaissance. Besides the several editions of his *Monitor*, he had compiled and issued, first in 1820, a *Templar's Chart*, as a separate volume, and subsequently a Manual of the *Thirty Ineffable Degrees*. These were also combined in a single volume. In the Manual of the Thirty Degrees he gives (on page 66) the order of succession to the office of Grand Commander of the Supreme Council for the Northern Jurisdiction, according to the claims of the Cerneau division of the rite.

Joseph Cerneau, claiming authority from the Grand Orient of France, formed a Supreme Council in the city of New York for the Northern Jurisdiction. This took place in October, 1807. He was Grand Commander until 1808, when he retired to give place to John W. Mulligan. DeWitt Clinton succeeded Mr. Mulligan, and kept the post till the arrival and reception of LaFayette. Among the honors bestowed upon that distinguished patriot was this office, which DeWitt Clinton resigned in his favor. Upon the departure of LaFayette, Gov. Clinton resumed the office, and held it till his death in 1828. He had previously confirmed the appointment of Henry C. Atwood as Sov. Gr. Ins. Gen'l, and, after Gov. Clinton's demise, continued in

the command till he resigned in favor of Mr. Cross in 1851.

Of course it is understood that all this, which Mr. Cross affirms as veritable history, has been the material for extended and often bitter controversy between the partisans of the rival rites.

Mr. Cross adds (on page 67 of the work already cited) that "the existence of a Regular Supreme Council of the 33d, in the city of New York, is not a fable, and that the assertions [to the contrary] made by various interested parties are without the least shadow of truth."

Mr. Cross resigned the office the next year, and the regular succession was maintained till 1863, when by a treaty in which this branch of the Scottish Rite,—that is, the so-called Cerneau Council, at the head of which was Edmund B. Hayes,—and the so-called Raymond Council, arranged their differences so far as to recognize each other as competent component parts of a newly constituted and consolidated Scottish Rite for the Northern Jurisdiction. In 1867 another branch, known as the Van Rensselaer, or "Boston Council," was united with the Hayes-Raymond body by a further treaty. All this was duly consummated, the members of the lately warring factions became duly constituted members of the new body, and the offices were equitably apportioned among leading members of the bodies which had become parties to the compacts.

It would seem that the occasion had passed for acrimonious discussion of the legitimacy of the merged organizations, and the lawful title of former members and officers of either

body, in good standing according to the records, usages, and laws of that body. Such a truce should have been sacredly called, and religiously enforced in favor, at the least, of those members who were dead and could no longer be their own defenders, whatever might be said of those who should afterwards be found recusant.

Mr. Cross died January 28, 1860. All the legitimacy there was in each of the three component bodies contributed to strengthen the legitimacy of the united body. The members and beneficiaries of this present product of the union are in all fairness, as well as by the principles of legal practice, estopped from making strictures upon the character or masonic standing not only of their predecessors in either constituent organization who have consented to the union, maintained its integrity, and partaken of its benefits, but also of those who, previously dying in good standing in either rite, are presumed to have all the protection for their good name and fame that would have accrued to them had they survived to take active part and position under the union.

Mr. Cross, it is true, shared with many in the belief that the degrees of this rite were not an essential or useful addition to the work already provided in the York Rite, and in Capitular, Cryptic, and Templar Masonry. He says ("Supplement to Templar's Chart," 2d ed., 1853, p. 7),—"One object we have in view in giving this brief description of the Ineffable Degrees, and their illustrations and emblems, is, that the craft generally may read, examine, and judge for themselves of the utility and general bearing of the degrees, and place that

estimated value upon them which they may judge them entitled to in the side of the order. For ourselves, we have ever considered them of no real value, and many of them too trifling and inconsistent with truth and history, both sacred and profane."

Soon after his resignation of the office of Grand Commander, Mr. Cross retired from his mercantile pursuits in New York, and established himself at his home in Haverhill, N. H. He had throughout his whole adult life supported his dependent mother and sister in the ease and comfort befitting their years and sex. He had been a benefactor to his dependent kinsfolk. He had been scrupulously honest and exact in all his business relations, and true to his duties as a man and citizen. He provided for the sister, who survived him more than a quarter of a century, and gave the remainder of his fortune to her, and after her to public beneficiaries, and to the friends who were faithful to her interests, which were his highest worldly concern. The stone that marks his grave in the Haverhill cemetery bears the emblems of the chief office in the Scottish Rite.

The purpose of what has been gathered in this article is to place his name in its proper relation to the history of American Masonry. That the pretensions of many who profess to be regularly organized under the Scottish Rite in antagonism to the body which was the lawful product

of the union of 1863 are based solely or principally on individual perfidy to the provisions of that compact, may be demonstrable; but however that may be, Jeremy L. Cross can have no place among them. He, without abating one iota of his devotion to the institution, passed through the period of anti-Masonic intolerance, and was distinguished in legitimate avenues of Masonic labor. His name is not a fit object for any obloquy. Let his memory have place with those who do not require the thick covering of Masonic charity. Such is the merit accorded him by Robert Morris, his distinguished contemporary.

"No man," says Mr. Morris, "since the death of Thomas Smith Webb, has exercised so widespread an influence upon the practical workings of Masonry in this country as he whose name stands at the head of this article. Our profoundest writers on Masonic history and Masonic jurisprudence will die and be forgotten, and their works will be forgotten, before the labors of this plain New Hampshire lecturer will be wiped from the Masonic Trestleboard of the nineteenth century. The oldest and soundest ritualists of the past generations,—the Penns, the Atwoods, the Doves, and the like,—proudly trace their knowledge of the 'work' to Jeremy L. Cross, as irrefragable evidence of its correctness."

ALBERT S. BATCHELLOR.

AN OLD DEED.

BY SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN.

At a recent sale of autographs in Boston, I bought an old parchment deed, duly signed and sealed, which contains an allusion to a New Hampshire town, and may therefore have some interest for the readers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*. It was given by Abigail Flint, John Flint and Mary his wife, to Thomas Wheeler, all of Concord, and dated June 19, 1674. It conveyed 800 acres of land, which is described as

lying and being in two parcells in the Wilderness Northerly from the township of Grawton at or neare unto a place commonly called by the Indians Aukecunsick: the one parcell being bounded on the South Easterly Side by a River that runs from the Towne of Grawton: and the other parcell lying about one hundred Rods distant from the affore mentioned parcell of land on the North Westerly Side thereof: Both which said parcells of Land being bounded out by marked trees:

It is evident from the description that both these tracts of land lay on the north-westerly side of the Nashua river, and that one of them was bounded by that stream. The two parcels come now within the limits of Hollis, New Hampshire, where the name of the original owners is still perpetuated by a Flint's pond and a Flint's brook. The Indian word *Aukecunsick* seems to have died out entirely, and I cannot find that it

exists in the neighborhood, even in any modified form.

These two tracts of land had been granted at the session of the General Court of Massachusetts, beginning May 22, 1661, to the widow of Thomas Flint and her second son John, in consideration of the public services of her husband and his father, who had been during eleven years a magistrate of the colony. Mrs. Flint had been left with a numerous family, "many whereof were in minority," and the burden of their support had fallen on John, for which reason he was to have an equal interest in the grant with his mother. The return of the survey was made at the session of the general court beginning May 27, 1663, and duly approved by that body.

Through the signature of Abigail Flint, the deed furnishes the given name of Thomas's widow. John, the son, married Mary, the daughter of Urian Oakes, president of Harvard college, and their signatures, also, are attached to the document. The grantee was afterwards known as Captain Thomas Wheeler, the famous Indian fighter, who wrote a "Narrative" of his campaign against the savages. The deed is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

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DR. WHEELOCK AND DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

BY REV. SAMUEL C. BARTLETT, D. D., LL. D.

At this distance of time few understand the difficulties through which Eleazar Wheelock struggled in founding Dartmouth college.

It cost no little effort to obtain a charter. This was secured only by the friendly efforts of Gov. Wentworth, and apparently by reason of its location in the province of New Hampshire. On account of "the vigilance, plots, and devices of some potent enemies at a distance against it," he says, he found it prudent to proceed very quietly and "with all convenient speed." He had been steadily frustrated while in Connecticut. The charter, finally procured through the good offices of Governor John Wentworth, bore the date of Dec. 13, 1769, and located the institution in New Hampshire. He had at this time subscriptions amounting to forty-four thousand acres of land in various townships lying on or near the Connecticut river, and three hundred and forty pounds sterling, to be paid mostly in lands, provisions, and building materials.

As early in the following spring as the travelling permitted, he and two other gentlemen made a careful examination of the region extending fifty or sixty miles along the river, hearing all the arguments offered in the several localities, and finally fixing on the south-westerly corner of Hanover. Eight weeks were spent in the exploration. The choice was determined by these reasons: "It is most central on the river, and most convenient for transportation up and down upon the river; as near as any to the Indians; [has] convenient communication with Crown Point and Lake Champlain, being less than sixty miles to the former, and one hundred and forty to the latter, and water carriage to each, excepting about thirty miles (as they say) and will be upon the road which must soon be opened from Portsmouth to Crown Point; and within a mile of the only convenient place for a bridge across said river. The situation is on a beautiful plain, the soil fertile and easy of cultivation. The tract on which the

college is fixed, lying mostly in one body, and convenient for improvement in the towns of Hanover and Lebanon, contains upwards of three thousand acres."

To these reasons he adds, in another connection, the consideration that "there are in this vicinity, in this part of the country which is now settling, more than two hundred towns already chartered, settled, and settling, which do or soon will want godly ministers."

This last consideration had apparently great weight with him, for he mentions again, as a chief reason, "the importance of sending godly and faithful as well as learned ministers into these parts, which are and likely will be (till the whole continent be filled) settling on the Indian borders as fast as the Indians move back into the wilderness."

This last remark brings out the important modification which had already been forced upon his mind and his plans. His "Moor's Charity School," which began as a purely Indian school, had gradually changed its constituency until it had, in Wheelock's own hands, become simply an evangelical or missionary enterprise. Beginning with only Indian youth, he soon found it expedient to introduce three English youth to be trained with them as missionaries to the tribes. He then saw the necessity of increasing the English missionary element in order to accomplish his original aim. The relative proportions continued rapidly to change until in 1768 they were about equal. In 1769 the English were about twice the number of the Indians, and in 1770 he had on his hands two mis-

sionaries, sixteen English youth preparing for missions, and only three Indians. In 1771 he was contemplating "the usefulness of it when there shall be no Indians left upon the continent to partake of the benefit, if that ever should be the case." As the charity school had no charter, nor any formal limitation of its methods, it thus took a plastic shape under his management, till it became fundamentally, as has been said, a simple missionary or evangelical enterprise,—in his own language, "connected with and subservient to Dartmouth college."

When Dr. Wheelock had secured his college charter, and in the spring of 1770 settled the location, in August he repaired to the spot to superintend in person the opening enterprise. The site was an unbroken forest of enormous pines, one of which Dr. McClure affirms that he measured as it lay upon the ground, and found it "two hundred and seventy feet from the butt to the top." On the first cleared area of six acres the felled trees covered the ground five feet high, and the standing trees shut off the sun until it was risen high above the horizon. It was two miles from a dwelling-house. Here, with a band of laborers ranging from thirty to fifty in number, he began his toilsome work. The first edifice was a log hut eighteen feet square, "without stone, brick, glass, or nail;" the next, a house for his family, forty by thirty-two; and one for the students, two stories high, eighty by thirty-two. Two unsuccessful attempts to dig for water (one on the lot now owned by Prof. Parker) rendered it necessary to re-

move his buildings, the house being taken down, apparently, when once completed. He dug in six different places, once sixty-three feet and once forty feet, before he found a supply. These annoyances rendered it needful to delay the coming of his family, but before the message could reach them the family were on the way. They came in a coach, presented to him by a London friend, over unfinished and, in places, almost impassable roads, accompanied by a band of near thirty students. Nothing was in readiness. The family were housed, with all the "stuff," in the log hut, eighteen feet square, and the students made booths and beds of hemlock boughs; and it was but two days before November, after storms of rain and snow, that the family took possession of their house.

A further discouragement was the failure of two mills which he had erected on Mink brook. Meanwhile provisions had to be brought mostly from Massachusetts and Connecticut, so that the new colony often had scanty supplies and coarse fare. But he succeeded in nearly finishing a hall and two or three rooms in the school building before winter, called a trustee meeting on the 22d of October, and organized a church on the 23d of January following.

On the following summer a large force was employed in cutting and piling the timber, but it was not dry enough to burn till the second year. After that came the still greater labor of removing the enormous stumps with insufficient appliances; and in a year or two the grass land thus prepared was covered with an exuberant growth of maple and cherry trees,

and after a few years the labor of clearing the land a second time was nearly as great as at first. In pleasant weather the good doctor sometimes held morning and evening prayers with his family and school in the open air; and the students, he says, "find pleasure and profit in such a solitude" for the uses of study, and one of them, Levi Frisbie, in a considerable poem, sung the glory of the young enterprise, where

"Sweet peace and love each happy soul inspire,
And balmy friendship lights her gentle fire;
In every breast joy crowns each smiling day
And cheerful minutes smoothly glide away.
Calm solitude, to liberal science kind,
Sheds her soft influence on the studious mind:
Afflictions stand aloof; the heavenly powers
Drop needful blessings in abundant showers."

He had at this time twenty-four charity scholars, of whom three fourths were English, showing how rapidly the original Indian school was changing under the force of uncontrollable circumstances.

In addition to the ordinary cares of a literary institution and the burden of raising money for its support, he was weighed down with an enormous mass of business detail. Besides the care of procuring supplies, and in order to remove the necessity, we find him, about the second or third year, cutting sixty tons of hay, planting twenty acres of corn and fifteen acres of wheat, having cut and girdled the timber on five hundred acres and sown the land with hay-seed, having enclosed with a fence two thousand acres for pasturage, having built barns, mills, and other buildings (such as "malt-house, brew-house," and a blacksmith-shop), employing from thirty to forty laborers and seven yoke of oxen, keeping twenty

cows, and owning a large amount of agricultural and blacksmiths' tools.

In 1775, after harvesting eight hundred bushels of grain (in a season of drought) he sowed in the autumn one hundred and fourteen acres of English grain, mostly on land never before cultivated.

He was also inducing the settlement of various tradesmen and mechanics by the offer of house-lots, placed in his hands for the purpose by the trustees. He thus disposed of about sixteen acres around "the college green," two acres, given to John Storrs, "a taverner," comprising the site on which the trustees are now erecting a hotel.

As early as 1773 the college owned and managed the ferry over the Connecticut, retaining the ownership for more than fifty years. Meanwhile the town of Landaff, which had been granted to the college, was undergoing a similar process of improvement—lands given to settlers, a saw-mill, grist-mill, and school-house erected, lands cleared and improvements made—all to be surrendered in a few years on the discovery that the grant to the college was not valid.

Dr. Wheelock, while carrying on these complicated operations, took special pains to have his accounts not only examined by the Board of Trustees, but submitted to auditors appointed by the governor in the year 1774-'75, by whom they were formally approved. All this care did not exempt him from the detractions of enemies at nearly every stage of his labors; and in repeated instances the state officials, the ministers of the region, and private individuals thought

it needful to sustain him with warm letters of approval and commendation.

One noteworthy document of this kind, furnished him by his fellow-citizens, is worthy of being given now for the first time to the public.

To the Reverend Eleazar Wheelock,
D. D., President of Dartmouth
College.

Rev^d & Honored Sir,

We the Inhabitants of the town of Hanover, under the impression of a most grateful Sense of the many privileges and advantages accruing to us (in common with others in these parts) in consequence of your College being introduced among us, & your most animated & zealous endeavors to promote the Interest of Religion & Virtue, beg to present to you our warmest thanks, & to congratulate you upon the amazing prosperity that has hitherto attended your endeavors.

We rejoice with you, Rev^d Sir, that the hand of Divine Providence has been so visible in protecting that rising Institution, whose interest, honor, & reputation have been ever so dear to you; & in so remarkably blasting & confounding the designs of its enemies; & especially when, of late, they have prevailed to propagate many clamors against you, with a view to bring a reproach upon you, & upon that sacred cause which is the object of your concern & pursuit; it has appeared to the abundant satisfaction of the Trustees universally, upon the most careful examination & enquiry, that these clamors were groundless & injurious, & that your conduct, in the whole of it pertaining to these matters, has been altogether unimpeachable.

And that a righteous & merciful God may continue to plead your cause and prosper your endeavors, is Rev^d & Honor'd Sir, the earnest pray-

er of your truly affectionate, dutiful,
humble Servants

NATHANIEL KENDRICK
ISAAC BRIDGMAN
DAVID WOODWARD
EDMUND FREEMAN
JOHN WRIGHT, SENIOR
GIDEON SMITH
NATHANIEL WRIGHT.

Hanover Sep. 2, 1774.

Although Dr. Wheelock attained the age of sixty-eight years, his life was undoubtedly shortened by the labors, cares, anxieties, and exposures attending his enterprise. He died not so much of old age as because the powers of life were worn out.

NOTE.—Eleazar Wheelock, D. D., son of Dea. Ralph and Ruth (Huntington) Wheelock, was born at Windham, Conn., April 22, 1711; graduated at Yale college in 1733; was ordained in 1735; established the Moor Indian Charity School in 1754; died in Hanover, April 24, 1779. His son, John Wheelock, LL. D., second president of Dartmouth college, was born January 25, 1754; graduated at Dartmouth, 1771; died April 4, 1817.—ED.]

THE CROWNED.

AFTER THE GERMAN.

Not musing nor proud pondering of text,
Nor narrow balancing of questions vexed,
But self-denying care to others given
Is service most acceptable to Heaven.

Jerome, the hermit, in his gloomy cell,
Believed Jehovah must regard him well
Because, of Tabor's height, the angel throng,
And seraph's wings, he oft reflected long.

But while he thought thereon, Sleep bowed his head :
He dreamed an angel came to him and said,—
“Jerome, stand up : swift to Tabenna go,
And see the one whom God hath crowned below.”

Jerome arose, and quickly, staff in hand,
To far Tabenna came. The convent band
Of holy nuns, sisters and mother, stood
To greet the hermit, famed as wise and good.
“Do I,” he said, “here all your number see?
It lacks the face the angel showed to me.”

“One,” said the mother, “one alone remains,
A simple one who little rank sustains ;
Within the outer court, where wanderers rest,
She serves, untiringly, each stranger guest,

Attentive every smallest rite to do,
 Be it for heathen, even, or for Jew.
 For this we call her "Lunatic;" the name
 She bears in silence, doing all the same;
 Is ever cheerful, though so little prized,
 And never more so than when most despised."

"Let her be called, for all I fain would see,"
 The hermit said. She came obediently.

No snowy nun's cap graced her humble head;
 A band held back the smooth-drawn hair instead;
 In garments coarse, but decent all and clean,
 All silently she stood with modest mien.

The hermit bowed before her to the ground,
 For there the angel-pictured face he found;
 The features plain, and yet divinely bright
 With self-forgetting love's own holy light.
 "Bless me, O blest of Heaven," he cried, "for lo!
 Thou art the one whom God hath crowned below!"

Then suddenly the band about her head
 Shone like a halo. Kneeling quickly, said
 Each sister, "Pardon that I scoffed at thee."
 "That I have mocked and laughed, forgive it me."
 "And me," the mother said, "that taunt and sneer,
 Against my conscience, too, oft pained thine ear."

The poor nun hastily escaped. She deemed
 This sudden adoration, what it seemed,
 But sport and madness all. Whither she hied?
 What more she had to suffer? Where she died?
 We vainly question, for we cannot know;
 The cloister chronicles no record show.

Jerome, who heeded well the lesson taught,
 The sacred vision never quite forgot.
 When tempted long to muse on heavenly light,
 Or seraph's wings, swift to his mental sight
 Appeared Tabenna's self-forgetting nun,
 Who toiling served each weary, wandering one;
 The Lunatic, on whom the sisters frowned,
 By angels known, the one whom God had crowned.

MARY H. WHEELER.

Pittsfield, February 9.

LANDMARKS IN ANCIENT DOVER AND THE TOWNS WHICH HAVE SPRUNG THEREFROM—Continued.

BY MARY P. THOMPSON.

OYSTER RIVER GARRISONS.

There appear to have been at least fourteen garrisons, or fortified houses, at Oyster River before 1694, though only thirteen have heretofore been mentioned.¹ Ten of these formed a line of defence along each side of the river itself, below the head of tide-water—that is, below the falls in the present village of Durham. On the north side stood the following, in the same succession :

I. The *Meader Garrison*. This garrison was at the very mouth of Oyster river, overlooking the Pascataqua. It was built by John Meader, who was taxed at Oyster River as early as 1656, and had a house here before September 20, 1660, on which day Valentine Hill and Mary, his wife, conveyed to John Meader a corn-field and orchard adjacent to "his now dwelling-house." John Davis's land is spoken of as "on y^e west." In the Indian attack of 1694, when the Oyster River settlement was nearly destroyed, it is stated that no house below Jones's creek was consumed except that of John Meader, whose family had been sent off by water, and the house abandoned—no doubt because insufficiently manned, or because ammunition was lacking, as was the case at several of the garrisons. John Meader was then about sixty-four years old, but he lived till 1712, or later. He or his son Joseph

seems to have rebuilt the house. A road on the upper side of Oyster river, between Joseph Meader's and Lieut. Davis's, is mentioned in 1701.

March 27, 1730, Joseph Meader gave his nephew, Daniel, son of Nathaniel Meader,² eighty acres of land "whereon I now dwell, lying near the mouth of Oyster river, which was formerly y^e estate of my honored father, John Meader, deceased, bounded west by the land of James Davis, Esq. (son of the above John), south by the river, or salt water, with all the houses, privileges," etc. Daniel Meader, as will be seen, was living here October 18, 1748, when Colonel James Davis made his will. At his decease he divided this homestead between his sons, Joseph and Lemuel. Lemuel Meader, son of Daniel, Aug. 21, 1771, sold his share (forty-five acres) of the homestead farm, given him in his father's will, to George, son of John Knight of Portsmouth, with the dwelling-house thereon, and all right, title, and privilege of the *ferry-place heretofore used* across the river between said premises and Fox point. This became known as *Knight's Ferry*, but must not be confounded with the ferry of the same name between Bloody Point and Hilton's Point. Lemuel's portion of the Meader homestead now belongs to Mr. Samuel Emerson, and Joseph's to Mr. J. S. Chesley.³

¹ Belknap, in his History of New Hampshire, mentions only twelve garrisons at Oyster River (Huckins's garrison had been destroyed in 1689) when this settlement was attacked by the Indians, July 18, 1694, on which occasion five garrisons and many other dwelling-houses were destroyed, and nearly a hundred persons killed or carried into captivity.

² Nathaniel Meader, son of John, born June 14, 1671, was, as the Rev. John Pike records, "slain by ye Indians, April 25, 1704, not far from the place where Nicholas Follet formerly dwelt." This was near Durham Point. Nicholas Follet's house is spoken of in 1680 as near Field's marsh, not far from the parsonage lands.

³ As some doubt has heretofore existed as to the precise location of the Meader and Davis garrisons, the writer, by way of proof, gives many details about the transfer of lands that would otherwise be unnecessary.

II. The *Davis Garrison*. This garrison stood on a knoll near Oyster river, a little above the Meader garrison. It was built by John Davis, of Haverhill, Mass., ancestor of the present writer, who came to New Hampshire as early as 1653. Valentine Hill conveyed to John Davis, of Oyster River, August 14, 1654, sixty acres of land at the mouth of said river, on the north side, "beginning at the mouth of a creek and extending west south-west to *Stony Brook cove*,¹ and so bounded from the fore-mentioned creek by the river."²

Ensign John Davis (he is called "Ensign" as early as 1663) died before May 25, 1686, leaving his homestead to his son James, by a clause of his will of April 1, 1685, which runs as follows: "I do give unto my son, James Davis, my estate of houses and lands with all y^e privileges thereunto belonging, *wherein I now dwell*, after the decease of my wife."

At the Indian attack of 1694, Lieut. James Davis sent his family off by water, but remained himself to defend his garrison, which he did most successfully with the help of his brother, Sergeant Davis—no doubt Joseph. James Davis was still living here April 9, 1703, when a highway was laid out on the upper side of Oyster river, from the road that led to Lieut. Davis's, along by the head of Joseph Bunker's land, and thence to the King's thoroughfare road to

Dover. James Davis, in his will of October 11, 1748, gives his son Ephraim "the place *where I now live*, between Col. Samuel Smith's and Daniel Meader's," entailing it on one of his grandsons.³

Col. James Davis was, in his day, one of the leading men of the Oyster River settlement. At the age of twenty-five, or thereabouts, he received a lieutenant's commission, which was confirmed by the Massachusetts government in 1790, and renewed by Gov. Usher of New Hampshire in 1692. Belknap calls him "captain" in 1703. He was appointed member of the council of war by the provincial government, October 18, 1707. At an early age he organized and led scouting parties for the defence of the colony, and was the companion-in-arms of Col. Hilton, as related by Belknap, and took part in the expeditions to Maine and Port Royal. His muster-roll of 1812 is given in the *New Hampshire State Papers*, Vol. XIV, 3. He is called "lieut. colonel" in the Dover records of 1720, and "colonel," in 1721. He was also a selectman of Dover in 1698, 1700, and 1701; and a member of the General Assembly from Dec. 28, 1697, till June, 1701, and again from Nov. 8, 1716, till Nov. 21, 1727, when he was about sixty-six years old. He was also a justice of the peace; and in 1719, if not earlier, he was a judge of the court of common pleas. He died between Oct. 18,

¹ Stony brook, as will be seen, formed the boundary between the Davis land and that of Joseph Smith, on which stood the Smith garrison.

² Valentine Hill, that same day, conveyed to John Davis twenty acres of marsh by the side of a place called *Broadbow Harbour*, in the island called *Champernon's island*.

³ Col. Samuel Smith was the son of Joseph. He inherited the homestead farm, above the Davis lands, on which stood the Smith garrison.

Daniel Meader, as we have seen, was the grandson of John Meader, part of whose homestead he was then in possession of.

1748, and Sept. 27, 1749, on which day his will was proved. He left nine children, whose ages, at their death, averaged eighty-seven years each.

The cellar of the Davis garrison can still be traced. From this knoll, now so solitary and peaceful, Col. Davis could, in that night of horrors in July, 1694, not only hear the cries of the savages and their victims, but could plainly see the flames consuming the Meader garrison below and Beard's garrison above, and, across the river, the Adams and Drew garrisons, with the houses of Parson Buss, Ezekiel Pitman, and many others in every direction—among them that of his own brother, John, whose family were all slain or carried into captivity.

It is still related in the neighborhood how Col. James Davis, the veteran officer and able magistrate, used on occasion to lay aside his carnal weapons, and convene religious meetings at his garrison, in which he took part in prayer and exhortation, showing himself, as Butler says in *Hudibras*,—

“Most fit t’ hold forth the Word,
And wield the one and t’ other sword.”

Six or seven persons from Oyster river point, on their way to the boat from one of these meetings, were waylaid and slain by the Indians on the Meader land, just below Davis's creek. Their bodies, discovered some days later, were covered with earth where they lay. This place is still pointed out by the present owner of the land, Mr. J. S. Chesley, who, like

his father and grandfather, it is a pleasure to state, continues to respect the grave of these pious victims.

III. *Smith's Garrison*. This garrison, according to the family tradition, was near Oyster river, a little above Stony Brook cove, which was the dividing line between the Smith and Davis lands. If so, it must have stood on the tract of forty acres sold Joseph Smith, September 14, 1660, by Matthew Williams, to whom it had been originally granted.¹ This tract was bounded east by the neck of land formerly granted to Valentine Hill (but, as we have seen, afterwards conveyed to John Davis and John Meader), south by Oyster river, north by the commons, and north-west by land granted Joseph Smith by the town of Dover.

The garrison was, no doubt, built by Joseph Smith himself, who, though inclined to Quaker doctrines, it is said, seems to have acted on the principle that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and accordingly made good the defence of his habitation in 1694. This garrison was taken down long since, but the land is still in possession of his descendants.²

IV. *Bunker's Garrison*. This garrison is still standing, on the upper side of Bunker's creek, but more remote from the river than were the three garrisons below. It was built by James Bunker, who was at Oyster River as early as 1652. He and Wm. Follet had the grant of a neck of land on the upper side of this river, Oct.

¹ “Matthew Williams' forty-acre grant in the tenure of Joseph Smith,” is spoken of October 29, 1701, when a road was laid out from the head of Lient. Davis's land and Joseph Meader's, to the old path leading to Abraham Clark's, and so on to the King's thoroughfare road to Dover.

² Joseph Smith was the direct ancestor of the present writer, his daughter, Elizabeth, having married James, grandson of Richard Pinckhame, of Dover Neck. Lois, daughter of said James and Elizabeth, married Vincent Torr. Their daughter, Mary Torr, became the wife of Judge Ebenezer Thompson

10, 1653, bounded by a line from the head of Thomas Johnson's creek, where the salt marsh ended, to the head of the other creek (Bunker's), where Jonas Bine's marsh was.¹ This tract became known as *Bunker's Neck*. "*Follet's rocky hill*, above Follet's barn," is spoken of in 1703 as between the oyster bed and the head of Bunker's creek. On the west side of this hill runs the old road leading from the river to Abraham Clark's. Wm. Follet's half of this neck was conveyed to James Bunker, son of the above James, then deceased, March 28, "in the sixth year of our sovereign Lady Ann" (1707), by Nicholas Follet of Portsmouth, "by right of heir-in-law," together with one half of ten acres, called *ye Vineyard*, at the head of Johnson's creek, granted Wm. Follet and James Bunker in 1653, and also twenty acres of upland, adjacent to *Story's marsh*.² With the exception of three acres of salt marsh given by James Bunker, Sr., to his daughter, Wealthen, wife of Robert Huckins, the whole of Bunker's Neck, or "plantation," as it is called, comprising 236½ acres, was divided, May 15, 1759, among the seven children of James Bunker, Jr. 36¼ acres, next Jones's creek, fell to Love Bunker, wife of Col. Thomas Millet of Dover, and the remainder was acquired by three of the sons. Part of this estate, including the old garrison, is still in possession of the Bunker family.

¹ This name is otherwise written Binn, Bene, etc.

² Wm. Story, Wm. Follet, and James Bunker had a grant of land in this vicinity before October 5, 1652. Story died before October 9, 1660, and Sarah, his widow, married Samuel Austin before January 27, 1661, and went to Wells, Maine. May 12, 1662, this Samuel Austin, "planter," with the consent of Sarah, his wife, conveyed to William Follett of Dover, the fall, and all right, title and interest to Wm. Story's land at Oyster River, consisting of 140 acres of upland and a parcel of marsh near Thomas Johnson's creek. Sixty acres of Story's grant were sold by James Bunker to Abraham Clark. This tract seems to have been on the dividing line between the Oyster River precinct and Dover proper. One hundred acres of the same grant were sold April 4, 1720, by Nicholas Follet to Joseph Jenkins.

V. *The Jones Garrison*. This garrison stood on the upper side of Jones's creek, and, like most of the old garrisons at Oyster River, in a pleasant situation, which speaks well for the taste of the early settlers. The river is in full sight. It was built by Stephen Jones, who came to this neighborhood about 1664, and acquired the lands of Thomas Johnson. He is called "Ensign" in 1692, being one of the three officers appointed for the defence of the settlement. The others were Capt. John Woodman and Lient. James Davis. These officers probably had a better supply of ammunition than the other garrison owners, and none of them, it will be seen, lost their garrisons in the various Indian attacks. Ensign Jones narrowly escaped being killed in 1694. His garrison was then saved, but is no longer standing. His lands, however, are still in the possession of his descendants. (See *Jones's Creek*.)

VI. *Beard's Garrison*. This garrison, according to tradition, stood east of Beard's creek, a little below the fork of the present Dover and Turnpike roads. It was built by Wm. Beard, who was at Oyster River as early as 1640, and was still living here April 19, 1675, on which day he and his wife Elisabeth gave "gratisly and freely" to James Huckins a track of land near Beard's creek, adjoining the Woodman land. The deed of conveyance was executed in "ye new

dwelling-house of William Beard of Oyster River," it is therein expressly declared. This house, spoken of in Farmer's notes to Belknap as "garrisoned," was, a few months later, assaulted by the Indians, who, coming upon the "good old man" William Beard, without, killed him on the spot, cut off his head, and set it on a pole in derision. The inventory of his estate was made Nov. 1, 1675. One half of his house and lands was given to his widow and her heirs, and the other half to Edward Leathers and his heirs, unless she should require it for her maintenance. And as to the land which said Edward did then possess, it was confirmed to him and his heirs.¹

It does not appear who occupied this garrison in 1694, but Edward Leathers was subsequently in possession of the land. At the Indian attack of that year it is said to have been evacuated, and burned to the ground by the enemy. Edward's wife, called "old Mrs. Leathers," and one or two others of the family, were killed. They must have lived in this neighborhood, if not in the garrison itself. William, his son, es-

caped by running. It was this William, who, Jan. 9, 1721, gave his oldest son Edward his farm where he then dwelt, on the south side of the highway,² extending down to Oyster river low-water mark—apparently the very land on which the garrison is said to have stood. The Leathers graves, not far from the river, may still be seen.

Joseph Beard is mentioned in the Durham tradition in connection with the destruction of this garrison, but thus far nothing has appeared in the old records to verify this mention of him. William Beard evidently had no sons, nor did his property fall to any of the Beards. Mention is made of two Joseph Beards in the records of that period, neither of whom appears to have had any connection with Oyster River. One is Joseph, son of Thomas Beard of Dover Neck,³ whose wife Esther was appointed administratrix of his estate Feb. 9, 1703; the other is Ensign Joseph Beard, son of the above Joseph, and nephew of Ralph Hall, as stated in a deed of Oct. 7, 1713. His wife was Elizabeth. His estate was administered upon Dec. 4, 1723.

¹ This Edward Leathers—or Letheres, as he himself wrote the name—the heir of Wm. Beard, must not be confounded with the noted Gipsy race of Barrington, widely known as "the Leatherses." Edward Letheres was a freeman at Oyster River as early as May 19, 1669, when he signed a petition to the Mass. government for Oyster River to be made a separate parish. He was constable in 1681, and authorized to collect all taxes in arrears. (See *N. H. Prov. Papers*, I, 308-310, 430-431.) Wm. Pitman, in his will of Nov. 1, 1682, appointed Edward Leathers "overseer" of his wife and children, and to see that his will was properly executed, a proof of his good character and standing. "Edward Letheres, Senior," was still alive April 6, 1716, when he and his son William signed a petition to Gov. Vaughan, the original of which is still extant, showing that they both wrote their name Letheres. A part of the old Beard land is still in the possession of Edward's descendants.

² It has been supposed there was in early times no road from Oyster river falls to Dover except by the way of Brown's hill. This is a mistake. The "*Cochecho Path* from William Beard's" is mentioned as early as 1668.

³ Thomas Beard and his wife Mary are spoken of as "of Dover" in 1654. He was perhaps the Thomas Beard, who, with Valentine Hill, had a grant of Oyster River Falls November 19, 1649, but it is more probable the latter was the Thomas Beard, who, July 24, 1668, then "resident in the island of Barbados," appointed his well beloved wife, Elizabeth Beard, bound for New England, his true and lawful attorney, with power to sell and dispose of all goods, wares, and merchandise, receive all moneys, give quittance, etc.

VII. *Woodman's Garrison.* This garrison, which is still in an admirable state of preservation, is one of the largest and most noted of the Oyster River defences. It is beautifully situated on the eastern slope of a hill at the head of Beard's creek, with brooks and deep ravines on every side of the acclivity, except at the west. It has a fine outlook for an approaching enemy, as well as a charming view in every direction, except in the rear, where the rise of land intercepts the prospect. Durham village, which did not exist when this garrison was built, lies at the south in full view, embosomed among trees; and at the east may be traced the windings of Oyster river on its way to the Pascataqua. At the north, through an opening between the hills, can be seen the spot where the Huckins garrison stood; and nearer at hand, but separated from it by a profound ravine, is the field where occurred the massacre of 1689.

This garrison was built by Capt. John Woodman,¹ son of Edward Woodman of Newbury, Mass., who came to Oyster River as early as 1657, and in 1660 had a grant of twenty acres between the lands of William Beard and Valentine Hill, with Stony brook² on the south, apparently the very land where he built his garrison. He had a captain's commission before 1690, which was renewed by the Massachusetts gov-

ernment that year, and again by Gov. Usher of New Hampshire in 1692. His garrison underwent more than one attack from the Indians, and seems to have been at times manned in part by government soldiers. A certificate from Capt. Woodman, dated April 1, 1697, gives the names of four soldiers who were stationed at the Oyster River garrisons the previous year. (See *N. H. Adj. Gen. Report*, Vol. I, 20.)

This interesting monument of early times is, unfortunately, no longer in possession of the family. The last owner of the name was Prof. John S. Woodman, of Dartmouth college. After his death it was sold by his widow, together with the adjacent land that for more than two hundred years had been owned by the Woodmans.

VIII. *The Huckins Garrison.* This garrison stood on what was then the very outskirts of the Oyster River settlement, specially exposed, therefore, to attack. It was a few rods south of the house now owned by Mr. Ebenezer T. Emerson, on the same side of the road. Oyster river is half a mile distant in a direct line, and a mile, at least, following the course of the road. This garrison was built by James Huckins, son of Robert Hug-gins of the Dover Combination. James was taxed at Oyster River in 1664. He seems to have been a connection of Wm. Beard or his wife, who gave him a portion of their

¹ Capt. John Woodman was the direct ancestor of the present writer, his daughter Sarah being the mother of Robert Thompson, father of Judge Ebenezer Thompson, the first secretary of State of N. H. Another of her grandsons was Nathaniel Thompson of Durham, who removed to Holderness about 1770. From him descended the Hon. A. B. Thompson, the present Secretary of State of N. H., and also Miss Frances E. Willard, the well known President of the Woman's Temperance Union.

² This is not the Stony brook between the Davis and Smith garrisons, but another, a mile and a half above. (See *Stony Brook*.)

lands. Huckins's garrison was destroyed in August, 1689, on which occasion eighteen persons were massacred in a neighboring field, now belonging to Mr. J. W. Coe, besides several others at the garrison itself. Sarah, wife of James Huckins, was taken captive, but was rescued the following year by Maj. Church at Ameriscoggin. James himself escaped, but was afterward slain in the Indian attack of 1694. His widow became the second wife of Capt. John Woodman. The Huckins lands were acquired by the Emersons. (See *Huckins Brook*.)

IX. The *Burnham Garrison*. Descending Oyster river on the south side, about a mile below Durham falls as the road winds, but half that distance in a direct line, stood the Burnham garrison, the exact site of which has been disputed. It was built by Robert Burnham, who came to this country in the *Angel Gabriel*, which sailed from Bristol, Eng., June 4, 1635, and was wrecked at Pemaquid, now Bristol, Me., August 15 following. He was taxed at Oyster River (of course for land) in 1657, if not before. Two hundred acres more were laid out to him November 9, 1661, originally granted to Ambrose

Gibbons, adjacent to the house where Gibbons then lived, and where he wrote his will, July 11, 1656, the very day he died.¹ One portion of this grant is a beautiful meadow, now chiefly owned by Mr. G. W. Burnham, which lies along the river side, enclosed among wooded hills, and intersected by a runlet of water that empties into Burnham's creek. According to the tradition in the above owner's line, the garrison stood in the heart of this meadow, near the runlet,—a place with no natural advantages of position whatever, and where there could have been no cellar suitable for storage. But there is another and better reason for doubting if the garrison ever stood here. At the Indian attack of July 18, 1694, Ezekiel Pitman is said to have lived at "a gunshot's distance" from the garrison, and, being awakened by the shouts that the enemy was at hand, barely effected his escape into the garrison with his family. As all the land owned by Ezekiel Pitman on the south side of Oyster river was some distance below, it may with reason be questioned if this was the real site of the Burnham garrison.

Nearly a quarter of a mile farther

¹ Ambrose Gibbons, the ancestor of the Sherburnes of Portsmouth, and of many distinguished individuals, such as the Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago, etc., was one of the agents sent over by Capt. John Mason in the spring of 1630. He sailed in the bark *Warwick* subsequent to April 8, and arrived before July 21 of that year. He first settled on the Newichawanoock, where he established a trading-post, built a saw-mill, and attempted the cultivation of the grapevine. His wife and child came over in 1631. This child is often spoken of in the letters to Gibbons. (See *N. H. Prov. Papers*, Vol. I.) One from George Vaughan, dated at "Boston, Aug. 20, 1634," affectionately mentions "little Beck." Her name was Rebecca. She afterward married Henry Sherburne, also one of Mason's colonists. Her grandson, the Hon. Henry Sherburne, married Dorothy, sister of Lieut. Gov. John Wentworth. Her granddaughter, Bridget, daughter of Richard and Mary (Sherburne) Sloper, married, March 29, 1684, John Chevalier, otherwise Knight, who acquired Knight's ferry at Bloody Point.

Ambrose Gibbons belonged to the Dover Combination, and September 27, 1648, was one of the five men charged with the prudential affairs of the town. He was a magistrate. October 5, 1652, he had a grant of the mill-privilege on the freshet at the head of Thomas Johnson's creek. He was then living on the south side of Oyster river, on land now owned by Col. Burnham, and adjacent to the tract of 200 acres granted him by the town at the above date. He bequeathed all his property to his grandson, Samuel Sherburne, son of his only child, Rebecca. Ambrose Gibbons is said to have been buried at Sanders's Point, just across the bridge from the Wentworth House at New Castle.

down the river, on Col. Burnham's farm, between Cutt's hill and the shore, is another and more remarkable spot, where a constant tradition in the owner's line places the garrison. And it would seem that no one, except for safety, would ever have built a house in so inaccessible a place, certainly not a mere dwelling-house. It is a steep, craggy hill, precipitous for the most part, so it could have been made absolutely impregnable after the mode of warfare in those days. It is not surprising the Indians did not venture to attack so strong a hold, when they found the inmates on the alert. There is just room enough on the top for the buildings and a palisade. The cellar, with its stone wall, is still perfect, as well as a smaller cellar, entirely separate, which no doubt was for ammunition and other dry storage. These two cellars are mentioned more than once in the Burnham records of last century as "the cellar" and "the cellar house." At one end of the garrison cellar a depression marks the place of the "little barn," also spoken of in the same records. A "large barn" appears to have stood in a more accessible place. The house had a frame of huge timbers of white oak, some of which were used in the construction of the present farm buildings. There is a never-failing spring near the foot of the hill.

A growth of young pines on one side of this hill now screens the summit from the river. Through the branches you catch here and there a glimpse of the water, and before they sprang up Oyster river was in full view, especially up-stream, in the direction of Durham falls.

The chief point in favor of this being the real site of the Burnham garrison of 1694 is the proximity of the Pitman land. Directly beneath the hill, on the lower side, is the field known from time immemorial as the "Pitman field," where still remain several trees of the Pitman orchard, which was much more extensive only a few years ago. The Exeter records show that this very land was conveyed to Wm. Pitman and his son Ezekiel, November 23, 1664. The inventory of Ezekiel's estate, January 2, 1709-'10, mentions his orchard, but not his house, it having been burned by the Indians, and apparently not rebuilt. William Pitman, son of Ezekiel, sold this land to John and Robert Burnham, March 14, 1717-'18. The deed of conveyance repeats the bounds exactly as given in the deed to his father and grandfather in 1664. This land is now in the possession of Col. Joseph Burnham, a descendant of the above Robert. If the situation of the Pitman land is any proof of the real site of the Burnham garrison, its location can no longer remain in doubt.

X. *The Drew Garrison.* This garrison, destroyed in 1694, no doubt stood near Drew's Point, on the south side of Oyster river, where Wm. Drew owned land as early as 1648. He died "the last of April," 1664. The inventory of his estate mentions his dwelling-house, one cannon, his fishing-boats, the *Hopewell* and the *Increase*, and a great amount of fishing-tackle, showing that he was largely engaged in fisheries. His widow mortgaged the estate to his brother Thomas, July 8, 1671, but it was released to John, son of Wm. Drew, November 15, 1706, by Richard Eliot,

of Portsmouth, and his wife Mary, "formerly y^e relict and administrator" of said Thomas's estate. John Drew, May 10, 1712, sold all this land, with the exception of a marsh, to Stephen Jenkins, who, November 5, 1714, conveyed it to James Langley, declaring in the deed that it was "the estate and possession of Wm. and Thomas Drew." This was the Deacon James Langley mentioned in the Rev. Hugh Adams's records. July 25, 1715, he petitioned for a road to be laid out to the highway, as he was "penned up by Bartholomew Stevenson." This road was laid out May 28, 1716, "beginning at Will Drew's old possession."

That Drew's garrison stood on the Oyster river shore is evident from the fact that, in the attack of 1694, Francis Drew, after surrendering the garrison on the promise of quarter, was making his escape to the Adams garrison, which stood below, when he was slain.

It has been supposed, however, that this garrison was on the Little Bay shore, where, in fact, Francis Drew had land given him by his father, to whom it had been granted in 1653. The Edgerly garrison could not have been far distant; and the Bickford garrison was nearer than Adams's. The surviving members of the Drew family no doubt established themselves here soon after 1694, and probably erected a garrison. The Rev. Hugh Adams, March 3, 1727-'28, admitted into the Oyster River church "Thomas Drew of Little Bay," and Tamsen his wife. They had been recently married, and were living in the garrison, in 1694, when they were carried into captivity. The place

where they lived after their redemption was no doubt the land of Francis Drew, above mentioned, and the same now owned by Mr. James Kent, on which an old burial-ground of the Drews is still to be seen. Here, in one grave, lie the above Thomas and Tamsen, and, near by, a part of the fourteen children they were blessed with after their return from captivity. It need not be said that the family is perpetuated to this day.

XI. The *Adams Garrison*. This garrison was built by Charles Adams, who acquired land at Oyster River as early as April 6, 1645. He was living near the mouth of this river in 1671, when twelve acres more were laid out to him "behind his house." At the Indian attack of July 18, 1694, his garrison was burned to the ground, and he himself, his son Samuel and wife, and eleven others, were killed. They were afterwards buried in one grave, beneath a mound still to be traced, close to the Mathes burial-ground at Durham Point. This huge grave has always been respected by the owners of the soil. The present proprietor is about to mark the spot with a memorial stone. The garrison is supposed to have stood on the elevation immediately above. At any rate, it could not have been far off, for the Adams land at Oyster River Point only comprised eighteen acres. The inventory of the estate of Charles Adams, Senior, consisting of uplands, salt meadow, a small orchard, etc., as sworn to by his son Charles, April 1, 1695, amounted to sixty pounds in value.

March 4, 1711-'12, "Joseph Dudy and Rebeckah his wife, the eldest daughter of Charles Adams (Jr.)

deceased, sold Francis Mathes for four-score pounds "a certain tract or parcel of land situate in Dover township, lying and being on Oyster River poynt, commonly called and known by the name of Charles Adams his home plantation or house lott, being by estimation eighteen acres more or less, all wthin fence, and now in the tenure and occupation of the aforesaid Francis Mathes, bounded on the north wth the highway that leads from Willey's creek to Oyster River falls, on the south wth the aforesaid Mathes his land; more [over] twelve acres of land beginning at a marked tree behind the aforesaid house lott, and runs ab^t 100 rods by the highway side that leads to Oyster River falls, and from that extent it runs on a straight line west and by south, or thereabouts, to the other corner, all which said home plantation or house lott and twelve acres of land, together with all the fence and growing stuff, and all other the hereditaments, liberties, immunities, commons, water courses," etc.

Signed by "Joseph Dowdy, Rebecca^{her} X Dowdy, Esther^{her} + Adams." mark mark

Nov. 23, 1716. "Easter Adams" personally appeared before James Davis, justice of the peace, and acknowledged the foregoing deed. This Esther Adams afterwards married Thomas Bickford, Jr.

XII. The *Bickford Garrison*. This garrison stood at the point between Oyster river and Little Bay, often

called *Bickford's Point* in early times, but now known as Durham Point. According to tradition, this was a mere dwelling-house, surrounded by palisades. But such as it was, it was defended in an admirable manner in 1694 by Thomas Bickford, who, warned by the alarm guns at the upper garrisons that the Indians were at hand, had sent his family off by water, and remained to defend his house alone. Shouting forth his orders as if he had a squad of soldiers at his command, and presenting himself every few minutes in fresh guise to blaze away at the enemy, he deceived them so effectually that they speedily gave up the attempt to reduce so well manned a hold. This Thomas, whose wife was Bridget Furber, of Welsh Cove, was the son of John Bickford, who was living at Oyster River as early as July 17, 1645, on which day "Darby Field of Oyster River, in the river of Piscataqua, county of Norfolk, planter,"¹ sold John Bickford his dwelling-house at Oyster River, then "in the tenure of said Bickford," with a lot of five or six acres adjoining, and all the land to the creek on the side towards Little Bay, except the "breadth" on said creek in possession of Thomas Willey. (This was the inlet afterwards known as "Willey's Creek.") June 23, 1684, John Bickford, "with the consent of his wife Temperate," conveyed to his son Thomas "all his houses and lands lying at the poynt of Oyster river."²

¹ The writer, under the article *Field's Marsh*, states that Joseph and Zacharias Field were the sons of Darby Field. This relationship, though probable, does not appear to be certain. Dr. Quint, in his notes to the Rev. John Pike's Journal, calls them Darby Field's "grandsons," which could hardly be the case, as Joseph was of age, at least, in 1657, and Zacharias in 1664.

² John Bickford, when he left Oyster River, went to the Newington shore, where he owned several tracts of land—one near Bloody Point, another at Fox Point, and a third near Long Point, where he established himself. His children and grandchildren intermarried with the chief land-owners in Newington; and their descendants are now without number. The name of his wife, usually written Temperance, has for more than two hundred years been perpetuated among her descendants in Newington and the neighboring towns—the Harrisons, Downings, Knights, Pickerings, Coes, etc. John Bickford and his wife Temperance were the direct ancestors of the writer through her paternal grandmother.

The Bickford garrison long since disappeared. The beautiful spot where it stood, with Little Bay on one side, Oyster river on the other, and directly in front the river Pascataqua, with its verdant isles, swiftly coursing seaward between Newington at the right and the Black River district at the left, is now owned by Mr. John Mathes.

XIII. *The Edgerly Garrison.* This garrison was built by Thomas Edgerly, who was taxed at Oyster River in 1665, and admitted freeman in 1672. He was a justice of the peace in 1674, and took part that year in the Rev. Joshua Moody's trial for nonconformity, on which occasion he refused to subscribe to Mr. Moody's commitment, and consequently lost his commission. According to the Durham tradition, his garrison was destroyed in the attack of 1694, his son Zachariah slain, and he himself taken captive, but soon after made his escape. Belknap says the garrison was evacuated and destroyed, but he shortly after states that Thomas Edgerly, by concealing himself in his cellar, preserved his house, though twice set on fire. If destroyed on that occasion, it must have been at once rebuilt, for three soldiers are mentioned as stationed at Edgerly's garrison January 6, 1696. Thomas Edgerly was still alive in 1715.

The precise situation of this garrison is not known, but it could not have been far from the shore of Little Bay. Thomas Edgerly had a "plott" of land at the west end of "Hilliard's

field." conveyed to him by his father-in-law, John Alt, April 3, 1674. This "plott" joined land already owned by Edgerly, near Plum Swamp, on the lower side. If the garrison did not stand here, it must have been on the south-west side of Long creek (Crummit's), where Thomas Edgerly acquired land January 28, 1659, on which he appears to have been living May 21, 1700, when he conveyed a part of it to his son Samuel.

XIV. *Goddard's Garrison.* There appears to have been a Goddard or Symonds garrison at Lubberland at an early day. No mention is made of it in history, however, or in the Durham traditions; but the writer found it referred to in an Exeter record of March 16, 1735-'36, when Abraham Bennick,¹ a nephew of John Goddard, conveyed to his son Abraham a certain messuage or tract of land in that part of Durham called Loberland, being part of y^e estate formerly John Goddard's, "beginning at y^e old garrison seller [cellar], formerly y^e widow Simonds." Mrs. Symonds was previously the wife of John Goddard's, of Goddard Cove, who died about 1660, after which she married Michael Simmonds, or Symonds. "Goody Goddard" is stated to have chosen the appraisers of her husband John Goddard's estate, who made the inventory June 27, 1667; and September 16, 1667, "Mrs. Welthen Simonds" appeared before Judge Thomas Packer, and made oath as to the correctness of this inventory. She was still alive August 8,

¹ This is the "Abraham Benwick" spoken of by Belknap as commanding a company of volunteers in 1724 to scout for the Indians. The name seems to have been generally written Bennick down to the Revolutionary period, when for some unknown reason it was changed to Bennet. *Bennet's Crossing* on the Boston & Maine Railroad, between Durham and Newmarket, is so called from a descendant of the above Abraham.

1705, when John Woodman, Esq., one of her majesty's justices of the peace, having been requested by Abraham Bennick, of Lubberland, to receive her acknowledgment of an act conveying her homestead lands to her grandson, to the exclusion of her daughter, he went to see her, and, after examining her on this and various other subjects, he declared her altogether incapable of making such a conveyance, being *non compos mentis*, and to the best of his knowledge had been so six or seven years, through much infirmity and exceeding old age.

The following garrisons at Oyster River are mentioned as standing Jan. 6, 1695-'96, with the number of soldiers stationed at each: At *Medar's*, 3¹; *Davis's*, 3; *Smith's*, 3; *Bunker's*, 3; *Burnham's*, 2; *Bickford's*, 4; *Edgerly's*, 3; *Durgin's*, 2²; *David Davis's*, 2; *Jones's*, 2; *Woodman's*, 2. (See *N. H. Prov. Papers*, II, 175.)

David Davis's garrison, mentioned in the foregoing list, was at Lubberland. He was killed by the Indians August 27, 1696. Susanna, his widow, soon after married James Durgin, son of William. January 23, 1699, "Susanna Dorging" was summoned to appear before Lieut. Gov. Partridge to show why she had not administered upon the estate of her late husband, David Davis, and why Roger Rose, the principal creditor, should not administer. Perhaps the garrison was sold to pay the debts. At all events, it was acquired early

last century by John Smith, whose house, at or near Lamprey river, is spoken of March 4, 1701-'2. (*N. H. Prov. Papers*, II, 263.) The Rev. Hugh Adams, January 30, 1722-'23, baptized "two sons of Susanna Durgin, wife of James, at Lt. John Smith's at Loverland." This, of course, was at the garrison. This house for more than a century remained in the possession of the Smith family, and became known as the *Smith garrison*, though sometimes called at a later period the *Frost* and *Blydenburg garrison*, according to the occupant. Its huge timbers were still sound when it was taken down a few years ago.

Another *Davis garrison* was in the Packer's Falls district, the south side of Lamprey river, built by David Davis in the first half of last century. He was no doubt a son of the above David and Susanna. Here five generations of the name of David Davis are said to have lived. This place is now owned by Mr. Ebenezer Davis, who has a son David.

A *fourth Davis garrison*, very small in size, is still standing, adjoining the residence of Deacon John Thompson, about a mile from Durham village. It was no doubt built by Jabez Davis, son of Moses, on land conveyed to him by his uncle, Sergeant Joseph Davis, December 2, 1723.

The following garrisons at Oyster River were no doubt erected in the first half of last century, or, at least, subsequent to 1694:

¹ Medar's garrison is said to have been destroyed in 1694. If so, it must have been immediately rebuilt.

² William Durgin, December 11, 1694, was living on the west side of Mathews's Neck. (See *Adam's Point*.) His three sons are mentioned. Wm. Furber was, at the above date, licensed to keep a ferry from his house at Welshman's Cove to transport travellers to Oyster River, at the rate of three pence for every man landed at Mathews's Neck, and six pence if landed at Durgin's. (*N. H. Prov. Papers*, II, 146.)

"Philip Chesley's garrison," and "the late Capt. Chesley's garrison," are mentioned September 29, 1707. (*N. H. Prov. Papers*, II, 567.)

The latter was Capt. Samuel Chesley, an officer who took part in two expeditions to Port Royal. From the last of these he arrived at Portsmouth in the sloop *Sarah and Hannah*, Thursday, August 28, 1707, and that same day presented himself before the governor and council for further orders. Three weeks later (September 17) he and his brother James, with six other young men, were slain by the Indians, while lumbering in the forest, not far from Capt. Chesley's house. The Indian who killed James Chesley was slain on the spot by Robert Thompson, great-great-grandfather of the writer. Capt. Chesley's widow, Elizabeth, was appointed administratrix of his estate, August 3, 1708. Forty acres of his land, with a house and barn, were acquired by Capt. Samuel Emerson, April 11, 1717, and confirmed to him in 1732 by Joseph, son of Capt. Chesley. This tract included the spot where Capt. Chesley and his companions were slain, now owned by Mr. E. T. Emerson. The other part of Capt. Chesley's homestead lands (33 acres), with his "new dwelling-house," was conveyed to Philip Chesley, July 30, 1719. It is uncertain which of the above houses

was the garrison. It was not, however, far from the Huckins garrison, at the east.

Another *Chesley garrison* stood immediately in front of the present "Christian" meeting-house in Durham village. It was built by George Chesley, who acquired this land October 16, 1699. According to the family tradition, he was killed by the Indians near the Durham Point meeting-house, on his way to Crummit's mill. The estate of a George Chesley was administered upon by his widow, Deliverance, and his brother Joseph, September 5, 1710. Another George Chesley, as Belknap relates, was killed by the Indians May 24, 1724, as he was returning from public worship with Elizabeth Burnham, who was mortally wounded at the same time.¹ A romantic tradition declares them engaged to be married, and a poem is still extant bewailing the fate of the youthful lovers.

It is a pity to spoil so touching a romance, but the stern necessity of adhering to the truth compels the writer to say that if this was the George Chesley who built the garrison, he must have been at that time forty-five years of age, at least. This may not lessen our pity for the victims, but it certainly dispels the romance. The inventory of his estate was made August 27, 1724.²

Another *Chesley garrison* is said to

¹ Elizabeth Burnham lived four days after she was wounded. The Rev. Hugh Adams baptized her May 27th, the evening before her death, "at her penitent request."

² That the reader may not be entirely cheated out of his romance, it should be added that the above account has become entangled with a more authentic story of a young Chesley of last century, who was engaged to a Miss Randall, of Lee. They were returning from meeting together, when they were slain by the Indians on the Mast road. The rock on which the maiden fell is said to be stained with her blood to this day. This legendary rock is referred to in a ballad, published in the *N. H. Republican* of December 30, 1823:

"Twice fifty summers' storms have beat
Relentless on that sacred place;
As many summers' ardent heat;
But could not that red stream efface."

have stood on the Lubberland shore, built by Joseph Chesley, who acquired land there as early as March 26, 1707.¹

The Rev. Hugh Adams, of Oyster River, records, January 11, 1719-'20, the baptism of James, the infant son of James Tilley, at "the *Garrison House, second falls.*" He undoubtedly referred to the second falls in Lamprey river (see *Packer's falls*), which belonged to the Oyster River precinct, and at that time were usually called the "second falls." There were at least two garrisons in that vicinity. One of them, called the *Pendergast garrison*, is still standing, and now occupied by Mr. Scott. When or by whom it was built is uncertain, but it stood on land sold October 9, 1735, by Eliphalet Coffin, of Exeter, to "Stephen Pendergrass." The deed speaks of it as a tract of eighty-four acres in Durham, adjoining Lamprey river, beginning at the river about twenty rods above "a run of water near y^e land formerly called *Mahermit's planting ground.*" A spring is mentioned as just east of the lower bound, near the river.

The Tilleys do not appear to have owned any land in Durham. Mention is made, June 7, 1738, of Samuel Tille, collier, and Jane his wife, who conveyed a whole right of land in Canterbury to Stephen Pendergast.

Another garrison of last century is said to have stood near Wiswall's mill, built by Joshua Woodman. (See *Shad Falls.*)

The *Mathes garrison* stood at Dur-

ham Point, where is now the house of Mr. Mark Mathes. It was doubtless built by Capt. Francis Mathes, who was living in this vicinity in 1712, when he bought the Adams land. (See *Adams garrison.*) His grandfather, Francis Mathews, at his death, about 1644, owned a small tract of six or seven acres at the mouth of Oyster river, adjoining the Adams and Bickford lands. Capt. Francis Mathes, December 20, 1748, conveyed to Valentine and Abraham Mathes, Jr., the homestead where he then lived, "beginning at John Bickford's orchard point, so the salt water is y^e bounds to Joneses Point, and Oyster river and s^d point is on y^e northerly side; and s^d point in y^e possession of Bickford aforesaid, westerly by land in possession of Caleb Wakeham; south by a road that leads to Bickford's aforesaid and his field to y^e Orchard Point, just mentioned, together with all buildings," etc.

The *Randall garrison*, removed only a few years since, was in that part of Durham which is now Lee. It stood on the north side of the Mast road, a little above the present mansion of Mr. Charles Thompson, whose farm was part of the old Randall estate. It was built of logs, with loopholes in the thick walls for the discharge of guns, and naturally became the centre of a neighborhood. It was erected by Capt. Nathaniel Randall, son of Richard Randall and of Elizabeth Tozer, his wife. Capt. Randall's grandfather, Richard Tozer, was, May 5, 1657, married to Judith Smith, in

¹ The writer, under the article *Chesley's Islands*, states that Joseph Chesley, from whom they derived their name, had a grant at Lubberland. This is an error. He acquired his land there by purchase. March 26, 1707, all the land between John Goddard's and Richard Yorke's was conveyed to him by Sampson Doe, and with it six acres and *two islands*, which Joseph Smith had previously sold Nicholas Doe. "Chesley's great island" is mentioned in a deed of May 18, 1743.

Boston, by Gov. Richard Bellingham. He afterwards settled near Salmon Falls, on the Berwick side, where he was killed by the Indians October 16, 1675. Nathaniel Randall married Mary Hodgdon, of Dover, and settled in Lee, where he had several grants of land, and acquired a large estate. He died March 9, 1748-'49, in his 54th year. His grave may be seen in the Lee cemetery, near his lands, with that of "Mary, his consort," who died January 3, 1775, in her 76th year. They were the direct ancestors of the writer.¹

The Randall garrison was inherited by his son, Miles Randall, a man of energy and ability, who was made a county magistrate by the Exeter authorities in 1775. At the Revolution he obtained a large quantity of nitre, beneath his garrison, which he sent to the Committee of Supplies for the manufacture of gunpowder.

The *Doe garrison*. This garrison stood in the south-western part of Lee, "district No. 7." It was no doubt built by Joseph Doe, who, June 23, 1737, bought land here of John Bickford, which had been assigned the latter as his share of the common lands in Durham in 1733 or 1734. After the death of Joseph Doe and his wife, this place fell to their daughter Elizabeth, wife of Elijah Fox, from whom the garrison became known as the *Fox garrison*. Ann, the granddaughter of Elijah and Elizabeth Fox, and wife of Daniel Cartland, inherited this dwelling-house, but after her death it was sold to Samuel French, from whom it was

often called the *French garrison*. It was taken down a few years ago by Mr. Kenerson, the present owner of the Doe land.

Bloody Point garrisons. As that part of the Bloody Point settlement from Rocky Point to Hogstye Cove seems to have belonged to the Oyster River precinct as early as 1660, the following garrisons may properly be included in the list of the Oyster River garrisons.

Two garrisons at Welch cove are mentioned in 1696, viz., *Dam's* and *Furber's*. Sergeant John Dam was summoned to appear before Gov. Usher, September 26, 1696, for dismissing sundry soldiers posted at his garrison, which fault was perhaps owing to a lack of provisions, which Sergeant Dam had complained of in a letter dated "Welch Cove, July 27, 1696." (*N. H. Prov. Papers*, 2, 194-200.) *Dam's garrison* is again spoken of in 1797, as having one soldier stationed there.

Lient. Wm. Furber speaks of his garrison at Welch Cove, July 27, 1696. He was also tried by a court-martial that year for dismissing his soldiers (perhaps also for lack of supplies), and not only fined for that and other offences, but forbidden to hold office. In 1707, however, he was one of the men appointed to run the boundaries of the five townships of the province. The Rev. John Pike, in his journal, records the death of "Lt. William Furber of Welch Cove," September 14, 1707. He was an ancestor of the writer, one of whose great-grandmothers was

¹ ~~Seven~~ ^{ten} garrisons were built by the direct ancestors of the writer, viz.,—Bickford, Davis, Smith, and Woodman's in Durham; Otis, ^{to} Pinkham's and ~~Torr's~~ ^{Torr's} in Dover; Randall's in Lee; Demerit's in Madbury; and Downing or Harrison, and Furber's in Newington. Several others were built by collateral ancestors.

Deborah Furber, wife of John Gee Pickering, of Newington. (See *Pascataqua Rock*.)

The *Downing* or *Harrison* and the *Nutter garrisons*, mentioned under "NEWINGTON GARRISONS," properly belong to this list also.¹

PACKER'S FALLS. These falls are in that part of Lamprey river which flows through the southern part of Durham. The name is now confined to the falls just below the bridge on the road to Newmarket—the first falls below Wiswall's; but it perhaps originally comprised the whole series of falls or rapids along this portion of the river.

The name of Packer's falls was derived, not from Thomas Packer, the sheriff who hung Ruth Blay, but from his father, Col. Thomas Packer, also of Portsmouth, who was at once physician, judge, lieutenant-colonel, and member of the governor's council. He had a grant of land in this region from the town of Dover, April 11, 1694. According to the Exeter records, he sold, Dec. 1, 1711, to Philip Chesley, of Oyster River, fifty acres of land adjoining Lamprey river, which had been granted him by the town of Dover, together "with y^e privilege of erecting a mill or mills

upon y^e said river." These falls are mentioned by name Dec. 18, 1724, when James Basford of Dover sold James Gipsen one sixteenth part of the sawmill standing on Lamperel river, on y^e falls called Packer's falls, which s^d Basford bought of John Tasker. Samuel Chesley, March 1, 1727-'28, sold Samuel Linsey one eighth of the sawmill at the falls in Lamperel river "*commonly called Packer's falls*." And May 10, 1739, Joseph Smith, of Newmarket, conveyed to Abraham Bennick, Jr., of Durham, all right and title to y^e mill dam and falls and land granted John Goddard, late of Dover, deceased, at y^t place called or known by y^e name of Packer's Falls.

In early times, however, these falls were often spoken of as "the second falls in Lamprey river," or merely as "the second falls," and, as they lay within the Oyster River precinct, they have sometimes been confounded with the second falls in Oyster river. A road from Oyster river to the second falls is spoken of October 24, 1721, meaning the falls in Lamprey river.

The "second falls mill" is mentioned September 25, 1716, when Henry and Joanna Dyer, of Exeter, sold George Jaffrey "a piece of land

¹ ERROR CORRECTED. The writer here begs leave to correct an error in the article NEWINGTON GARRISONS.

John Downing, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Harrison, died September 16, 1744, aged 85. His will, of February 23, 1743, proved September 26, 1744, mentions his wife, Elizabeth. He is called "Esquire" in the letters of administration. It was his son who was the Hon. John Downing, generally called Col. Downing. The latter was a man of wealth and political influence. He was a member of his majesty's Council of the Province of New Hampshire, under the administration of Gov. Benning Wentworth, from 1742 to 1763. He was an extensive land-owner in Newington, Portsmouth, Rochester, and Nottingham, besides owning 300 acres in Arundell, Maine, bequeathed him by his father. At his death he gave land for a school-house in Newington, and 500 pounds "put at interest" for the maintenance of a teacher. His will, dated September 5, 1755, was admitted to probate March 12, 1766. In it he mentions his son John as "deceased." The latter died about 1750, in which year, November 28, letters of administration were granted his widow, Patience. Mr. Brewster, in his notes to the "Atkinson Silver Waiter" (see Brewster's *Rambles about Portsmouth*, Vol. II), wrongly supposes John Downing, 3d, husband of Patience, to have been the Councillor and the same John who died in 1744. It was Col. John Downing, the Councillor, whose daughter Mary married Thomas Pickering, February 7, 1727. They were the great-great-grandparents of the writer.

called the *mote*," 50 acres more or less; also their part of 400 acres extending from y^e mouth of Piscassick river up Lampril river till it comes within a few rods of *second falls mill*, with their part of y^e whole accommodation of Lampreel river which was granted Mr. Valentine Hill by the town of Dover, for erecting mills on any part of said river, with one hundred acres of land at each mill.

The "second falls mill" is again mentioned November 2, 1739. (See *N. H. Town Papers* XI. 649.) The Rev. Hugh Adams undoubtedly referred to these falls when he recorded a baptism "at the garrison house, second falls," January 11, 1719-'20, as there is no tradition of any garrison at the second falls in Oyster river.

The first time the name of Packer's falls appears in the Durham records is June 13, 1750, when a road "to Packer's falls, so-called," was proposed. But it must be remembered that there are very few Durham records prior to 1750, and none before 1733.

The name of "Packer's Falls" has long been given to the whole district in Durham along both sides of Lamprey river, extending to Lee at the west, and as far as Newmarket at the south.

The first mention of Packer's Falls as a school-district is October 7, 1783, when £10 16s. were paid John Smith "in lawful money, in full, for his son Daniel's keeping school in the Packer's falls district" during the year 1782. There was, however, without doubt, a public school here before the Revolution, as there certainly was in Durham village and at Durham Point.

PARSON BUSS'S PULPIT. This is a recess in the steep, rocky bank of Oyster river, on the south side, a short distance above Burnham's creek, where, according to tradition, the Rev. John Buss used to retire for contemplation and prayer in his declining years. He was the third minister at the Oyster River settlement, and in the Indian attack of 1694 he lost his house and valuable library, and being reduced to a narrow habitation and encumbered with a large family, he might well be glad to take refuge in this niche of pleasant outlook across the swiftly running stream, and here taste the sweets of solitude. He doubtless lived a short distance below Cutt's hill, on a grant of twenty-five acres from the town, adjoining the parsonage lands, on the north side of the road leading to Durham Point. The rock that formed the seat of the pulpit has been carried away by irreverent boys, but the niche remains, looking like a hermit's narrow, half ruined cell.

PARTRIDGE POINT. This point, on the east side of the Bellamy river, is mentioned April 2, 1694, when 30 acres of land between Partridge poynt and John Wingate's land were laid out for the use of the ministry on the west side of the road to Cochecho, beginning at the commons and extending towards the said point. The name was perhaps derived from Wm. Partridge, at that time a merchant in Portsmouth, but afterwards lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire. He owned land in Dover. October 14, 1717, Wm. Partridge, of Portsmouth, sold Samuel Alley, of Dover, ten acres, formerly Wm. Henderson's.

PASCATAQUA BRIDGE. This bridge

extended across the river Pascataqua from Durham to Fox Point on the Newington shore. It was chartered June 20, 1793. It was begun in April, 1794, and was so far completed as to be opened for travel November 25, the same year, with a toll-gate at the Durham end. It was 2,362 feet long, and 38 feet wide. It had three sections. The first was horizontal, and built on piles from Fox Point to Rock island. The second was an arch from Rock island to Goat island. And the third, built like the first, was from Goat island to the Durham shore. There was a draw for the passage of vessels. Thomas Thompson, and John Pierce of Portsmouth, were the agents for its construction. Timothy Palmer, of Newburyport, Mass., was the architect. Enos Whiting, of Norwich, Conn., had charge of the pile-work and draw. There was a planking surface of nearly half a mile in length. Three thousand tons of oak timber, 2,000 tons of pine timber, 80,000 four-inch plank, 20 tons of iron, and 8,000 tons of stone were used in its construction.

This bridge was considered a masterpiece in its time, on account of the difficulty of its construction across a current of great rapidity, and for the most part fifty-two feet deep at high tide. It opened a new highway to Portsmouth, and for fifty years greatly contributed to the prosperity of that town by directing thither a portion of country trade, especially after the opening of the First New Hampshire turnpike road.

This bridge gave way March 8, 1830, and again in the autumn of 1854. In the latter instance it was repaired by the Messrs. Frink, of

Newington, who had recently bought it for \$2,000, though it originally cost \$65,400. This decrease in value was owing to the construction of railways, which had diverted travel in other directions. Consequently, when 600 feet of the bridge on the Newington side was carried away by the ice, February 18, 1855, the owners could not afford to repair it, and the portion left was removed not long after.

PASCATAQUA RIVER, otherwise PISCATAQUA. Judge Potter defines the name of this river as "a great deer place;" from *Pos* (great), *Attuck* (deer), and *Auke* (a place). Mr. Thoreau, in his *Maine Woods*, says Piscataquis signifies, according to the definition of an intelligent Indian, "the branch of a river." The latter meaning is preferable. The Pascataqua is a forked river, with two great branches, one coming down from the Wakefield ponds and the other from Great and Little bays. These unite at Hilton's Point, whence this confluent stream flows eastward to the Atlantic, seven miles distant.

The Hon. C. H. Bell, in the first paragraph of his recently published *History of Exeter*, aptly compares the Pascataqua and its tributaries to "a man's left hand and wrist, back upwards, and fingers wide apart. The thumb would stand for the Salmon Falls or Newichwannock river, the forefinger for Bellamy river, the second finger for Oyster river, the third for Lamprey river, and the fourth for Exeter or Squamscot river; while the palm of the hand would represent the Great Bay, into which most of those streams pour their waters, and the wrist the Pascataqua proper." A

branched river, indeed, as the name signifies.

Different names are given to different parts of the Pascataqua. According to Belknap, the eastern branch, from its source to the lower falls at Berwick, is called the *Salmon Falls river*. Then it assumes the name of *Newichawannock*, which it bears till it meets with the Cochecho. The early settlers on Dover Neck called that part from the mouth of the Cochecho to Hilton's Point by the name of *Fore river*, by way of contradistinction from the tidal part of the Bellamy at the west, which they called *Back river*.

The head of the western branch of the Pascataqua is Great bay. Below is Little bay. Between Fox Point and Dover Point the entire basin is called Broad cove by the Oyster river boatmen, though, strictly speaking, perhaps, the name belongs to the cove between Fox Point and Stephen's Point, now Bean's. The main river from Dover Point to the Narrows below Boiling Rock is called the Long Reach.

Following the Newington shore downward from Fox Point, one comes first to *Broad Cove freshet*, now *De Rochemont's*, which empties into Broad Cove. Then *Carter's Rocks*, otherwise *Rocky Point*, midway along the shore of this cove. Then *Bean's Point*. Below is *Coleman's creek*. Then comes *Orchard*, or *Zuckey's Point*, formerly *Trickey's*, with *Trickey's cove* on the lower side. Beyond is Miss Nancy Drew's point, formerly *Knight's ferry*. Then *Bloody Point*, the terminus of the bridge from Dover Point. In the river below, perhaps thirty rods from the shore, are the

Langstaffe Rocks, dangerous to shipping, with a wrecked schooner now lying near. Below the bridge is *Pickering's Cove*, otherwise *Whidden's*, and a creek which once divided the Bickford and Carter lands, and ran a mill. Below is *Birch Point*, no doubt the Pine Point of early times. Beyond is *Ragg's* or *Betel's Point*, and off shore is *Sunken Ledge*. *Patterson's Point*, below, is a part of the Rollins farm. Off this shore is *Shag Rock*, and nearly opposite, near the Eliot shore, are *Red Rocks*. Below is the island of *Frankfort*, called "Frank's fort" by the boatmen,—a steep, gravelly hill, which once had the aspect of a fortress, with a broad, flat surface on the top, but now worn by the elements, and partly carried away by vessels for ballast. Below Patterson's Point, on the Newington shore, is *Upper Huntress*, a name given to a small cove and creek, from a family that acquired land here nearly two hundred years ago. In 1695, John Pickering, Jr., of Portsmouth, conveyed to George Huntress, of Dover, with "turf and twig," thirty-five acres of land in y^e Long Reach, bought of Benjamin Rawlins, September 13, 1689, which land belonged to Benjamin's father, and lay along the river shore adjoining Matthew Nelson's land. Below is *Paul's creek*, said to be the Kenny or Canney's creek of early times. Then comes the *Lower Huntress*, to which a road led in former times to the ferry which ran across to the Eliot shore at Paul's ship-yard, whence another road led into the country. *Boiling Rock* is a little below, towards the Eliot shore. It does not come within the limits of ancient Dover, but it is mentioned in

connection with the line of division from Strawberry Bank in 1656. President Cutt, in his will of 1680, speaks of his thirteen acres at Boyling Rock, bought of Jaffrey Currier. Below are the *Narrows*. Here is *Cutt's eddy*, the worst in the river. We are now in Portsmouth. On the shore is *Wentworth Point*, better known as the *Pulpit*, so called from a rock that hangs out from the shore, where sailors in passing formerly "made their manners" for the sake of good luck, and still do so to some extent. An anecdote is related in Brewster's *Rambles* of General Sullivan's refusing to pay the customary mark of respect in passing the Pulpit, and the means used by the boatmen to make him doff his hat. President Cutt, in his will, gives his wife the use of land at y^e Pulpit till his son Samuel should be of age. It was here Madam Ursula Cutt retired after his death, and was here killed by the Indians in 1694. Below is *Cutt's Cove*, with *Freeman's Point* beyond, for two hundred years called *Ham's Point*, from William Ham, who had a grant of land here in 1652, and built a house on it before 1654. On the Kittery shore, opposite, are *Adams Oaks*.¹

Going up the Long Reach, the river boatmen, after passing Frank's Fort, used to sing out, "Barn Door!" as soon as they caught sight of a barn on a distant hill, the doors of which were never known to be shut. This was the signal for a dram, and the men would flat their oars and take their grog, the better to stem

the strong current of the Long Reach. Another of their landmarks was *Pimple Stone*, a little above Dover Point, at the west. This was a large rock with a white stripe in it, which, according to the legend, was, when *small*, slung across from the Newington shore by an enraged old woman, by means of a skein of yarn fastened around it. This skein, of course, formed the white stripe. This is a sailors' *yarn*, however, which, unfortunately, cannot be verified, as this legendary rock has been blown up and removed by some utilitarian.

The Oyster river boatmen always found a second dram necessary at the "*Horse Racers*," on entering the western branch of the Pascataqua, where the tide is very swift and powerful. A third was taken at *Half-Tide Rock* on entering Oyster river.

PASCATAQUA ROCK. Mentioned June 16, 1674, when Wm. ffurber, Sen^r, for y^e entire affection he bore to Wm. ffurber, his first born son, conveyed to him his new dwelling-house, with the old one, and barn, with all out housing, and all his land from *Piscatawag Rock* to the north end of Anthony Nutter his land, and all y^e land to y^e north of this line and y^e land at y^e north edge of John Damm's land.

March 2, 1704, Jethro ffurber, of Portsmouth (son of Jethro, deceased, mariner), out of love and affection, conveyed to his loving cousin, Jethro ffurber, son of William of Dover, his uncle, twenty-five acres of land at or near Great Bay in Portsmouth, fronting the river between *Pascataqua Rock* and *Small Point*, adjoining

¹ In this connection it might be added that *Christian Shore*, at Portsmouth, a name whose origin has been questioned, was so called, the writer remembers hearing her grandmother say, from the number of baptisms by immersion on this shore by the Rev. Elias Smith, a noted "revivalist," at the beginning of this century.

Wm. ffurber's land, said land having belonged to Jethro's father, also named Jethro, who intended to give it to Jethro, son of William.

The name of Pascataqua Rock has not been perpetuated. There is a ledge above Thomas Point, covered at half tide, which may be the rock formerly so named.

PATTERSON'S POINT. This point is on the Rollins farm, at the foot of *Patterson's Lane*, on the Newington shore of the Pascataqua. It was so named from Joseph Patterson, who, June 14, 1769, acquired a portion of the Rollins land, and another portion adjoining in 1772. It was afterwards reconveyed to the Rollins family by Temperance, his widow. Joseph Patterson's grave, with its stone marked J. P., may still be seen, a short distance from the point where he once anchored his bark.

PETER'S OVEN. This name is given to a natural cave half way up the side of a steep ledge between Lee Hill and Footman's hill. It is mentioned in the Exeter records as early as May 29, 1752, when land on "the south side of the way leading from the Place commonly called Peter's Oven to the head of the township," was conveyed by John Pitman to Jonathan Thompson, Jr. One tradition says the name is derived from an Indian named Peter, who, wounded at the battle of Wheelwright's pond, succeeded in reaching this cave, into which he crawled, and there died. According to another tradition, it was so called from a negro named Peter, who once made it his haunt and gave it a diabolical reputation.

The name of "oven" is often given to a cave in Ireland, from the Irish

word *Uanhaiu*, pronounced *ooan*, whence the corruption of oven.

PINCOMB'S CREEK—otherwise *Pinkham's*. This creek is one of the boundaries of the early Pickering grant on the Newington shore of Great Bay, above Fabyan's Point. The name, which has not been perpetuated, was no doubt derived from Richard Pinckhame, of the Dover Combination of 1640. It is mentioned in the town records of Portsmouth, February, 1655, as follows:

"It is this day granted unto John pickringe that hee shall haue the land lying between swadens creek and pincomb's creek in the great bay so that it bee no mans former Right or property: the sayd land is to extend into the swamp and no farther." (*Ports. Records*, edited by Frank W. Hackett, p. 35.)

On this creek settled Thomas Pickering, son of the above John and ancestor of the present writer, who built a mill at the head of tide-water, traces of which can still be seen. Thomas Pickering, of Portsmouth, August 5, 1713, conveyed to his son John, out of parental love and affection, 100 acres of land on Great Bay, at the north-west corner of Hall's farm, extending fifty rods along the bay, and then along the brook, to Capt. John Wentworth's land; together with his saw-mill, and the stream it stood on, reserving certain rights during his own life. This stream is now known as *Mill creek*, otherwise *Pickering's*. The mill, however, is now gone, and the spot where Thomas Pickering first landed, for many years alive with the roar of the falls and the mill and the activity of the early pioneers, is now utterly silent and desolate.

There is only a cluster of tall chestnuts and pines on the shore, which overshadow a few hillocks covered with rank grass, where the early Pickerings are buried, on the very edge of the water, looking off over Great Bay towards the southern shore of Durham—a spot beautiful and solitary, and abandoned to Nature, where it seems good to rest and await the *vitam venturi sæculi*.

Pinder's Point. This point, mentioned on Emerson's map, is a little below Jewell's Point on the Lubberland shore of Great Bay. John York, of Lubberland, May 16, 1681, conveyed to John Pinder, brickmaker, all his land "beginning at the *Little point* in *Clift Cove*, adjoining Thomas Morris's, and so over to the neck to a pine tree by the path to Lubberland." The Pinder land is mentioned in 1715, and again in 1756, as next to the Footman land.

PINE POINT. This point is on the Newington shore, next Bloody Point. It is mentioned June 24, 1648, when Richard Carter, "sometime dwelling in Piscataway," sold house and land on Pine point to his trusty and well beloved friend, Matthew Giles, dwelling in Oyster River. Richard's children seem, however, to have still owned this land, October 8, 1702, when Richard Carter and Margaret his wife, together with Edward Carter and Mary their sister, sold their farm at Pine Point, "adjacent to a place called Bloody Point," to John Knight, alias Chavalier, of Portsmouth, reserving, however, the corner of the orchard where their father and mother lay buried.¹

¹ December 7, 1702, Benjamin Bick-

ford, with Sarah his wife, conveyed to John Knight, alias Chavalier, sixteen acres of meadow, formerly belonging to Benjamin's father (John Bickford, of Oyster River), lying betwixt a place formerly called Pine Point and a place commonly called Bloody Point, bounded on land said Knight bought of Richard Carter on the south, Henry Langstaffe's on the north, the river on the east, and the highway at the west, together with one fourth of the saw-mill between said land and that of John Knight, formerly Carter's. From this it is evident that Pine Point is the little promontory below Bloody Point, known by different names, according to the owner, such as *Pickering's Point* and *Furber's Point*. It is perhaps the *Hodgdon Point*, mentioned in John Knight's will of 1770. It is now owned by the Furbers, descendants of John Pickering, who acquired this land last century, and is generally known as *Birch point*, from the white birches on it, conspicuous at a distance.

PINKHAM'S GARRISON. This garrison was built by Richard Pinckhame, of the Dover Combination. It stood on the west side of Dover Neck, on gently sloping land overlooking Back river, that for six generations remained in possession of the Pinkham family, covering a space of about 250 years. It is now owned by Mr. Charles Thompson. About four rods west of his house stood the garrison, which was taken down about 1825.

PINKHAM'S POINT. This name is given on Whitehouse's map to a point on the west side of the river Cochecho, towards the mouth.

¹ The name of this family is still perpetuated by *Carter's Rocks*, on the shore of Broad Cove.

ON THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY JOSEPH W. PARMELEE.

The beechen wood was full of song of birds,
And sunlight glinted from the glossy leaves
That rustled in the genial morning air,
Or poured through parted boughs upon the grass,
And tiny flowers, and cones of pine, or buds
Of spruce that lay upon the ground among
The gnarlèd roots of the great forest trees.

Here we may sit, and while the harmonies
Of Nature woo our sense, our thoughts can rove
In sweet accord with the bright scenes around.

In a secluded nook on the side hill,
For many years a vet'ran woodchuck had
His hole, near which, like sentinel alert,
With head erect, he observation took,
And on approach of harm hied to his snug
Retreat, far in the ground, with stealthy tread.

Still more remote, where sombre pine and spruce
Spread their protecting branches near the ground,—
A covert wild,—among decaying stumps
And brush and leaves, the wily partridge found
A cozy home, and there in ruffled mien,
Strutting upon a favorite log, startled
The silent woods with beat of wings that smote
The air like sound of distant muffled drum.

In early spring, soon as the sun began
To soften the deep snow that filled the woods
And penetrate and warm the frigid shades,
And robin-redbreast carol'd from his perch
At morn his old familiar melody,
Then came the farmer, with his spouts and bit,
To tap the generous maples scattered here
And there, and gather in their affluent sap.
Then smoked his kettles in the heated arch,
And vapors rose above the boiling swirl,—
While the huge cauldron muttered in hot wrath,—
And as the sachariferous brew went on,
The lads and lassies came with spoons, and dips,
And pans of snow, to taste in various ways

The golden syrup, and in converse sweet,
 Or joyous sports, beguile the passing time.
 Follow the rugged path up through the woods
 By steep ascent, and lo! the plain appears,
 Wide spread and grassy,—not a tree or shrub
 To mar its surface fair.

The plains of earth,
 Not less historic than its mountains, seem
 To centre on this spot, bringing their great
 Events from out the ages past, as told
 In song and story, and our active brain
 Fills the wide scene. This was our Marathon,
 Where fiery Greeks in glittering squadrons made
 The impetuous charge; or field of ancient Troy;
 Or the Olympian plain, where athletes strove,
 And ghosts of heroes thus were entertained,
 And the great gods appeared to mortal men;
 Or plain of Dura, where the Chaldean king
 Set up his golden image; or the old,
 Old land of Shinar, where confusion came
 Of tongues;—and thus our thoughts take wings and fly
 Without regard of time, or space, or clime,
 Thronging our play-grounds and familiar scenes
 In this most modern, unhistoric land,
 With shadows from the chronicles of time.

KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY.

BY REV. S. L. GEROULD.

It is not easy for us of this generation to realize our indebtedness to those who have lived before us. "Our fathers labored, and we have entered into their labors." Very many of the appliances of life, which so greatly add to our comfort and usefulness, were not known to our immediate ancestors, though they prepared the way for them. On our farms the mowing machine can usually be run their entire length without raising the cutter bar, because our fathers dug

out the stumps and removed the rocks. If it be true, as is alleged by many, that we of this generation are living too much for ourselves, it is unquestionably true that there were not a few of a former generation who lived for their children,—and, it may be added, they had children for whom to live. Deprived, as most of them were, of the privileges of a school education, it is a matter of surprise that our fathers should have manifested the interest they did in the

establishment of institutions of learning, and in the education of their children. As there were no high schools in those days, and as the common school afforded only the barest outline of an education, they had their "select schools," as they were called, where by the payment of a moderate tuition their children could be under the instruction of a competent teacher during the spring and fall of the year, while in the summer and winter they worked upon the farm, or were employed in teaching some district school. Charters and funds were secured for the foundation of academies, where the young men could prepare for college, and the young women obtain an education that would fit them for any position in life. The self-denial practised by them, that these institutions might be founded, and that their children might have their benefits, is almost pathetic. All our older academies have a history that would be tearful reading could it all be written.

Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H., has a history of only three fourths of a century, but it is one well worthy of being written. Its origin was at a time when the country was being tainted with French infidelity. Good men were becoming alarmed at its spread, and felt that no pains nor expense should be spared to meet and overthrow it. As a result of the low state of religion and the condition of the country at this time, there was a great scarcity of ministers. Christian people saw that something must be done to increase the supply, or there was danger that we should be swamped upon the rocks of infidelity. The original idea with those who started

this academy was to found a school where the young men, with no other advantages than those afforded by the common schools of that day, could be trained at the least possible expense of time and money for the work of the ministry.

Thus a religious rather than an educational idea was at the bottom of this institution. It was helped on by the glowing accounts of a similar school in Scotland, brought home by a young man from this state who had been there for an education. Councils were called by churches in New Hampshire and Vermont, to take into consideration the establishment of such a school, and these were followed by a larger council, in which were represented some of the leading churches throughout New England, and included such men as President Dwight of Yale, and Professors Porter, Stuart, and Woods of Andover Theological Seminary. This council was convened at Windsor, Vt., 21 October 1812. Its members were not at first in agreement, but the argument of President Dwight for a liberally educated ministry was so convincing, that, after much discussion, the original plan was abandoned, and a constitution adopted which is embraced, essentially, in the present charter of the institution.

Instead of a Seminary, it was resolved to make it an Academy, "to assist in the education of poor and pious young men for the gospel ministry, and such others as may be admitted by the trustees, subject to pay tuition." Under this arrangement none could be aided without declaring their purpose to pursue a full course of college and theological studies. As showing that it had its origin in the

united churches of New England, it was at that time resolved to call it Union Academy.

The history of this institution would not be complete without some notice of the man whose name it bears. He was born in Preston, Conn., 20 May, 1753. When sixteen years of age his father emigrated to Plainfield, N. H., where he bought a large tract of land, which included the present village of Meriden. At this time he had not learned to read. He served four years or more in the war of the Revolution, rising to the rank of adjutant. Returning to his home he became a man of affairs, engaging not only in trade, but being the active business man of the community.

He was a member of the ecclesiastical council where this institution had its birth, and where, as he had no children, he pledged \$6,000 for its immediate use, and a large part of his property at his disease, on condition of its location at Meriden. This very liberal offer was at once accepted. He was made one of the trustees, and as such "was very actively engaged in making the necessary arrangements for a building and for the commencement of the school; and though many in the vicinity were liberal in their subscriptions for the erection of a suitable building, yet a considerable portion of the expense was ultimately paid by him." His death occurred 27 February, 1817, so he was not permitted to see the prominent position which the school took a few years later. On his death his name was added to that under which it was originally chartered.

The academy was chartered in 1813, and its first building was dedicated

9 January, 1815, the first term of school opening on the following day, with seven pupils in attendance.

Otis Hutchins, A. M. (D. C. 1804), was its first principal. Although possessing talents of no mean order, and winning the respect of the citizens and of his pupils, and being a superior scholar, it was soon found that he was not the proper person to organize such an institution as the trustees desired to establish. After four years he gave place to John L. Parkhurst (B. U. 1812), who also failed to meet the requirements. Other things occurred to embarrass the welfare of the school, particularly some difficulty in bringing to a settlement the executor of the Kimball estate. During a part of the three years that Mr. Parkhurst was principal there were no regular sessions of the school—only private recitations of a few scholars.

In 1822 the academy came into the possession of about \$32,000 from the estate of Mr. Kimball. In the early part of the same year Israel Newell (Bowd. C. 1819) succeeded to the principalship. These two circumstances infused new life into the school, and it entered upon an era of prosperity which constantly increased for about fifty years. Though not equal in scholarship to his predecessor, Mr. Newell seemed to have the necessary qualifications to develop the institution according to the idea of its founders. During his administration, such men as President Larabee of Middlebury, President Smith of Dartmouth, President Brown of Hamilton, and Professors D. H. Allen, Ira Young, D. J. Noyes, E. A. Lawrence, and others, were educated here. In

1824, the first academy building, including a library of some value, was burned. Steps were taken at once to replace it, and what is now the wing, as seen in the accompanying plate, was completed in 1825.

Cyrus S. Richards, who was graduated here in 1831, became its principal in 1835, immediately after his graduation at Dartmouth. The standard of the school was now gradually raised so that it soon became the equal of the best schools of the land. Although young ladies had previously been admitted, yet in 1840 a regular female department was opened, Madam Kimball having bequeathed ten thousand dollars for this purpose. The main building, as seen in the plate, was completed that year in season to accommodate the new department. The school now had not only its male and female departments, but its classical, its literary and classical, and its English courses of study, each requiring three years to complete it. Young men and women, not only from the New England states, but from distant states, were attracted here by the reputation of the school, which had extended even to foreign lands. Upwards of three hundred were present some of the terms, and more than sixty, in the two departments, have been graduated in a single year.

Added to his superior qualities as a teacher, Dr. Richards (LL. D., Dartmouth 1865) was a skilful disciplinarian; and though there are some living who may not remember all his methods with special delight, yet all must bear testimony that he managed the school as few would have been able to do it. With all that may be said of his methods, he succeeded in

building up one of the best academies the country had then enjoyed. He was helped in his work by excellent assistants, among whom was Alphonzo Wood the botanist, Cyrus Baldwin, Rev. E. T. Rowe, Abel Wood, and many others, besides the principals of the female departments—Misses Green, McKeen, Fuller, Richards, and Bates.

The War of the Rebellion somewhat interfered with the school, as many of its students went into the army, and the source of supply was drawn upon by the exigencies of the country; but after the war it soon recovered what it had lost. It may be said that the record of its students in the war was a brilliant one.

After thirty-six years of faithful service, in 1871 Dr. Richards felt compelled to resign. The burden had become too heavy for him, and it was proper that it should be shifted to younger shoulders. Since that time the position of principal has been held by several able gentlemen, all well qualified for the position; but the glory of the school had departed. The establishment of high schools in all the large towns, the multiplication of academies, the depreciation of the funds, and the inaccessibility of Meriden,—all have conspired to break down the prestige of the school.

* * * * *

The true worth of a person is to be gauged not by his place on the roll of fame, nor by his rating on 'Change, but by what he has done for humanity. Measuring this academy by a similar standard, we see that she has done a most important work for the world, and is entitled to a position of the very highest eminence. In 1880 the

writer published a historical catalogue of this academy, at which time it had graduated nearly thirteen hundred gentlemen, and more than three hundred and fifty ladies. Besides these, there were a greater number who had pursued a partial course, and went elsewhere to complete it, or were here a few terms in some of the departments, and then went out to their life work, greatly enriched and strengthened by the education and stimulus here received. Of the graduates, nearly three hundred and fifty have become ministers, twenty-six going abroad as missionaries. Over three hundred have entered the legal profession, over two hundred have become physicians, forty have become editors. Nearly five hundred and fifty of its graduates have entered Dartmouth college. It has given to the world seven college presidents, and thirty-four professors in colleges or

professional schools. Four of its graduates have been members of congress, and four have been judges in our higher courts. But this does not begin to measure its usefulness. No one can tell of the inspiration and help received by the thousands who have enjoyed its advantages, who have gone out to their work, and, without making to themselves a great name, have been exerting a refining and helpful influence upon the world so far as they were brought in contact with it. And these influences shall be continued, through those whom they affected, during the coming generations. New England's position to-day is higher than it would have been but for Kimball Union Academy. It still lives, ably presided over by David G. Miller and a corps of worthy assistants, doing the best possible work with the means it possesses.

HANOVER IN THE CONVENTION OF 1788.

BY FREDERICK CHASE.

If the influence of Samuel Livermore was the determining factor in the ratification of the Federal constitution, its efficiency was largely due to the unanimity of the Grafton delegates—broken only by a single vote—and this very likely to the fact that the towns of the Connecticut valley in the border troubles from which they had now but just emerged, had looked to Mr. Livermore, almost alone among the officials of the Exeter government, for countenance and support.

Hanover, though not a shire town, was at this period at the head of the county in wealth and in population. It had been the first (with Lebanon) to antagonize the Exeter party in 1776, and the last to give up the contest in 1785, when it consented for the first time to fill a seat in the general court, the right of separate representation being at last accorded to Hanover and Lebanon alone in Grafton county.

In the convention of 1788 Hanover was represented by Jonathan Free-

man, who had been an active spirit in the local political agitations of the preceding decade. He came of an adventurous stock. He was born in Mansfield, Conn., March 21, 1745, and died in Hanover, August 20, 1808, aged 63. His father, and all his paternal ancestors to the fifth generation (and possibly more), carried the name of Edmund. The first appeared on this side the water at Saugus (Lynn), Mass., in 1735, and two years later as the leader of a party of settlers on Cape Cod under a grant from Plymouth Colony in what is now the town of Sandwich. His son Edmund, a generation later, represented that town seven years in the general court.

In the next of the line the ancestral spirit showed itself anew in the purchase, in 1702, of a half interest in a thousand acres of wild land in Windham county, Conn., afterwards included in the town of Mansfield. Thither (from Yarmouth, Mass.) his son Edmund (Jonathan's grandfather) removed, with a large family, in 1742.

On the opening of the Upper Connecticut valley in 1760, Jonathan's father, then known as Edmund, Junior (a graduate of Harvard college of 1733), true to the family instinct, was attracted to the new enterprise. With another prominent gentleman of Mansfield he appeared in Portsmouth, among the earliest of the adventurers, in behalf of a syndicate of two hundred and forty citizens of that part of Connecticut, and obtained, July 4, 1761, a grant of four townships—the first of the new crop of "New Hampshire grants." To the settlement of one of these—the town of Hanover—Jonathan and his elder brother Ed-

mund (styled the 3d) devoted themselves. With the help of their father and brothers and working parties, they personally surveyed and lotted it, and in 1765 made the first settlement in its borders. No less than five of the Freeman brothers became permanent and prominent settlers. One of them—Russell Freeman—had the honor of being, in 1785, the first representative ever sent by Hanover to the general court of the state, and in 1796 was chosen speaker of the house. In 1805 he was a victim, at the county jail in Haverhill, of one of the most noted and brutal murders ever committed in the state.

Jonathan himself was, however, the most prominent of all the brothers in local affairs. He was a leading spirit, a ruling elder, in Rev. Mr. Burroughs's church, which excommunicated the Grafton presbytery. He was for a long series of years town-clerk and selectman. He was, also, by reason of his experience, final arbiter in all questions of survey and boundary in the town, and in 1771 had the honor of laying out with great skill and foresight the village, contiguous to the college.

In 1773 he obtained from the provincial legislature an important rectification of the boundaries of the town; and several times during the Revolutionary War he appeared at Exeter as the envoy and advocate of the United Western towns. He served as lieutenant of his brother Edmund's company in the campaign of October, 1776, at the defence of Ticonderoga, and, with the rest, received the written thanks of General Gates. With Bezaleel Woodward he represented the town in most of the important

conventions upon the grants between 1776 and 1780, and in the general assembly of Vermont in the unions of 1778 and 1781. He was also a justice of the peace under Vermont appointment. He enjoyed a similar distinction under a New Hampshire commission from 1794.

Mr. Freeman was a member of the New Hampshire legislature for Hanover from 1787 to 1792 and again in 1795, and a delegate to the State Constitutional Convention of 1791. He was a member of the council from 1789 to 1796, and state senator from 1789 to 1794. He had the happiness of voting for Washington as one of the presidential electors in 1793, and from 1797 to 1801 he was a member of congress. As such he was one of the unhappy crowd that were compelled, in 1800, to turn their backs on the comforts of Philadelphia and assist in setting up the machinery of government in the swamps on the Potomac. In 1790 he received a respectable number of votes in his own town (and possibly in others) for governor of New Hampshire.

Mr. Freeman's connections and circumstances made it natural that he should be called into the councils of the college. He acted for it in early years in enforcing the tardily paid subscriptions made for its settlement here, and for a long series of years (quite down to his death) he was its trusted agent in superintending locations and surveys of its large landed interests. For the last twenty years of his life, beginning in 1788, he was

entrusted with the management and disposal of the college lands under the name of "financier"—an office wholly distinct from that of treasurer; and from 1793, he was an influential member of the board of trust, distinguished after a time as an active partisan of the second Wheelock.

Mr. Freeman, in the convention of 1788, voted for the Federal constitution in harmony with the general sentiment of his constituents, though, so far as we know, without formal instructions. The town was for many years Federalist by an overwhelming majority. At no less than six elections its vote was *unanimous* on that side.

Mr. Freeman's wife was Sarah, daughter of Jeremiah Huntington, of Norwich, Conn.; married February 2, 1775. She survived him almost forty years, dying in Hanover at the age of 98, September 18, 1846. Longevity was a family inheritance. Their eldest child was Peyton Randolph Freeman, long clerk of the United States court, and a lawyer of eminence at Portsmouth. The second son, "Esquire" Jonathan, long a prominent citizen of the college village, died there in 1855, aged 81; Edward died in Lebanon in 1868, aged 87; Asa, for more than fifty years an esteemed member of the bar in Dover, died in 1867, aged 80; Samuel, a physician at Saratoga, N. Y., died in 1870, aged 80. Two maiden daughters attained similar advanced age in Hanover, the elder, Sarah, dying in 1871, at the age of 88.

THE BULOW PLANTATION.

CHAPTER VIII.

Captain Homer, as the reader is aware, was by no means the victim of the four Indians, as his friends both within and without the Bulow fortress mournfully anticipated, but, alive and well and in the full possession of every faculty, was about leaving the cabin of the hermit hunter, Andrew Shepard, to seek his lady-love, and, if possible, to rescue her from her abductors, or to revenge her death. He could not for a moment suppose that even Indians would ruthlessly destroy such feminine loveliness, but he was all the more impatient to be near and protect her. That he should lay off the uniform of the United States army and don the scanty garb of the aborigines would have shocked him, had he not known that the former was a certain death-warrant were he to encounter the Indians, while the latter was indispensable to any prospect of success in his hazardous undertaking.

And then the coolness and evident experience and judgment of his new acquaintance impressed him. The shot from the bank being so calculated as to destroy the two armed assailants and so startle the firing party in their aim as to effectually destroy it, gave indication of rapidity of thought as well as of execution, and displayed a wonderful fertility of expedients and stratagems. Every after act showed the well balanced mind, in spite of the mania he almost boasted of; and his promise to assist in rescuing Helen and Isabella

had placed Homer completely under his directions.

As they stood by the open door of the cabin, after a frugal meal from the hunter's larder, Shepard said,—

“What is your front name, Captain Homer?”

“Clarence.”

“Well, that is not very Injunny!”

“That is true.”

“But you want an Injun name!”

“Very well! you have made me an Indian, and now you can name me.”

“Then I name you Heavy-Bear. Will that suit?”

“Anything. But what is your Indian name?”

“Old-enough-to-ride-a-horse.”

“But that seems to me to be rather too long for familiar conversation.”

“You can shorten it.”

“I will let you abbreviate it yourself.”

“Well, then, call me Old-Horse.”

“Old-horse, don't you think it is time for us to start on the war-path?”

“Yes, Heavy-Bear, but we must first mature our plans, subject, of course, to change from unforeseen events. We can't search the whole territory of Florida for the girls, so we must narrow down our hunting-ground to the smallest limit, for what we do must be done to-night.”

“Go on, I am all attention.”

“You say the girls were being dragged away to the southward when

you caught your last glimpse of them?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, I will suppose, for a moment, that I am the old chief who has captured them, or the young chief who has saved their lives to brighten his lodge. What would I do? I should either leave them under a trusty guard in my close neighborhood, where I could occasionally keep an eye on them, or I would place them in some secure spot not very far from me, where I should trust to the obscurity and want of a trail to hide them. Yes, captain, they are either in their very midst, or at some hiding-place near. If they attack to-night, the wounded ones will retire by easy stages towards the everglades to-morrow, and with them will go the captives. Indians march too light and far too hurriedly to be bothered with women."

"Well, are you ready now?"

"Yes, we may as well start. It will be night by the time we get near the castle, as you call it. I will take my stont little bow and a few arrows; they may be of some service."

So, being all ready, they moved off in the same way they had gained the cabin, until they came to the bear track on the west side of the swamp, when they turned to the right and entered the oaks on the upland, still following the track until they came to the pine barren.

Here they assumed the peculiar gait of the Indians, lest they should be encountered by some wandering scout. They arrived at the Ocean road from Bulow's as the shades of night rendered everything indistinct. Pausing here till complete darkness

shrouded the scene, they advanced with the slouchy run peculiar to Indians across the causeway and over the bridge at the gate.

An Indian, apparently recognizing the two, muttered, in his guttural language,—

"Where are the remainder of the braves?"

"Coming behind," said Shepard, in the same tone and language.

They were now inside the line of the Indians, and wandered about at will, trying to gain some information about the captive ladies. Gradually they skirted the whole home farm outside of the line formed to attack the fortress, and had once more reached the south face of the castle, where preparations were being made to use the ram against the heavy portal. Two of the chiefs approached and stood by, seeing their orders executed. Homer laid himself prone on the ground, with his rifle pointing towards the castle, as he could see many others doing, while Shepard boldly approached the chiefs and stood with several braves in the rear of the chiefs, as if to take and carry any order or message.

The two were King Philip, chief of all the Indians, and Osceola, who, with Wild-cat, was the most trusted of the warriors that rushed into that ill-fated conflict.

"The pale-faces, with their negroes, are well posted in that storehouse," said Philip.

"My brother's words are true, but our braves have sworn a great oath to burn and destroy every home and field of the white man on the hunting-ground of our fathers. Shall our first strike be a failure?" said Osceola.

"The Great Spirit forbid, but the omens are against us. Wild-cat has just returned from the ocean shore, where he followed the trail of the missing hunters till he came to their dead bodies, left naked for the carrion crow. Their foreheads had the dreaded brand of the Black Demon who haunted my tribe many years ago."

"What, the Black Demon?"

"The same, and as mysterious in his approach as formerly. During the long peace he has been sleeping; now his appearance brings dread to the old chief's heart for the good of his children."

"My knife will find his heart some day, be he man or devil," said Osceola."

"May your words be true, my brother," continued Philip. "I would gladly spill my own heart's blood to drag him to the Great Spirit with me. But enough of him, lest the fear of the Unknown make my braves white with terror."

After a pause, Philip continued:

"A prophet warned our fathers many suns ago to shun the white men who came in big canoes. That wreck on the sands had a crew of Yankees, with a chief who is old and cunning."

"Why should we fear the Yankees? I have heard the men of the plantations laugh at them, and call them suttlers, and boast that five Yankees made but one white man. With equal force we whip the planters and leave their bones to bleach in the sun," said Osceola. "Should this handful oppose our old warriors?"

"I have travelled to their far country, where they have not only

conquered the Indians, but the climate also. Their lodges are as high as yonder pine trees; the country is full of them. Their farm-houses are within call. No enemy ever invaded their land and escaped. I know the Yankees better than the white men of the plantations do, and I would treat with them for peace did they not demand my hunting-grounds!"

"Their cunning did not protect their squaws," answered Osceola.

"It may save them yet. Are they not exposed?"

"No, they are safe in the distant swamp. I did not spare them to lose them. I would defy the Black Demon to lead them away in safety."

While the chiefs were thus conversing the Indians were collecting in a great mass preparing to storm the door, and as the order to advance was given the hunter dropped by the side of Homer and whispered,—

"After the first discharge, limp away after me as if wounded. I know where they are—the girls."

For a moment only they waited, when of a sudden the whole fortress blazed with light, and the iron and leaden messengers came screeching into the darkness. During the confusion they gained the extreme rear, and hurried along the open fields towards the swamp. Gaining the wood, Shepard stopped and said,—

"Osceola has hidden the girls in a safe place, he says, and I know the darkest, densest jungle apparently in the territory, but within the ground is high and dry. There is no need for you to go until I reconnoitre. You must have the assurance that they are there before your patience will allow you to meet all the obsta-

cles you must, without a murmur or a stumble. Wait here until I return."

In an instant he was lost in the gloom of the swamp.

Homer stood patiently awaiting his return for a long time without a motion. As minute after minute passed and the hunter did not return, Homer began to fear for his new friend's safety, and regretted not having accompanied him.

While he stood thus he thought he heard a noise of some one approaching stealthily, and glancing over his shoulder he saw an Indian advancing toward him with uplifted knife that gleamed in the surrounding gloom, so polished was its blade. Quick as thought he sprang towards the savage and caught his uplifted arm with his left hand, and held it as in a vise, while with his right hand he sought his own trusty blade, and struck for the heart of his assailant. The tricks of the boxer were evidently known to the enemy, for Homer's stroke fell in the same way his opponent's had, his wrist being held in a soft but steel-like grasp. Then for a moment a silent but terrible struggle ensued, Homer being the larger of the two, but the other having equal strength and as much quickness. For a minute the struggle continued, and the old hunter, softly approaching, was for a moment taken by surprise; but on more closely observing the antagonists, he said,— "Gentlemen, this won't do! Homer, ease up on that man! He is some such an Indian as you are."

As his name was uttered, Homer felt his arm released, and a voice whispered,—

"Thank God that I did not murder you!"

"Who are you?" demanded Homer.

"Your friend, Tristan Hernandez," and they fairly embraced, such was the revulsion of feeling.

"You must do your talking at some other time," said Shepard, the hermit hunter. "There is need for both of you. I found the hummock, and after a while heard a long sigh. I know they are there. You must follow me, and not raise your feet from the water, but steadily press them through. Mr. Hernandez, your assistance is timely. When we reach the hummock, you must continue on until you reach the other side, and then enter, and get close upon the guard. When you hear my rifle lock click, spring upon the savage, and pin him to the ground. Homer, you are to do the same on the side with me. I will be the reserve guard. Now, not a word until the ladies are safe."

Slowly and laboriously they made their way through the swamp for a quarter of a mile, climbing over fallen logs, pushing aside the dark mosses from their faces, not knowing what hidden horror lay in the dark waters about their feet.

Noiselessly they approached, and commenced their snake-like progress on to the high ground within the hummock. As he got nearer, Homer could distinctly hear his own heart beat, not from fear or anxiety, but from the emotion of being near the being whom he loved best of all on earth, whom but a few hours before he had despaired of ever seeing again.

Allowing full time for Tristan to

gain his position, the ominous click of the hunter's rifle sounded, and Shepard sprang by Homer towards the ladies, raising his knife to strike either of the guards who should not be overcome readily. Neither of the half-breeds gave the muscular gentlemen any trouble, but calmly awaited their fate as they lay pinioned to the ground.

"Not a word, ladies, we are your friends," whispered Shepard. "We've come to save you."

"Who are you, sir?" asked Helen, softly.

"Me and two other fellows. Come, Hernandez, drive home that knife; he is waiting for it."

"Oh! Tristan, do n't kill that poor little fellow," said Isabella; "he has been good to us."

"Well, Heavy-Bear, you will settle yours, I hope."

"I have not got the nerve," said Homer, in a low tone.

"That is right, dear Clarence," called Helen, softly.

"Then I must do it for them. These boys must not tell the tale," said Shepard.

"Can you not spare their lives for our sakes?" begged Helen. "They cannot be bad Indians, they are so young."

"Come here and gag this fellow, and I will fix him, Old-Horse," said Homer. "I learned a trick at the country school which will work in his case."

When he was gagged, Homer bound his wrists firmly with stout leathern thongs from the half-breed's belt, and doubling up his knees, encircled them by his pinioned arms. The rifle was then thrust over his

arms and under his knees, and for greater security firmly lashed in place. The other half-breed was secured in the same manner, and the two were lashed together, back to back, with a small tree between them.

"Now, that I call cute," said Shepard; and then addressing the half-breeds,—“When your chief, Osceola, comes, you can tell him that you are the first Indians on the war-path who were ever spared by

THE BLACK DEMON.

And add, that I accepted his challenge to free these pale-faced maidens, and that I now go with them to the happy islands. I will leave your number on the tree over your heads,”—and he cut with his dirk LV and LVI. “You will not need your leggings and moccasins for some time, so I will borrow them for the young ladies. You will need them, too, my friends, before you get out of these woods.”

By his advice, Helen and Isabella drew on the moccasins and leggings, which would protect their ankles and limbs from the tangled undergrowth of vines and prickly palmettos they would be obliged to pass through in the forest. The party was now ready for departure.

"Must I walk through that swamp with the water to my waist, Cousin Clarence?" asked Helen.

"How did you get here?" demanded her cousin.

"A very gallant savage gentleman brought me in his arms, if you must know."

"Well, I will do the best I can, but I probably shall have to stop to rest occasionally."

So taking her in his arms, while

Tristan came after with Isabella, he followed Shepard in a westerly direction, gradually swinging to the north, and in a very short time arrived at the avenue by which the captain had approached the Bulow plantation on the day of his arrival.

Shepard motioned them to remain where they first struck the road, while he went ahead to the outlet, where it opened into the clearing of the plantation. In a short time he returned, and on foot, Indian file, they proceeded, Shepard in advance. Homer noticed a dark body near the outlet, but nothing was said in regard to it. Turning to the north in the clearing, they advanced rapidly to the heavy woods in that direction, and then just within its border took an easterly course towards the creek beyond the castle and mansion.

Shepard had correctly calculated that some active preparation was in progress for storming the castle, and that the path would be comparatively free from danger; and so it proved until they struck the bank of the creek, and stopped to rest. Then a light sprang from the castle walls, and soon the whole area was brightly illuminated. The ladies crouched in a small depression of the ground, and were covered by a blanket. Homer laid down with his head resting on the blanket and on the waist of Isabella beneath, and a piece of blanket was drawn across his face, and tied behind his neck. Tristan quickly bound up his leg, as if wounded, and lay down on the opposite side of the blanket, of course near to Helen. The arrangement had been none too quickly made, for as the fire blazed up they were in a bright light, al-

though partially covered by the creek-bank. In a few minutes various parties passed and repassed.

Presently Osceola stood on the bank, and, looking down, said,—

“What! are more of my brave men wounded?”

“Yes, my brother; both my boys are wounded very near the heart. My oldest has, besides, lost some of his jaw. My youngest will want a new rib, I think, to supply a vacancy.”

“So serious as that? What are the names of your two boys?”

“Heavy-Bear and Fighting-Cock.”

“And yours?”

“Old - enough - to - ride - a-horse,— known as Old Horse, of the Creek tribe from the Okefonoko morass.”

The serious young Indian turned away, and the party fell into silence.

In an hour preparations were made to renew the assault on the castle, and but a few remained above or below the bank. One watchful sentinel at the bridge had to be disposed of, and while the full bustle of preparation was going on above, Shepard departed, and in a little time returned, and led the party onward.

They nearly stumbled over several bodies, but passed the gauntlet in safety; and as the grand attack commenced on the castle, they stepped into Tristan's light boat, which was drawn up on the shore below the dam. Quite a number of other boats were moored beside it, so it would not be missed until morning, even if then. Seizing the sculls, the three men paddled noiselessly down the stream for some distance, when Shepard motioned them to cease paddling, and said,—

"I must leave you now, my friends. You know the stream; keep down to the junction of Smith creek, and then follow that up till you come to the bridge. I will be there in two hours. I will try to mislead the savages on the trail. You can conceal your boat beneath the bridge until I come. If

I am not there in three hours, you can take the party to my cabin, Captain Homer; and after that, do as you may to escape, for I shall be dead if not with you. Be sure and scuttle the boat when you leave it."

Directing the boat to the right bank, the old hunter sprang ashore.

[To be continued.]

WILLIS HALL MORRILL.

WILLIS HALL MORRILL, who died at National City, California, August 29, 1887, was a native of Warner, N. H., but most of his life was passed in Concord. He was, at the time of his death, sixty years of age. Although his earth life was not marked by brilliant achievements, viewed superficially it was one of the noblest examples for our youth to imitate ever set for them. Being the son of poor parents, of a large family of children, with none of the advantages boys to-day enjoy, he took up the burden of self-support at the tender age of eleven years. With his light wardrobe in a small bundle, his only capital a strong moral and intellectual nature, he went out from the parental nest to seek employment. From that time on he earned every dollar he ever spent, and kept intact his store of morality.

Although possessed of much natural spirit and an extremely sensitive nature, he was never betrayed into uttering an unkind or profane word; and so firmly fixed were his principles of temperance from his earliest childhood, that he never drank his first

glass of liquor, or indulged in the use of tobacco in any form.

The little boy, sad at parting with his parents, brothers, and sisters, trudged along the lonesome road to Concord—that part of it now known as Penacook—guided by the kind-hearted travellers on the road to the home of Capt. Henry Rolfe, who took him into his employ as chore-boy on his farm. He discharged his duties so faithfully that he soon won the love of the whole family, and remained with them until he was twenty-one years of age.

Possessing a remarkably retentive memory, and being passionately fond of books, his evenings were spent in study and reading; and it is safe to say that nothing of value that he read was ever forgotten. When a mere boy he distinguished himself for his knowledge of political matters, and became the child-oracle of men who had political questions to settle where dates and names were involved. "Ask Morrill" was a common saying when disagreeing politicians were unable to settle questions of political history; and the lad's decision set the matter

at rest. His knowledge of biography, especially of statesmen and military heroes, was practically inexhaustible. Although a thorough politician and statesman by nature, he never sought or would accept political preferment or office, and adhered so tenaciously to what he knew to be right that party lines were powerless to keep him in check.

Mr. Morrill was prominent in Odd Fellowship, being for eighteen years an honored member of White Mountain Lodge, of Concord, filling acceptably all offices in the power of the lodge to bestow. He occupied the

position of locomotive engineer on the Concord & Nashua Railroad six years, after which he engaged in business for himself in Concord. Failing in health he removed with his family to Southern California four years previous to his death, hoping to be benefited by the change of climate. His wife, daughter, and son, all natives of Concord, remain in their adopted home. Mr. Morrill's last resting-place overlooks the blue waters of the Pacific and the San Diego bay, with the mountains of Mexico and California in the background.

THE VERMONT CONTROVERSY.

BY REV. CHARLES A. DOWNS, Lebanon, N. H.

This controversy makes a singular chapter in the history of New Hampshire, New York, and Vermont. Nothing like it is to be found in the history of any other part of the country. Until a recent period the acts of this controversy—it might, indeed, be called a drama—were little known, and less understood. Dr. Belknap, writing of these times no later than 1784, being himself an observer of them, says in respect to them,—“It is not easy to develop the intrigues of the several parties, or to clear their transactions from the obscurity which surrounds them. He who looks for consistencies in the proceedings of conventions and assemblies which were involved in this controversy, will be disappointed.” Nevertheless all human transactions have their principles and motives, and it is possible for the patient and persevering stu-

dent to discover them, and so arrive at an understanding of them. In this case it must be confessed that the task is a difficult one, because of the number of the parties to the controversy, and because of the number and varying force of the motives and principles which governed the actors. There is not so much of obscurity as of complexity in these stirring events. The web is a tangled one, but the threads are whole, and with patience may be traced through to their ends. Inconsistencies are apparent only, and will, in the end, be found to be the natural results of well known principles of human nature.

Before entering upon an examination of these extraordinary events, it may be well to mention the motives and principles governing the actors therein. They are these: 1. Grievances, real and fancied. 2. Neigh-

borly sympathy. 3. Self-interest. 4. Patriotism. 5. Policy, American and British.

Many of the grants of land were made by the crown before much exploration had been made. There was profound ignorance of the interior regions,—of their extent and boundaries. Under these circumstances it is not strange that grants of extensive territories should interfere with each other, that in some parts they should overlay each other, with the result that upon exploration and survey different parties should have a title to the same lands.

The Masonian Grant having its western line sixty miles from the sea, would not reach the Connecticut river. This western line, if *straight*, would commence in Rindge, and run through Jaffrey, Peterborough, Greenfield, Francestown, Weare, Hopkinton, Concord, Canterbury, Gilmanton, across Lake Winnipiseogee, Wolfborough, Tuftonborough, to Ossipee. If a *curve*, as some contended that it should be, then it would commence in Fitzwilliam, and pass through Marlborough, Roxbury, Sullivan, Marlow, Washington, Goshen, New London, Wilmot, Orange, Hebron, Plymouth, Campton, to or near the south line of Conway.

Massachusetts claimed all the territory lying west of three miles north and east of the Merrimack river to the junction of the Pemigewasset and Winnipiseogee rivers. "thence due north as far as a tree known as Endicott's tree, three miles north of the junction of the above rivers; thence due west to the South Sea." The states both claimed the same territory, and after many years of disputes and

evasive decisions, the matter was finally referred to the king in council for his consideration. The final decision was "that the northerly bound of the Province of Massachusetts be a curve line pursuing the course of the Merrimac River at three miles distance, on the north side thereof, beginning at the Atlantic Ocean and ending at a point due north of Pawtucket Falls, and a straight line drawn from thence due west till it meets with his majesty's other governments." 1740.

This decision established the boundary between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, greatly to the advantage of the latter, but at the same time it opened the way to another dispute of far greater consequences.

When, in 1741, Richard Hazzen, surveyor, was instructed to run "the due west line till it meet his majesty's other governments," the question arose as to the western termination of this line. Connecticut and Massachusetts had established their western boundaries twenty miles east of Hudson's river, thus establishing the eastern line of the Province of New York. It was held that New Hampshire would meet "his majesty's other governments" on this line of the other provinces. Accordingly, Surveyor Hazzen ran his due west line with an allowance of ten degrees for the variation of the needle to a point twenty miles east of the Hudson river, thus annexing to New Hampshire the territory of Vermont. No serious attention was given to this claim of territory for a while, because of the French and Indian wars, which rendered any occupation of them dangerous. During a short peace, Benning

Wentworth, royal governor, relying upon a description of the bounds of New Hampshire and instructions contained in his commission, granted a charter for the township of Bennington, Vt., twenty-four miles east of the Hudson (1750). He had written to Governor Clinton, of New York, informing him of his intentions to make grants of this territory in Vermont, and requested of him a description of the bounds of New York, but made his grant before the receipt of any reply. When that reply came, it claimed Connecticut river as the eastern boundary of the province of New York according to letters patent from King Charles II to the Duke of York, and so set up a claim to the territory of Vermont. Correspondence ensued between the governors of the respective provinces, when it was agreed between them that the matter should be submitted to the king for his determination.

Governor Wentworth continued to make grants from time to time in the disputed territory, till the close of the French and Indian wars, when in a single year, 1761, he granted fifty-nine townships, and a greater number in the two following years. New York was alarmed, and "commanded the sheriff of Albany County to make a return of all persons who had taken possession of land under New Hampshire Grants and claimed jurisdiction to the Connecticut River." Governor Wentworth issued a counter proclamation designed to quiet the people in their grants.

In 1764 the king determined the western boundary of New Hampshire and the eastern boundary of New York *to be* "the western banks of

Connecticut river from where it enters the province of Massachusetts as far north as the forty-fifth degree of Latitude."

This decision, while it ended one controversy, opened the way for others. The words "to be" the boundary, are capable of two quite different interpretations. New York took the words in this sense,—that the Connecticut river had *always been* the boundary between the two provinces. Another party held that from the time of the decision onward, the Connecticut was *to be* the boundary. It makes a great difference which interpretation of the words is adopted. If the first, then the government of New Hampshire had no right to make these grants west of the Connecticut, for the territory did not belong to her, and the people on those lands must seek a renewal of their charters at the hands of New York, with consequent expense and trouble. If the other interpretation is correct, then the people on the New Hampshire grants west of the Connecticut might remain undisturbed in their possessions, as having received them by due authority.

Another opening for controversy for our own days was left in the words "western banks of the Connecticut." What is the exact line pointed out by those words? The meeting of the soil and the water? If so, whether at high, medium, or low water? It is a singular fact that this point, so likely to produce controversy, has never received an authoritative determination.

New York took the first interpretation of the words "*to be*," and required those who had received grants

under New Hampshire to renew their charters with new fees and a higher rate of quit-rent. The people resisted these claims, peaceably at first, and finally with force of arms. This is one element in the great controversy.

New Hampshire abstained from further grants, but turned an inquiring eye, now and then, upon the New Hampshire grants west of Connecticut river.

Soon the Revolution came, and with it a dissolution of royal authorities and decisions, and involved new relations of the parties to the contest.

There had been a growing discontent in some of the towns on the east side of the Connecticut. The first public utterance of it took place in town-meeting, February 1, 1776.

Quest. Whither this meeting will Resolve to pursue the Present Plan Proposed in warning for the Redress of their grievances and choose a Com^{tee} to Correspond with other towns on that subject.

Resolved in the affirmative.

What are these "grievances"? The warning is lost, and there is no further reference to them in the records.

From other sources we learn what these "grievances" are. The following towns met in convention of delegates at College Hall, Hanover, July 31, 1776: Plainfield, Lebanon, Enfield (alias Relhan), Canaan, Cardigan, Hanover, Lyme, Orford, Haverhill, Bath, and Landaff. Nehemiah Estabrook, of Lebanon, was chairman, and Bezaleel Woodward, professor in Dartmouth college, was clerk. They issued an address, from which we learn the grievances of which they complained.

It should be remembered that New Hampshire had, at this time, declared her independence, and had assumed self-government.

After a reference to the subsisting struggle of the Colonies with England, the address enumerates the causes of their complaints:

That a convention, elected much as it chanced to happen, under our then broken and confused circumstances, assumed to determine how the present assembly should be elected, omitting some towns—uniting others for the purpose of sending one only; granting to some the liberty of sending one, and to others two, representatives, and others three, limiting the choice of representatives to persons of £200 estate, by this means depriving many towns of any representation, and others so in effect.

In reply to objections to this complaint, they say that every town has a right to a voice in the formation of a government, whether it be large or small; "that no person or body corporate can be deprived of any natural or acquired right without forfeiture or voluntary surrender, neither of which can be pretended in this case;" that to unite a number of towns for the purpose of choosing a representative is as absurd as "to take the souls of a number of different persons and say they make but one, while yet they remain separate and different." To consent to be governed by a body elected in this way is, they say, to accept in their towns the very thing against which they are contending—taxation without representation.

They further complain of the acts of the assembly, that they, thus unequally elected, had chosen from

among themselves a certain number to be called a Council, thus dividing the representative body into two parts, which was an act for which they had no instruction from their constituents.

That in future elections to the Council, they direct that twelve persons shall be elected, as follows: Five in the county of Rockingham, two in the county of Hillsborough, two in the county of Strafford, two in the county of Cheshire, and one in the county of Grafton, while they claim that the council should be chosen from the colony at large, instead of apportioning them among the counties.

They complain that one portion of the state is seeking to aggrandize itself at the expense of the other; that their petitions and remonstrances have been treated with neglect and contempt.

These, then, were their grievances. Some of them were well founded, as to inequality of representation. It is to be noticed that up to this period, 1776, there never had been any representative to the assembly chosen from Lebanon. It appears, however, that Nehemiah Estabrooks sat in the convention at Exeter, though I find no record of his choice by the town. Lebanon was classed, first, with Hanover, Enfield, Canaan, Cardigan, and Grafton. In 1776, it appearing that these towns had inhabitants enough for two representatives, Lebanon was classed with Enfield and Grafton. It does not appear that there was any inequality in the apportionment of the representatives according to numbers, but they contended that every town ought to have at least one representative.

In addition to these things, there was little sympathy between the people in the eastern and western portions of the state. They were different in their origin, in their ways of thinking and acting. The eastern settlements were much older, and something aristocratic. The western towns, not without some show of reason, felt that they were despised, or at least not properly estimated.

This address, and the action of many of the towns refusing to have any dealings with New Hampshire, produced some effect upon the assembly, and a committee was appointed to visit Grafton county and take under consideration their complaints, and propose some measures to give them content. This committee reported conciliatory measures. But the attention of the people was suddenly diverted to other matters.

This state of mind of the people in the border towns should be kept in mind as a cause of their subsequent action. They were already disaffected towards New Hampshire for reasons altogether foreign to the Vermont controversy.

The people of Vermont would undoubtedly have submitted quietly to the rule of New York if they had been left undisturbed in their possessions. But that colony was not wise enough to pursue a conciliatory policy. The temptation to gain was great, and the authorities fell before it. They began to regrant land already held under grants from New Hampshire, demanding new fees and larger rents. This produced great excitement and distress. They remonstrated: the oppressions continued. They began to resist the au-

thorities by force. They organized bands, who administered summary punishment with beech rods to all who renewed their charters from New York.

Various conventions of the towns were called, when, finally, January 15, 1777, it was unanimously resolved that the district of land commonly called and known as the New Hampshire Grants be a new and separate state. They immediately informed the Continental Congress of this action, gave their reasons for it, and asked for recognition as a sovereign state. New York remonstrated against any such recognition. Congress received the papers from both parties, and "ordered that they lie on the table."

The new state proceeded with its organization with a stern determination to maintain its independence. Congress would not recognize the new state, but did recognize some of its citizens so far as to appoint them to military commands,—among them Col. Seth Warner, who had raised soldiers for the defence of the country. This gave great offence to New York. But both congress and the state were doing better than they knew; for when Ticonderoga "was given up," and the whole region left open to the enemy, these companies of Vermont proved invaluable for the defence of that exposed territory.

The surrender of Ticonderoga and the invasion of Burgoyne's army, for the moment, arrested the action of the contending parties. All was alarm and confusion. The people of the new state saw their dearly bought and bravely defended homes desolated by a ruthless enemy. They must have immediate assistance, or

all must be lost. Detachments from Burgoyne's army were marching in all directions. Where should they seek assistance? Not from New York, who had claimed authority over them, for they were rebels against that jurisdiction. Besides, that colony was fully occupied with its own dangers. Not from the Continental Congress, who had ordered their papers to "lie on the table," who were too far away and too slow. They had received their lands from New Hampshire, they never had any reason to complain of her rule over them, and to New Hampshire they naturally applied.

Ira Allen, secretary of the council for Vermont, wrote, July 15, 1777, from Manchester, Vt., to the Committee of Safety for New Hampshire, a most urgent request for assistance, vividly representing the condition of the people in the new state, that some of the towns were disposed to accept the protection of the British authorities very freely offered, while the others must remain as captives to see their possessions destroyed, or must forsake all and flee to other states.

This request was laid before the New Hampshire assembly, July 19, 1777, then convened at Exeter. What should be done? This people were in danger; it was best to help them. They had been formerly under the authority of New Hampshire, they were living in a territory which she had claimed, and so sympathy enforced their patriotism. If no assistance was granted, the people of Vermont would be driven away from their lands, and New Hampshire would become a frontier and sustain all the resulting disadvantages of that position. New Hampshire had been

deprived of this portion of her possessions by royal decree. That authority was now put in question, practically annulled. By this assistance a foundation might be laid to reassert her jurisdiction over this lost province.

Under the impulse of these mixed and powerful motives, the assembly took immediate and energetic action. The militia were called out, and directed to rendezvous at Charlestown. They were placed under the command of General Stark, and marched to meet the invading forces. August 16, 1777, the battle of Bennington was fought, many of the invading forces captured, the rest driven away, and the threatened people of Vermont were left in possession of their homes, and had leisure to perfect their organization as a state and press their claims for recognition.

The managers of the infant state were very able and shrewd men, fully the equals, if not the superiors, of their contemporaries. Among them may be named Governor Chittenden, Ethan and Ira Allen. Disappointed in their hope of recognition from congress, they began to take means to strengthen their own position. It was known that some of the towns east of the Connecticut were dissatisfied with their relations to New Hampshire. Communications were secretly held with them, and they were solicited and encouraged to cast in their lot with the new state.

The towns of New Hampshire receiving no redress of what they called their grievances, soured towards New Hampshire, rejecting her jurisdiction, were just in the frame of mind to listen to these advances on the part

of Vermont. That state took care that the people on this side of the river should be supplied with information. Various conventions were held, and the matter discussed thoroughly. We learn the attitude of this town in relation to the matter from the following action taken in town-meeting, March 31, 1778:

"A Pamphlet Containing the constitution of the State of Vermont being Read in said meeting—Voted, unanimously, to accept thereof, with the several articles of alteration proposed to be made therein by the Convention of Com^{tee} from a Considerable Number of Towns on the Grants east of Connecticut river & to concur with such Towns as are Disposed, on said Easterly Grants, in the purposed union with the aforesaid state of Vermont.

"That Deacon Estabrook & John Wheatley be a committee to Represent the town of Lebanon in the proposed Convention of Com^{tees} of a Number of towns on the Grants east of Connecticut River to be held in Lebanon in May next."

No records of the doings of this convention at Lebanon are now known, but events show that the sixteen towns of New Hampshire determined to connect themselves with Vermont, and appointed a committee to represent their wishes before the General Assembly of that state.

The General Assembly of Vermont, sitting at Bennington June 11, 1778, having heard the representation of the committee from the New Hampshire towns, "that they are not connected with any State with respect to their internal police, and that sixteen towns in the north western part

of said Grants have assented to a union with this State agreeable to articles mutually agreed upon by this Assembly and a committee from the grants east of said river as by said Articles on file may more fully appear :

“Therefore Voted and Resolved that the sixteen Towns above referred to, viz., Cornish, Lebanon, Enfield, Dresden [Hanover], Canaan, Cardigan [Orange], Lime, Apthorp [Littleton and Dalton], Orford, Piermont, Haverhill, Bath, Lyman, Gunthwaite [Lisbon], Morristown [Franconia], and Landaff, be and hereby are entitled to all the privileges and immunities vested in any Town within this state.”

They also voted to receive any other contiguous to these towns where a majority of the town should consent to the union.

After this vote of the Vermont Assembly, a convention was held in Orford, June 25, 1778, to take final steps to dissolve their connection with New Hampshire, as appears from the following letter, with its well known signature :

ORFORD, June 25, 1778.

Hon^{ble} Sir—

The Convention of Committees from the several Towns mentioned in the inclosed copies take this opportunity to transmit to you as President of the State of New Hampshire a Resolve of the Assembly of the State of Vermont relative to a union of the said Towns with them, by which you will be avail'd of the political situation of these United Towns and others on the grants who may comply with said Resolve. We hope that notwithstanding an entire separation has now taken place between your State and those Towns, an amicable settlement may be come into at a proper time

between the State of New Hampshire and those towns on the Grants that unite with the State of Vermont relative to all civil and military affairs transacted in connection with the State of New Hampshire since the commencement of the present war to the time of union, so that Amity and Friendship may subsist and continue between the two States.

I am, sir, in behalf of said Convention, with respect,

Your most obedient Humble Servant,
NEHEMIAH ESTABROOK, Chairman.

To the Hon^{ble} Meshech Weare, Esq.,

President of the Council of New Hampshire.

At this point it is necessary to take notice of the reasoning by which these towns and others justified their bold step in severing their connection with New Hampshire.

From the time the colonies cast off the royal authority there had been much speculation and discussion as to the resulting state of the people in their political relations. How far were these relations affected by the severance of the tie which bound them to the mother country? They rejected all *authority* over their affairs. But were all former royal acts and decrees and grants made void? These are serious questions, deeply affecting the interest of the people, and difficult to determine. Upon the different opinions held in regard to these matters much of the action of the times was based.

Early in 1778 appeared a pamphlet, printed at Danvers and signed a “True Republican,” which discussed these questions in a very earnest way, and exerted a powerful influence over the minds of the people. The author is unknown, and the pamphlet is a very rare one,—only a single copy

is known, found in the library of the Massachusetts Historical rooms. Very likely other copies might be found by search among old papers in garrets.

The reasoning of this address is here given :

That the grants and jurisdiction over them were created by royal authority, expressed through commissions; that they were maintained without the consent of the people, and that when the power which gave vitality to these grants is overthrown, they no longer have any force; that lines and boundaries established by royal decrees were of no effect when the royal will could no longer enforce them; that jurisdiction over a people who had not been consulted, nor had consented thereto, must cease so soon as the force which maintained it was overthrown. He argues that the Revolution overthrew all royal authority and decrees; that power reverted to the people; that they went back into "a state of Nature."

This last phrase had great influence over the minds of the people. It became a favorite phrase, and seemed to them weighted with unanswerable argument. By this phrase they seem to indicate the condition of a community who have no political relations to any sovereign power, but who are at liberty to choose under what government they will live; that, until such a choice is made and guarded by mutual compacts, they were entirely their own masters.

Others held essentially the same views, with some important modifications. That while the Revolution overthrew most of the royal decrees, the town organizations were left in-

tact, "which they received from the king as little grants or charters of privileges, by which they were united in little incorporated bodies with certain powers and privileges, which were not held at the pleasure of the king as these commissions were, but were perpetual."

DEFENCE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE GRANTS.

These primary organizations were to be considered as indestructible, unless voluntarily abandoned by the people themselves. It was contended that through these they might maintain order; that by a majority vote of the inhabitants they might connect themselves with any larger government which they might approve, or remain independent.

It was further asserted by those on the east side of the Connecticut that the towns who received grants of townships from royal governments were differently situated from those who were within the bounds of the Masonian grant. It was argued that authority over territory outside of the Masonian grant was wholly claimed by royal commissions, that the bounds of that authority were changed from time to time at the royal pleasure, as when he limited the Province of New Hampshire to the western banks of the Connecticut river, so that when the power which gave force and vitality to that authority was overthrown, the people became independent; that the people of the Masonian grant had erected themselves voluntarily into a distinct government, with prescribed bounds, by petitioning for a separate government, which the people on the grants had never done, and they therefore claim-

ed the right to choose their own government—to give their allegiance where they thought fit.

Whatever may be thought of the soundness of this reasoning, it was wonderfully effective in those days in the minds of many. They took their stand upon its soundness, and by it were influenced to the boldest action.

It was this reasoning which led the people of the New Hampshire grants west of the Connecticut to cast off the authority of New York and declare themselves a free and sovereign state. First, they were placed under the authority of New Hampshire by the force of royal commissions; next, by royal decrees they were annexed to New York. In neither case were they consulted, had no voice in their transfers from one to another authority, any more than if they had been beasts or goods or chattels. The authority which had thus assumed to dispose of them had been overthrown, and the right, which had always been theirs, of self-disposal, came actually into their hands as towns, and they had the right to choose their future connections.

The sixteen towns, with others, taking this view of their condition after the Revolution, already dissatisfied by their grievances with New Hampshire, influenced by neighborly sympathy with the struggling young state, many of the inhabitants being old friends and neighbors from Connecticut, joined themselves with Vermont.

We find the town voting a tax of £8 as their share of "the public expense arising from the completion of the union with Vt."

On July 7, 1778, Voted that Maj.

Slapp procure a copy of an act passed by the State of Vermont for Regulating Taverns and preventing Tippling-houses. These matters, from the frequent reference to them on the records, seem to have given the fathers a great deal of trouble.

At the same meeting, acting in their sovereign capacity as a town, they appointed John Wheatley a justice of the peace till the session of the assembly of Vermont in October next.

Although there is no record of any choice of representatives by the town, it appears from other records that Nehemiah Estabrook and John Wheatley took their seats in the Vermont assembly, October, 1778. The question came up, What should be done with the towns which had united with the state from the east side of the Connecticut? The assembly voted on these questions:

Whether the counties in this state shall remain as they were established by this assembly at their session in March last? Yeas, 35; nays, 26.

Whether the towns on the east side of the river, included in the Union with this state, shall be included in the county of Cumberland? Yeas, 28; nays, 33.

Whether the towns on the east side of Connecticut river, which are included by Union within this state, shall be erected into a distinct county by themselves? Yeas, 28; nays, 33.

If the sixteen towns could not be included in any existing county, nor erected into a county by themselves, it was at least a hint that there was no place for them in the new state. The representatives from the sixteen so understood it, and, after a manly

protest against the action of the assembly, retired.

Lebanon, by a vote December 1, 1778, approved the action of her representative.

The people of these towns were evidently deeply disappointed by this action of the Vermont assembly. They had cut themselves loose from New Hampshire and their privileges under that jurisdiction, and united with Vermont in good faith only to be summarily rejected. They had only a town organization,—no place of records, no courts, no protection except that furnished by themselves.

What is the meaning of this sudden change on the part of Vermont? They had at least encouraged this alliance,—solemnly ratified it only in June preceding; had covenanted that these towns should have all the rights and privileges of the state, and yet denied them in such a way as to exclude them.

Self-interest is the key to this unexpected action.

Upon the report of the union of these towns Meshech Weare, president of New Hampshire, wrote August 19, 1778, to the delegates in congress from that state, protesting against the action of Vermont and of the towns east of the Connecticut, asserting that there was a respectable minority in the towns averse to any such transfer of their allegiance, and claimed protection from New Hampshire; that the proceeding had excited so much feeling that there was likely to be bloodshed, and requesting the delegates to secure the interference of congress.

President Weare wrote also, August 22, to Gov. Chittenden of Vermont,

claiming the sixteen towns as an integral part of New Hampshire, and protesting against their reception by Vermont. He says further,—

“Were not those towns settled and cultivated under the grant of the governor of New Hampshire? Are they not within the lines thereof as settled by the King of Great Britain prior to the present era? Is there any ascertaining the boundaries between any of the United States of America, but by the lines formerly established by the authority of Great Britain? I am sure there is not. Did not the most of those towns send delegates to the Convention of this State in the year 1775? Have they not, from the commencement of the present war applied to the State of New Hampshire for assistance and protection? It is well known that they did—and that New Hampshire, at their own expense, hath supplied them with arms and ammunition &c to a very great amount as well as paid soldiers for their particular defence and all at their request, as members of this State—whence, then, could this new doctrine that they are not connected with us originate?”

Here we have the argument on the other side. It is to be noticed that British authority is cited, or denied, as is most for the interest of the parties.

The president gives a diplomatic hint in the closing part of his letter, far more effective than his argument:

“When I consider the circumstances of the people west of the Connecticut River, the difficulties they encountered in their first settlement, their late endeavors to organize government among themselves, and

the *uncertainty of their being admitted as a separate State*, I am astonished that they should supply their enemies with arguments against them, by their connecting themselves with people whose circumstances are wholly different from their own, and who are actually members of the State of New Hampshire."

The controlling aim of Vermont at this time was recognition from congress as a sovereign state. The hint of President Weare that her action in receiving the towns from New Hampshire might stand in the way of this recognition produced its intended effect. The governor and council of Vermont were alarmed. They thought it possible that they had made a mistake in taking the New Hampshire towns into union with themselves. To be certain of this, Gen. Ethan Allen was dispatched to Philadelphia to ascertain what effect this action of theirs had produced upon congress. Upon his arrival he found that the New Hampshire delegation had already introduced a protest against the action of Vermont in respect to the New Hampshire towns. He took pains to learn the general feeling of congress concerning the proceeding, and thus reported it:

"From what I have heard and seen of the disapprobation at congress of the union with sundry towns east of Connecticut River, I am sufficiently authorized to offer it as my opinion that, except this state recede from such union, immediately, the whole power of the Confederacy of the United States of America, will join to annihilate the State of Vermont, and to vindicate the right of New Hampshire, and to maintain in-

violate the articles of confederation which guarantee to each state their privileges and immunities."

This it was which caused that sudden change of disposition in the Vermont Assembly towards the sixteen towns so lately cordially received, and led to that rather unmanly way of informing them that their presence was not desired.

But the towns, though disappointed, were not discouraged. A convention was called at Cornish, December 9, 1778, to take into consideration their situation, and to determine what action they would take. The convention was composed of delegates from twenty-two towns—eight of the towns were on the west side of the Connecticut river.

The convention seems to have finally adopted the proposals of a committee appointed to take into consideration the condition of the New Hampshire grants on both sides of the Connecticut. The majority of that committee were Jacob Bailey of Newbury, Vt., Elisha Payne of Orange, and Beza Woodward, professor in Dartmouth college. These proposals were as follows:

1. To agree upon and settle a dividing line between New Hampshire and the Grants, by committees from each party, or otherwise, as they may mutually agree.

- Or, 2, that the parties mutually agree in the appointment of a Court of Commissioners, of disinterested, judicious men of the three other New England States, to hear and determine the dispute.

- Or, 3, that the whole dispute with New Hampshire be submitted to the decision of congress in such way and

manner as congress shall prescribe: Provided always that the Grants be allowed equal privileges with the other party in espousing and conducting their cause.

Or, 4, if the controversy cannot be settled on either of the foregoing articles, and in case we can agree with New Hampshire upon a plan of government, inclusive of extent of territory, that we unite with them and become with them one entire state, rejecting the line arbitrarily

drawn on the western bank of the Connecticut river by the King of Great Britain in 1764.

They further requested the towns of Vermont to withdraw the vote which cast out the towns from the east side of the river, and that all other towns join them in the foregoing proposition to New Hampshire.

Messrs. Marsh, Woodward, Morey, Child, Payne, Olcott, and Bailey were appointed a committee to receive proposals from other towns.

[To be continued.]

HON. OLIVER PILLSBURY.

BY WILLIAM PILLSBURY HALE.

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year."

Now that the well known face of one who had grown into the affections and respect of a large community has been shut away from us forever, it is fitting that a sketch of his life and character be offered to the public whom he served so faithfully, and in all of whose interests, political, social, and benevolent, he displayed such unselfish devotion and untiring zeal. The general esteem in which Oliver Pillsbury was held by all who knew him was the result of the moderation, prudence, and modesty practised throughout the course of a long and fruitful life. It is a notable instance of the fact that modesty, accompanied by diligence and energy, acquires greater respect than boldness accompanied by self-assumption

and display. His death was full of grief to his family and relatives, sad to his friends, and even to strangers not without sorrow.

This sketch will be received indulgently, I hope, from one who had intimate relations with its subject during the last few years of his life, and who desires to lay this simple tribute of love and veneration on the tomb of a friend and relative who has ever taken a kindly interest in his welfare, and who has been to him a constant example of the blessings of an honorable life,—a man free from vanity, envy, and jealousy, chaste, upright, and noble in character.

Oliver Pillsbury was born Feb. 16, 1817, in Henniker, N. H. His parents, Deacon Oliver Pillsbury and Anna Smith Pillsbury, were persons of superior mental and physical energy. They had eight sons, of whom

five are now dead, and three daughters, all of whom are living.

It seems strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with regret. We always form a too favorable estimate of the past. As we look back, all its rough lines are softened into delicate tracery. We are doubly deceived, much as is the traveller in the Arabian desert. All about him is dry and bare, but far in advance and far behind are luxuriant forests and sparkling water. He hastens forward, and finds nothing but sand where an hour before he had seen a lake. Turning back, he sees a lake where an hour before he had been toiling through sand. Such an illusion seems to follow nations through every stage of their progress, from poverty and barbarism to the highest civilization. But if we trace the mirage back toward its origin, we find that it recedes into the regions of fabulous antiquity. At present we think the New England farmer of half a century or more ago lived in a golden age, while in reality the wealthy banker was destitute of comforts the lack of which would be intolerable now to the day laborer. Farmers breakfasted on loaves of coarse bread, the very sight of which would raise a disturbance among the inmates of a modern county-farm, and their rough, ill-fitting clothing we should deem serviceable only for scarecrows in the cornfield. The Pillsbury family suffered all the inconveniences of the age, and endured all its prosaic drudgery. They had to learn all their lessons by the hardest ways, on the hardest possible of farms. Every-

thing was done by hand, and that, too, before the hand had half learned that it had even the remotest relation to the head, and still less to the heart; and what is still more deplorable, before the mind knew or scarcely thought there was any essential difference between the intelligence of the barn, the bedroom, and the kitchen. But while his brothers were plodding on in the same old ruts of their father and grandfather, Oliver was putting more and better thought into his work as he became older. When but twelve years of age, I am told, he used more brains about his work, on the farm, than did the rest of the boys at twenty. In his behavior he was also much in advance of his brothers. He never was corrected at home or at school. He never quarrelled with his brothers, or with anybody else. He always seemed to act and speak right and at the proper time.

He had rather better opportunities for education than the other boys of the family, on account of a lameness which threatened to be permanent. At seventeen years of age he was sent to the academy, in order that he might prepare himself for pursuits which would require no great physical strain. Thus he acquired a taste for study which he naturally was unwilling to give up, though his lameness subsequently disappeared. He remained at the academy five years, teaching during the winter months. We may safely conclude that he improved his time while at school, from the success which he had as a teacher. Many of his pupils gratefully remember him as a thorough and strict instructor, though never harsh.

In 1839 he left his native state and

went to New Jersey, where he taught school for eight years, the last six of which he was principal of the academy at Bound Brook. While in this position he married Matilda Nevins, who died in 1847, leaving a daughter, an only child. During his stay in New Jersey Mr. Pillsbury was prominent among the gentlemen who held the first school convention which ever assembled in that state. This convention, and others like it, led to the establishment of the public school system in New Jersey. Perhaps nothing can better display the high purpose of Mr. Pillsbury in life than this early and prominent connection with a movement so beneficent, despite the fact of his being almost a stranger in a strange land. This was indeed a worthy beginning of that long succession of benevolent acts which continued even to the end of life.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Pillsbury returned with his daughter to his native home. He purchased the old Pillsbury homestead, and carried on the farm with the same energy and success which marked his former occupation. In 1850 he married Miss Sarah Wilkins, who survives him. The zealous interest which Mr. Pillsbury took in all the affairs of his native town brought him into public life. He was elected moderator of town-meeting and selectman repeatedly, and sent to the legislature three times. In 1862, in the administration of Governor Berry, he was chosen councillor, and again in the administration of Governor Gilmore. For the services which he rendered the state during this trying time unqualified praise has been given him. Hon. John W. Sanborn says,—

“His great executive ability, patriotism, honesty and integrity, won the respect and admiration of all his associates. At that time the country was engaged in that terrible war for the support of the government and its own salvation, and grave questions came before us relative to the prosecution of the same. Though an ardent Republican, he never let partisan feelings warp his judgment in his official acts. He had strong convictions of right, but was always ready to discuss all questions with that frankness and fairness which characterize men of noble minds, and he fully appreciated the opinions of his opponents. I had the honor to serve with him on the military committee of the council, which had important matters to consider,—questions involving the rights and interests of the soldiers, their families, and the state. The duties of this committee were arduous and often difficult, but I can attest to the fidelity and untiring energy with which he performed his part. He took great interest in the welfare of the soldiers, particularly of the sick and wounded, and was ever ready to minister to their wants. In a word, he was a model councillor for the time in which he served, and the future historian will class him among our ablest and most efficient men.”

There is no need of further words on this subject.

Mr. Pillsbury was appointed to the office of Insurance Commissioner in 1869, in the administration of Gov. Stearns, which office he held until his death. His administration of the office was eminently faithful and efficient. He mastered the subject of

insurance, and though he had repeated offers of the highest positions of the business, he constantly refused them. He drafted and secured the enactment of the insurance law which was repealed two years ago. The benefits which this law secured the people of the state are too well known to need enumeration. It is a significant fact that under it the property of the state was well insured and losses promptly met, while the present policy has occasioned the withdrawal of the strongest and most reliable companies from the state, thereby entailing great pecuniary loss, and the inability of securing protection to a vast amount of property. The resolutions adopted by the New Hampshire Board of Underwriters, which are given below, best indicate the high estimation in which he was held by the insurance men of the state :

WHEREAS, By dispensation of Divine Providence, in the recent death of Hon. Oliver Pillsbury, Insurance Commissioner, the state has lost the services of an honored official, the community a patriotic, useful citizen, the insurance fraternity a conscientious counsellor,—therefore

Resolved, That we cherish his memory, and his life, rounded out by “three-score and ten,” replete with successful patriotic work, and Christian virtues.

Resolved, That in this grievous loss we are reminded that he held the office of Insurance Commissioner eighteen years, a period longer than any similar officer in the United States; and that his seventeen valuable annual reports have compiled together a creditable amount of instructive information and statistics on the subject of insurance, valuable to the state, the insurance fraternity, and policy-holders, and won for him a national reputation, and the cherished regards of the insurance press

and insurance departments of all other states.

Resolved, That we, as representatives of insurance companies, desire to put on record our appreciation of his high character, marked ability, and uniform courtesy, which characterized the discharge of his official duties; and his untiring industry in promoting correct principles and practices of insurance, and in securing safe indemnity to the people of the state.

JOHN C. FRENCH,	} Committee.
A. W. BAKER,	
L. JACKMAN,	

In 1871, Mr. Pillsbury took up his residence in Concord, where he became an important factor in all enterprises of a social, moral, and benevolent nature, thus securing the confidence, respect, and love of his fellow-citizens. He was elected twice to the legislature, and was a member of the Board of Education seven years, holding the office of president at the time of his resignation. He took great interest in the public schools, personally visiting them very often, giving encouragement to teachers and pupils. In 1880 he was appointed one of the trustees of the State Reform School, situated at Manchester, a position which he held until his death. He considered the school beneficial to the highest degree, as affording the opportunity of remoulding the character of a large class of refractory youth, which might otherwise become hopelessly criminal.

Toward the end of his life he became enthusiastic in the city hospital movement, giving the institution, of which he was president, much time and careful attention. In short, whenever there has been any worthy charitable movement organized in the

city, he has had a prominent part in the good work. As for his private charities, probably no one will ever have any idea of their number and extent. His policy was to help the needy to help themselves. He never distributed his charities carelessly. I well remember an instance of his generosity and kindness, which occurred, in my presence, but a few weeks before his death. A young man who had just been released from jail, having served out his sentence, came into Mr. Pillsbury's office one day and told one of those short, sad stories which are so common that we hardly notice them. He had got into bad company only once, become intoxicated, and—well, it all ended at the jail. He was sorry, and hoped he had learned a lesson; he never would drink again, or associate with loose companions. He wished to get home, Portland, Me., but had no money, though he had searched diligently all day for work, after spending a night in the street. He would gladly work for his board until he could do better, if only some one would be kind to him. I shall never forget my feelings as I listened to the generous, almost fatherly, advice which Mr. Pillsbury gave this unfortunate young man. There was no reproach for the past, no cold, unfeeling accents in the few words of warning for the future. There was no tone of condescension. The poor petitioner was yet a man, and worthy of kindness. With tears the young man took the proffered assistance, saying he would return the money as soon as he could earn it, and left the office. I learned subsequently that this was Mr. Pillsbury's invariable custom of

dealing with such characters. He put them on their manliness and honor, and was rarely deceived, recalling but one instance out of very many cases. His manner of saying, "I have never yet found a man who had lost all his manliness," placed him in my estimation far above ordinary men.

Thus almost unconsciously I have entered upon that part of this sketch for which I crave indulgence. All the lines of that venerable face are before me; all the peculiar cadences of that voice which his friends loved to hear, and from which to receive lessons of a serene and benevolent wisdom, are in my ears. Those firmly cut features, yet indicative of rare generosity, kindness, and delicacy, have left an ineffaceable imprint upon my mind. In a word, all the personal characteristics of this man whom I loved are cherished it may be too tenderly. I am not ashamed to admit that I pass on to words concerning the character of the man, his family life and actions, and to personal remembrances in general, with feelings of respect and gratitude which may possibly pervert my judgment, and render me incapable of the sharp discernment expected in sketches of this nature.

The following brief outline of Mr. Pillsbury's character is the result of personal knowledge of his life, intimate association with the man, and of a correspondence carried on during the last few years of his life.

In general character Mr. Pillsbury was noble. His whole public life was without stain or moral reproach. Whether serving the little village of his birthplace, or the state, his methods were ever honest and straightfor-

ward. He despised sham and pretension; he called things by their right names. When, as a member of the legislature, he addressed the house, he was heard with the strictest attention, since his remarks, though not highly rhetorical, were the result of careful thought and earnest desire for the common good. Moreover, behind his words was the unimpeachable character of the man. He never eagerly sought official position, and avoided publicity in politics as much as he could.

When a member of the school committee, he gave the various subjects which came under discussion his careful attention, and arrived at his conclusions from a thoughtful consideration of the highest common good, and the necessities of an efficient school system compatible with that good. He became acquainted with the demands of such a system by personal contact with the teachers, and repeated visits among the schools. He gave his opinions boldly, but never with overbearing self-assertion. He had convictions concerning educational movements formed from long acquaintance with the subject, both as a teacher in, and a trustee of, educational institutions; and his whole purpose was to render such institutions as inexpensive as possible to the community, and as beneficial as possible to the student.

His whole public life was based on principle. Party good was ever subservient to common good. To speak particularly of uprightness and self-control seems out of place. He sought no praise by displaying his virtue. Rivalry with his associates and envy toward his superiors were

far from him. To his mind the most faithful public servants were the best, and he preferred to put in office men who would not commit wrong rather than to reproach them after they had committed wrong. But if his opinions did not prevail he cherished no secret dislike, so that none needed to fear his silence. He thought it more honorable to give offence than to hate, and to remember wrongs appeared to him unbecoming a noble man.

The interest which Mr. Pillsbury took in young men amounted almost to a passion. It was perhaps the most notable characteristic of the man. He looked ahead of his own generation, and earnestly desired that men of unquestionable principle might take the place of the old, gradually disappearing. This interest only increased with age. Just before his death, as, wasted with fever, he lay tossing in delirium, he cried out, "What shall become of our young men?" The exclamation will abide with many a young man who now, for the first time, fully realizes how deeply and fervently that noble, generous soul had loved him, who even yet, in the dissolution of the body, spoke and felt as in health, just as the meeting-bell in the burning tower still continues from the midst of the flames to sound out the hour.

In his words to young men, Mr. Pillsbury never, to my knowledge, insisted upon radical, or even strict, religious principles as such; his instructions were merely of a moral nature. He desired all young men to be pure and manly. He warned against immoral reading, bad associations, loose companionship, all the thousand and one vices and tempta-

tions to which young men are constantly subjected. Perhaps above all he fully appreciated the fact that fine thoughts and moral dissertations from those who have not worked and suffered are of little practical use, and that an upright life would teach a more efficient morality than any words. Consequently he sought to render his whole life exemplary; and I believe he realized his purpose to an extraordinary degree.

Industry, he would say, is the great promoter of good, just as idleness is the sure incitement to evil. Idleness brings misery, industry brings happiness. Duty lies about on all sides. Only think of one single thing to be done, and numberless others are before you waiting accomplishment. Self-reliance is the foundation of all sturdy character. Individuality is common with development, and only the cultivation of individuality can produce well developed, reliable men. The young must be moulded and fashioned, it is true, but too much moulding destroys the personality. If a young man possesses a fair amount of judgment and experience, his own method of procedure in life is the best, not necessarily because it is the best in itself, but because it is his own. All human character is not to be constructed on one plan. A person cannot get a coat to fit unless it is cut for him, or unless he has a large number from which to select one; and is it easier to fit a man with a life than with a coat?

For all young men who had fallen into bad ways, Mr. Pillsbury had unbounded charity. Of him it might well be said,—

"He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity."

He rebuked vices, never men. He did not reproach the erring—he corrected them. Faults he considered as something really foreign to the man. Within was a source of virtue which would ever respond to right touches. It may be his opinion of men was too high: certain it is he never regretted his benevolence.

In his religious views Mr. Pillsbury was very broad. He cared nothing for creed and dogma. To him all religions were beautiful which make us better men and women. He recognized the fact that in all questions of any degree of subtlety, error and truth are blended. If he had convictions, he did not believe in silencing those who held opposite views. He did not portion out for himself a little intellectual world where the light shone, giving up the rest of the universe to darkness. If he thought there was truth outside the philosophy of men and the learned books which they read, he yet did not despise their philosophy or their books. He took the ground that a person's belief must be settled by himself, and that it concerned only himself how he settled it; he arrived at his conclusion, and was willing to stand or fall by it. He collected his divinity from two great books,—the human heart and eternal nature,—books, as he would say, which lie open to all, and perhaps for that reason are so little studied. Few souls are scared into heaven. The surest path to heaven runs not past the gate of hell. He was unwilling to think those souls in hell whose worthy lives had taught virtue and self-sacrifice here on earth. And, indeed,

whether Epicurus, who lived better than he spoke, and, though erring in the principles of himself, yet lived far above the adherents of more showy maxims, lie so deep in Dante's hell, so low as not to rise before those who, believing or knowing the truth, have constantly denied it in their practice, were a question too sad to insist upon.

Mr. Pillsbury believed that his fellow-men were his judges, and sought to render his life beneficial and helpful to them. Selfishness was not among his qualities. Whatever good he accomplished never originated from selfish motives or from a love of praise. Whenever a noble deed was done, or a helpful word spoken, or even a smile offered to lighten a soul in sorrow, he thought man rose to a higher level.

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Mr. Pillsbury was charitable to others' faults. He looked within himself to see if even there might not be something that resembled the waywardness of his fellow-men. He hoped for mercy by rendering the deeds of mercy. But nothing could master his sense of justice when it was once thoroughly roused. He could look upon the just punishment of wilful and defiant malignancy, but he could not look upon the scourgings of a repentant soul, where, under the heavy, consuming pain of self-contempt, a downcast, distracted face hung on a sinful breast.

Into his home-life he carried the same charitable spirit and forgiving

nature which were characteristic of his outer life, only an indefinable delicacy seemed to be added. His idea of home was a place of sacred retirement, where he might freely unbosom himself, and ever find sympathy and affection freely bestowed. The true home is not built of stone or of wood, but of hearts. He lost an affectionate wife in the prime of his manhood, and later a daughter, whose existence seemed a part of his own; yet these afflictions seemed only to soften and mellow his nature and increase his benevolence. His later family life was supremely happy, and his home was vastly preferable to any other spot on earth to him. He disliked to spend a night away, and when obliged to do so was discontented until he returned. Here he spent his evenings and shared his reading with his wife and her aged mother, or taking part in the work of a literary society, composed of a small circle of friends, into which he entered with great enthusiasm. I well remember the interest which he displayed in some of my books, which happened to attract his attention a short time before his last illness. Among these volumes was a Shakespeare in which he was particularly interested at the time, since he was reading the History of King Henry VI. He seemed to take a peculiar delight in turning its profusely marked pages, now asking questions, and again offering suggestions. I have said before that he was not of an envious nature, but I really believe that he did envy me the years of pleasure which I should experience in selecting a library and in reading the works of the great minds of past generations.

To enter into details concerning his home life would be out of place. It is enough to say that he was always gentle and affectionate. In his last illness he displayed a patience almost incredible. Not a complaint passed his lips. When assured that he could not live, he responded in one of his favorite old musical strains,—

“Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.”

He retained consciousness until near the end, passing away quietly and easily as if into refreshing slumber.

Such was the character of this man, whom I do not hesitate to place far above ordinary men in general integrity and morality. He might have been wealthy by merely turning his hand, as it were, but he preferred a competence honestly obtained to any wealth to which a breath of suspicion might attach itself. He was not a man of great scholarship, nor even college educated; but there is another education quite as deep and broad as that acquired from the study of the classics and pure mathematics,—a kindly wisdom acquired from long intercourse with the world, which displays itself in its warm and active sympathies with mankind, in its benevolence, its charitableness toward the failings of humanity and gladness in its successes, its warm

appreciation of everything which is noble and pure and beautiful in man: this wisdom was certainly his.

What we admired in him most was his generous temperament, and the integrity, chastity, and gentleness of his whole life. Self-denial was easy to him. He found little delight in pleasure, as it is commonly regarded. His enjoyment consisted in pure and benevolent thoughts, and in the contemplation of natural beauty. He was dignified in appearance, but there were no traces of moroseness, none of severity, in his countenance. You would have unbounded respect for him, but never would fear him. Whenever you found him, he appeared modest and serene. No bursts of passion ruffled his serenity, no hopeless wandering led him astray. “Wayfarers through the world, we meet now and again with such purity and salute it, and hush while it passes on.” Mr. Pillsbury realized, it seems to me, the life of a true nobleman. He who is this is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. I do not believe in idolizing the living or the dead, and I think there is no surer indication of a weak intellect than a propensity to flattering encomium. But we have a few characters whom we have weighed in the balance and not found wanting: of these was Oliver Pillsbury.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE PILGRIM REPUBLIC.

Messrs. Ticknor & Co., of Boston, in Massachusetts, have now ready for publication the new and much desiderated history of the world renowned colony of New Plymouth, the corner-stone of New England, and also (in no small degree) of the United States of America.

The recorded history of the Pilgrim Fathers has been so changed and enlarged by recent discoveries that no book on the subject, issued so long as thirty-five years ago, is of much value; and most later works are founded on these unreliable authorities. Until the European researches of Hunter and Dexter, and the recovery of Bradford's History, in 1855, many of the leading facts were unknown, and not a few were entirely misunderstood. Within the period mentioned, however, so much new light has broken forth that a reconstruction of the Pilgrim narrative has become highly desirable, especially in a form for the general reader. This field is not covered, with any degree of fulness, by any one volume now in print.

Mr. Goodwin had from boyhood been an enthusiastic student of this subject, and also a persistent explorer of the Old Colony, by sea and by land, endeavoring to verify by observation every topographical matter. He was better known as a public speaker, a parliamentarian, and a journalist, than as the mariner and traveller that he was in early life; but this prior experience became of no small aid in his historical pursuits.

While his work is termed "An Historical Review," it is in fact a very complete history, in popular form, of the Pilgrims in their English homes, their Dutch halting-place, and their development at Plymouth into a permanent community. Such subsequent affairs of the colony as are of general interest are also sketched with fulness down to its dissolution in 1692.

Ticknor & Co. also publish

"OLIVIA DELAPLAINE,"

a strong and clever novel, in which Mr. Fawcett displays close observation and full knowledge of the state of living commonly called "society." It is a study of a young girl and an old man, who are brought together by a mysterious providence apparently that they may mutually chasten one another. Olivia Delaplaine is a thoroughly natural and sweet-natured girl, who is tricked into marrying Delaplaine in a very unworthy way, and not only suffers greatly

thereafter, but makes life anything but a bed of roses for her tyrant, a cold-blooded egotist, who has grown old and hard in bachelorhood, and whose practice as a lawyer has evidently not done his morals any good. Marriage develops intense jealousy in him, and with a woman of spirit, constantly resenting the fraud by which she was made a wife, these conditions inevitably produce a state of war. Olivia's two aunts might be suspected of being drawn from the life, but the types illustrated in them are too familiar to give a hope of success for any attempt at identification. Perhaps the one touch of exaggeration is in the character of Aunt Thryza, the warm-hearted but too coarse and vulgar boarding-house keeper. One would think that her long residence in New York would have toned down her provincial speech, which, as given, seems too broad for probability. This, however, is of no importance to the story, which is animated, bright, and interesting throughout.—*N. Y. Tribune*, July 8.

Capital books for young people. New this year; fully illustrated.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE ANTIPODES,

By Hezekiah Butterworth. This volume in the perennially popular series takes the reader to Siam, and, with delightful illustration and anecdote, tells him of the interesting animal worship of that country, its palaces and its people. 1 volume, small quarto, illuminated board covers and linings, \$1.75; cloth, bevelled and gilt, \$2.25

THREE VASSAR GIRLS IN FRANCE,

By Elizabeth W. Champney, in which the fair cities and sunny vineyards of France are visited by our old friends, the Vassar graduates, and the exciting battles of the Franco-Prussian war, illustrated by De Neuville and Detaille, add a new element of adventure to this series. 1 volume, small quarto, illuminated board covers and linings, \$1.50; cloth, bevelled and gilt, \$2.

LITTLE ONES' ANNUAL STORIES AND POEMS,

with 376 illustrations from original designs by the best American artists. Cloth, \$1.75.

CHATTERBOX for 1888. Boards, \$1.25.

The above we have received from Estes & Lauriat. They are for sale by E. C. Eastman and Hunt & Wilson, Concord, N. H.

! ❁ "HOMESTEAD HIGHWAYS"

is a new volume of country essays, by Herbert M. Sylvester, author of "Prose Pastorals." (1 vol. 12mo. Gilt top. Price, \$1.50.)

He has been a close observer of our rural life; he has had a healthy outlook; he has felt what he writes; he is himself the product of the soil; and his descriptions of outdoor life are not only true in details, but call up to those who read them the delights of youth and the days that are no more. Those who relish the rich color will find these essays quite to their mind. Throughout, the volume is one of delightful reminiscences; of charming pictures of New England rural life, with its quaint customs, its homely joys, its sturdy people, and its rugged environment; and is a very decided accession to literature. The themes here discussed in Mr. Sylvester's leisurely, delightful way, are, "An Old-Fashioned Festival," "A Winter Resort," "Running Water," "A Snug Corner," "A Way-side Watering-Place," and "A Drop of Rain."

AN IMPORTANT WORK ON LOCAL HISTORY.

The town of Littleton, New Hampshire, has recently published a limited edition of the Proceedings of its Centennial Celebration in 1884. Subjects were assigned to be treated in the form of historical monographs.

1. The Centennial Oration on the Ethics of American Institutions, by Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. 2. The address by Hon. A. S. Batchellor, on "The Relations of the Town and the State." 3. "The Pioneers of Littleton," by Jas. R. Jackson, Esq., the town historian. 4. The address on "The Relations of Littleton and Bethlehem," by Hon. John G. Sinclair. 5. "The Relations of Littleton and Vermont." 6. "Newspapers and Newspaper Men," by H. H. Metcalf. 7. "The Profession of Law," by Hon. Edgar Aldrich. 8. "The Profession of Medicine," by Chas. M. Tuttle, M. D. 9. "The Churches of Littleton," by Rev. Joseph E. Robins. 10. "The Town and the Railroads," by John M. Mitchell. 11. "Littleton Abroad," by Samuel B. Page. 12. "Education," by Dana P. Dame. 13. "Agriculture," by Rev. F. H. Lyford. 14. Daniel C. Remick has given an account of manufacturing industries. 15. "Merchants and Trade," by Maj. Wm. J. Bellows. 16. "The Women of Littleton" receive a well merited tribute from Mr. Millen. 17. "Littleton in the War of the Rebellion," by Capt.

Geo. Farr. A valuable historical paper by Dr. Adams Moore. Students and readers will appreciate the value of the index, which is very complete, and we believe gives reference to every name mentioned in the pages of the book.

The volume is octavo size, bound in cloth, printed on substantial paper, and contains 328 pages. Only 400 copies have been printed, and the work is not stereotyped. The town by vote directed that the book be sold at cost, which is \$1.25, with 15 cents additional for postage.

We desire to call the attention of those who are the purchasing agents of libraries to the fact that our edition is limited to the number of volumes above named, and that no more will be printed. By ordering the book at once of the town committee, advantage may be taken of an exceptionally low price. In a short time copies will be found with difficulty, and the price will be very much enhanced. Orders should be sent to CHAS. F. EASTMAN, Littleton, N. H.

"WINGS AND STINGS."

This is the airy, stinging title of another sprightly, amusing book by Palmer Cox. It is one of the QUEER PEOPLE series, and similar to its companion, "Paws and Claws," of which we told you recently. This is one of the funniest and brightest books for youngsters we have ever seen. The illustrations are splendid, and will make the boys and girls roar with laughter. The Boston *Budget* says,—“As a holiday book nothing could be more appropriate, since nothing could confer greater pleasure upon the little ones.” The *National Republican* says,—“Every page is a picture, and all the text music a fountain of fun, never ceasing. It will make young eyes blaze.” It will certainly be wonderfully popular. It is published by Messrs. Hubbard Bros., of Philadelphia, Chicago, and Kansas City, to whom persons desiring a copy or an agency should apply.

NEW MUSIC.

Among the latest songs and piano pieces are the following: "Golden Glitter," brilliant piano piece, by Carl Bohm (40 cts.); "At My Window," a pretty ballad, by Parker (35 cts.); "The Little Fishermid Waltz," by Waldmann (40 cts.); "Adjutant Keeler's March," by Rollinson (35 cts.); "Among the Flowers," valse ballet, by Bachmann (40 cts.). Any of these pieces mailed to any address, on receipt of price, by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.



Simon Marston

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

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Nos. II, 12.

GENERAL GILMAN MARSTON.

Perhaps no man within the State of New Hampshire is more widely or more favorably known, as a lawyer, as a law-maker, as an orator, as a statesman, or as a war-scarred veteran, than General Gilman Marston, member-elect of the legislature from the town of Exeter. As some trees tower above their companions, so intellectually does General Marston tower above his fellows. Like a grand old oak, sound to the heart, resisting stubbornly the gales, ignoring petty things, taking a broad view of his surroundings, stands the hero of battle and forum, ready to do his duty to his fellow-man until the end. General Marston through life has been a well balanced man. Aside from his keen intellect and strong will-power, he is a man of fine sensibilities—a man with a great heart. If as an opponent he is to be dreaded, as a friend he can be relied upon. His friendships formed in youth and early manhood have been cherished and fostered through a long and eventful life. His friends are very fond of him; children love him. In

the dark days of the Rebellion, Abraham Lincoln found in him a trusted friend, and Secretary Stanton a reliable confidant and a safe counsellor. The legislature of New Hampshire, for a score of years, has depended on his sound sense, his legal learning, and his incorruptible integrity for their safe guidance.

I. William Marston was born about 1592, probably in Yorkshire, England, and settled, with his family, in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1634. In October, 1638, he joined the party who made the first settlement at Wennebec, in the town of Hampton. His first wife died about 1660. His will was recorded in 1672. He was a kind-hearted, benevolent, and godly man, and was a member of the Quaker church, and suffered persecution for his religious tenets. He often harbored and aided his distressed and persecuted brethren.

II. Thomas Marston was born in England in May or June, 1617; settled in Hampton with his father; married Mary, daughter of William Estow, Esq.; was a capable and high-

ly esteemed citizen; was prominent in the business affairs of the settlement; had nine children; and died September 28, 1690, at the age of 73 years and 7 months.

III. Ephraim Marston, born in Hampton, August 8, 1654, O. S.: married February 19, 1677, Abial Sanborn, daughter of Lieut. John and Mary (Tuck) Sanborn, and settled on the homestead in Hampton bequeathed to him by his father. He was a farmer and brewer, and had an orchard with a variety of fruit. He was one of the most distinguished citizens of the town, a representative to the General Court for several years, a government contractor, and took a prominent part in public affairs. He deeded a farm to each of his sons, and settled them in life. He had nine children. He died October 10, 1742. His widow, born February 25, 1653, died January 3, 1743.

IV. Capt. Jeremiah Marston, born in Hampton, November 5, 1691. Married, March 23, 1720, Mary Smith, and settled on the homestead. He was a captain in the colonial army during the old French war, and was killed at the siege of Louisburg, Cape Breton Isle, May 29, 1745.

V. Jeremiah Marston, born in Hampton, January 20, 1723; married, in 1742, Tabitha Dearborn, daughter of John and Mary Dearborn, and settled in Hampton on the homestead. He was a captain in the colonial army during the last French war, served under Gen. Amherst at Crown Point, and witnessed the surrender of Canada to the English. He received honorable mention from Gen. Amherst, in his official report, as a

brave soldier and exemplary man. He died in Hampton, October 25, 1803. His widow, born June 29, 1723, died March 17, 1807. He had nine children.

VI. Jeremiah Marston, born in Hampton, February 22, 1745; married (1) about 1777, Hannah Towle; married (2) Mrs. Lydia Cummings; married (3) Mrs. Abigail (Marston) Chase. February 22, 1769, he went to Orford, and took possession of the lands given to him by his father, and worked there several summers, returning to Hampton to spend the winters. In 1781 he moved his family to Orford, and lived there until his death, August 10, 1834. His first wife died November 30, 1783. He had one son and three daughters.

VII. Jeremiah Marston, born in Hampton, October 27, 1780; married (1), December 7, 1806, Elizabeth Gilman, of Exeter: married (2) June 18, 1809, Theda Sawyer, of Orford. He settled on the paternal homestead, where he died February 24, 1867. His first wife, born June 25, 1784, died December 20, 1808; his second wife, born December 26, 1782, died May 2, 1864. He had seven children.

VIII. Gen. Gilman Marston, son of Jeremiah and Theda (Sawyer) Marston, was born in Orford, August 20, 1811; graduated at Dartmouth college in 1837, in the class with Judge Josiah Minot and Judge Geo. F. Shepley. During his freshman year Daniel Clark and Moody Currier were seniors; S. S. N. Greeley, Harry Hibbard, and Amos Tuck, juniors; Samuel C. Bartlett, William Butterfield, Edmund R. Peaslee, and John Wentworth, sophomores. During his

senior year, S. S. Foster was a junior; Sylvester Dana, George G. Fogg, and William P. Hill were sophomores; and J. E. Sargent was a freshman.

Soon after graduation, with his diploma, testimonials, and light impedimenta carefully packed, the young student made his way across Vermont, thence down the Hudson to New York, and thence to Washington. While there, he saw Calhoun, Clay, Benton, Webster, and other statesmen of that day, but found no opening for himself. After a tarry of a few days he started for the West, visiting Wheeling, Cincinnati, and Louisville. While at the latter place he had a hint of receiving employment if he should go further west into Indiana; so he pushed on over the prairies to Indianapolis.

Here good fortune attended him, and he soon had charge of a prosperous school. He was not only a teacher, but a pupil as well, for he at once entered the office of Judge Blackford, the chief-justice of the state, as a law student. During the eighteen months he remained at Indianapolis, he gained the friendship of his scholars and the townspeople, and was credited with one year's study of the law. Lew Wallace, the Union leader and the graceful writer, was one of his pupils.

Financially, his Western trip was a success, and he returned to his native town of Orford with enough money to pay debts contracted during his college course, and to pay his expenses while finishing his law studies. He at once entered the office of Leonard Wilcox, of Orford, and graduated

at the Cambridge Law School in 1840. In 1841 he settled in Exeter, which place was at that time the residence of several strong and able lawyers, and the prospects were not flattering. There were Jotham Lawrence, Attorney-General John Sullivan, Hon. James Bell, Hon. Amos Tuck, and Hon. Henry F. French. The young lawyer, however, did not wait long for a professional call.

In a short time Mr. Marston received a commission in the state militia, on the staff of Gen. Gale, and accompanied that officer on his visits of inspection, becoming thus familiar with military affairs. At the musters the troops were, after preliminary manoeuvres, marshalled into a hollow square, when one of the two aid-de-camps were alternately delegated to make them a speech.

In time "his diligence, attention to business, and personal interest in the affairs of his clients, secured him a valuable practice."¹

In 1845 he was elected to represent Exeter in the New Hampshire legislature. In that body were many strong men. Towns in those early days chose their brightest citizens to represent their interests in the General Court. He was three times reelected, and was appointed a delegate to the Constitutional convention in 1850.

¹In 1859 he was chosen a representative in the congress of the United States, and reelected in 1861. Being in Washington in the anxious period that followed the inauguration of President Lincoln, he joined the battalion commanded by Cassius M. Clay for the defence of the National Capital. As soon as the exigency

¹From Hon. Charles H. Bell's History of Exeter.

there had passed, he returned to New Hampshire and tendered his services to the state executive. He was appointed colonel of the Second Regiment, originally enlisted for three months only, but its term of service was extended to three years. One month from its arrival in Washington it took part in the battle of Bull Run, where the colonel was severely wounded by a bullet which shattered his right arm near the shoulder. Colonel Marston, having had his wound dressed, came again upon the field to lead his men, and was greeted with tremendous applause.

"Now," he exclaimed, "the New Hampshire Second will have a chance to show what it is made of," and the regiment filed down into the valley, where it was exposed to a murderous fire.¹

After the excitement of the battle and the retreat, the gallant colonel knew that he would be subjected to the tender mercies of the attending surgeons. His special attendant was John Sullivan, Jr., then a lad in blue, a descendant of the Revolutionary hero of the same name. The colonel armed young Sullivan with his revolver, and ordered him to resist with force any attempt to amputate his wounded arm. The precaution was well taken, for the surgeons would have amputated it to save his life, but by reason of the colonel's resolute refusal it was saved to become about as serviceable as the other. He soon returned to his regiment.

While the brigade was in winter quarters in Maryland, on the lower Potomac, Gen. Negley was assigned to the command, an officer thorough-

ly conversant with military tactics but a strict disciplinarian, and very soon unpopular with the men, who considered him a tyrant.

General Negley had noticed the guard-house of the Second, and considered it altogether too comfortable quarters for the prisoners confined there. It was an octagonal building, with bunks around each side, a place for a roaring camp-fire in the centre, a chimney to carry off the smoke, and an entrance wide enough and high enough to allow the commanding general to ride within without dismounting. It had been constructed from plans made by the humane chaplain of the regiment, Rev. Henry E. Parker. A company of a Pennsylvania regiment had been placed under arrest and confined within it. At that time General Negley's attention was called to it. Accordingly he ordered Col. Marston to build a guard-house, without so much as a crack or an opening anywhere, so that it should be perfectly dark. The dungeon was built, and one day Gen. Negley went over to inspect it.

"Where is the entrance," said he, "and how do you get anybody into it?"

"Oh!" said Col. Marston, "that's not my look-out. I obeyed orders to the letter! How do you like it?"¹

The dungeon was made of logs, about twelve feet square, and roofed over, and the boys of the regiment had so smeared it with the yellow mud of the country that it looked like a huge unbaked brick.

Col. Marston was in command of the regiment at Williamsburg, at Fair Oaks, during the seven days battles

¹Adjutant-General's Report, 1866.

before Richmond, at Malvern^s Hill, and at Fredericksburg. In the winter of 1862-'63, while active operations were suspended, he returned to his seat in congress.

When the regiment was embarking for the Peninsular campaign, Colonel Marston was ordered with his men to board the transport "North America," which was not only overcrowded, but evidently unsafe. Gen. Negley ordered another regiment to board the same vessel. To this Col. Marston objected, and gave orders for the Second to disembark if the others came aboard. For this he was placed under arrest. He was quickly released, however, by order of General Hooker, and sustained in his course. Said the Colonel, at the time,—“I brought this regiment from New Hampshire to fight—not to be drowned!”

There was but one mutiny in the regiment during the war. It happened while they were at Camp Beaufort. Company B had been armed at great expense, before leaving Concord, with Sharpe's breech-loading rifles. It was considered too troublesome by the War Department to issue two kinds of ammunition, and the company objected to the loss of their rifles. Col. Marston immediately interviewed the ruling powers at Washington, and ever after they received the proper ammunition.

While at Point Lookout a certain planter of the neighborhood, named Coan, came into camp and complained that about forty of his slaves had come within the Union lines. He asked assistance in forcing them to return to their quarters on his plantation. General Marston treated him

courteously, but gave him no encouragement. The negroes had left the plantation in the night, crossed to the Virginia side, and come into camp in the morning, claiming that they came from the neighborhood of Richmond. One of his old hands was accosted by the planter while at work on the wharf discharging a transport.

“Why, Sam, how came you here?”

“’Scuse me, sar, but I nebber seed you afore. I’m from ol’ Wirginny.”

The planter could get none of his former slaves to recognize him, and he returned discomfited.

He was like a father to the boys, who left so much at home, and who risked so much in the face of the enemy. To them he was the “Old Man”—a term of endearment—although in the prime of life. Once he was summoned from his tent by a deputation: A spokesman, stepping forward, presented the colonel with a sword and accoutrements, to replace one that was of no further service. It was not a costly present, but expressed the good-will of the soldiers under his command. Col. Marston could face a court and jury, the Legislature of New Hampshire, the Congress of the United States, and the batteries of the rebel army; but this was too much for him, and he turned away overcome with emotion. It is needless to say that he was popular with the volunteers under his command. He was revered by them.

The Colonel was not only kind to his soldiers, but cared for animals. Coming upon one of his men, nicknamed “Pug,” abusing a favorite horse of his, he ordered him back to his company with the remark,—“I’ll teach you not to abuse a horse

older than you are." "Pug" lost a soft job.

At Drury's Bluff Gen. Marston was assigned to the command of a brigade which was intrenched in a very exposed position, where shot and shell were making sad havoc in their ranks. He was a stranger to his command, and he felt that they ought to get acquainted, for he saw signs of wavering. Stepping upon the parapet, he walked leisurely along the whole front of the brigade, addressing officers and men in his calm, reassuring manner, and occasionally using his field-glass to examine the enemy's position. When he stepped down to his position that command knew him. Not a man would leave his post until he received orders from his new commander. Gen. Marston never suffered any physical fear to disturb his soldierly judgment or his sense of duty.

¹He was appointed brigadier-general in the fall of 1862, but did not accept the appointment till April, 1863, when he was put in charge of a large camp of Confederate prisoners, in Maryland, in command of his own and two other New Hampshire regiments. A year later the command of a brigade of New York troops in the Eighteenth Corps was given him, and he took part in the assault at Drury's Bluff. Thence his command was ordered to Cold Harbor, and in the memorable conflict there his brigade in one half hour lost five hundred men. Subsequently he participated in the assault on the works at Petersburg; and then was directed by Gen. Grant to take charge of several posts on the James, where he remained

until autumn, but, being attacked by chills and fever, from his long exposure in that miasmatic region, he was obliged to quit the army on sick leave. He was again elected to congress, in the succeeding March, and, after the fall of Richmond, resigned his commission of general.

Gen. Marston's military services are matter of history. Perhaps no higher commendation could be given him than that paid by a field officer of his old command. The Second Regiment, as is well known, made a distinguished record in the war. Major Cooper, in his report to the adjutant-general, wrote this of its first commander: "Whatever name or fame the regiment may possess, it is indebted for almost wholly to the untiring zeal and effort of Colonel, now General, Gilman Marston." After the expiration of his third congressional term, Gen. Marston returned to Exeter, and resumed his law practice. "Neither his political nor his military service had lessened his zeal or his industry in his profession, and he has ever since had all the business that he cared for. Few of the principal causes arising in his section have been tried without his assistance, and he has often been summoned to other parts of the state to conduct important suits.

"The people of Exeter have manifested their confidence in his ability and usefulness as a law-maker by continuing him for an unprecedented length of time as a representative in the state legislature, where his position and experience have given him an influence second to that of no other member."²

¹ Hon. Charles H. Bell's History of Exeter.

² Hon. Charles H. Bell.

Gen. Marston's military experience was but an episode in his life, which served to bring to public notice certain characteristics. His life's work has been the study and practice of law. A personal friend thus writes of him :

"Gen. Marston is a unique character as a lawyer. I have never seen his like, and do not believe that there is another man living to-day who approaches him in certain particulars which go to make up a great lawyer. He has a good record as a soldier and as a legislator, but as a lawyer, above anything else, he must and will command the respect and admiration of posterity. His career as a lawyer is a most wonderful one. Commencing, as he did, at a time when there were 'legal giants in the land,' he at once became and was recognized as the peer of any one of them.

"Quitting the law at forty-nine, and going into the army, as he did, then engaging in politics for a time, in all occupying about ten years, he returned to Exeter with no legal business and no money. He was then about sixty years old—a time of life when most men find it impossible to

build up again; but he resumed the practice of the law, regained his former clients, and got many new ones. To-day, in his seventy-eighth year, he is as vigorous and with a mind as clear and acute as it was when he left for the army twenty-seven years ago.

"One point wherein most people make a mistake respecting the general is in that they consider him an impulsive and a blunt man, with no policy and no craft, whereas as a lawyer he is one of the most adroit and shrewd men in the management of a cause that can be found. Much of his great success is due to the careful and wise management of his cases. While pretending to the enemy that he knows nothing of his positions and much less of his own, it always turns out that he knows more about both sides than anybody else in the case.

"As a lawyer, the general deserves to be more fully and better considered than it is possible to do in a single short article."

In 1882 Dartmouth college conferred upon Gen. Marston the honorary degree of LL. D.

ON LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

My boat here is waiting. Come, friend, from the shore,
And sit down beside me with hand to the oar ;

One dip, and the frail tie we sunder,
The land is behind us, the full moon before,
And the water, clear water, here under.

Away to the eastward where soft to the sand
The lightly moved flood is inclining,
See, on the bright level that rolls to the strand,
How like liquid gold is its shining !

We pass near the point overshadowed by trees,
And catch the low sound of a night-roving breeze
Through boughs of the sombre pines creeping,—
A soft, measured murmur that swells by degrees,
Like voice of a child, that, while sleeping,
In sweet, dreamy accents repeats an old rhyme,
The cadence and rhythm unbroken,
Though measures of silence recur in the time,
And the words are half dreamed and half spoken.

Now far on the level serenely we float :
Yon cloud near the moon moves along like our boat,
From star on to star lightly gliding,
As this on the water, a shadow, a mote,
From island to island is riding.
In moonlight like this all the solid earth seems
A far away something unreal,
Our cares and ambitions but troublesome dreams,
And life itself only ideal.

Sometimes, it is said, on a calm summer night
A boat is seen gliding away there to right,—
A boat with a sail gray as vapor,
With nothing on board but a twinkling light,
Like a star or a flickering taper.
It comes but at midnight, and only, they say,
When moonlight is pale on the water,
Sailing out from the lowlands above yonder bay,
And seeking this southerly quarter.

They speak of it softly, as something to fear,
Presaging disaster about to appear,
And say it is freighted with sorrow,
That the shade of Chocornua, hovering near,
Will laugh at his foes on the morrow.
But if the brave Red Man were sailing to-night,
His white foes would all be forgiven,
For how could he harbor dark hatred, in sight
Of this water and moonlighted heaven !

THE VERMONT CONTROVERSY.

BY REV. CHARLES A. DOWNS, Lebanon, N. H.

There seem to be two main purposes in these propositions,—one to make a state out of the grants on both sides of the Connecticut; the other to make a state out of New Hampshire as limited to the Masonian grant, and the whole of the New Hampshire grants. But there was undoubtedly a secret purpose in the minds of the chief actors underlying both propositions, and that purpose was that the *capital of the state, however constructed, should be somewhere on the Connecticut*. Ira Allen, who says he was providentially (?) at the convention, writes “at or near the college.”

The following papers show the attitude of the people of Lebanon towards these propositions:

“With Respect to the Question proposed by the Com^{tee} Chosen at Cornish in Dec. Last (viz) whether the people on the Grants or in this town are willing that the State of New Hampshire should Extend their claim and jurisdiction over the whole of the Grants, N. H. at the same time submitting to Congress whether a New state shall be Established on the Grants—upon which motion we would observe

“1st that New Hampshire Never had any Right of Jurisdiction (Either by Charter or Compact) over the N. H. Grants (so called) therefore their attempting to Extend their jurisdiction over any part of s^d Grants, without the free and full Consent of the inhabitants on s^d Grants is such

a stretch of arbitrary power, as we Conceive to be incompatible with the Natural and Just Rights of a free people.

“2nd And as the assembly of N. H. have not yet Determined to submit to Congress whether a N [new] state shall be Erected on the Grants or not, we think We Cannot Consistent with the principles held up to publick view by the Dessenting towns on s^d Grants Consent that the State of N. H. should Extend their Jurisdiction over the whole or any part of s^d Grants—Yet, Nevertheless

“3dly if the state of N. H. are Desirous to Extend or set up their Claim over the whole of s^d Grants, in Opposition to the State of N York in order to Facillatate the Establishment of a New State on s^d Grants we are free to Concede thereto, or

“4thly if the State of N. H. will agree with the people on s^d Grants upon an Equitable plan of Government in which the Just and Natural Rights of the people shall be inviolably maintained & supported, we are on our part willing to unite with them and become one Entire State.”

“At a town meeting of the Legal inhabitants of the Town of Lebanon Holden May 24th, 1779, was taken under Consideration the Questions Purposed in a hand bill Published by a comitee at Dresden Apr 23 1779 and Resolved that the town Esteams

no Consideration as an Equivalent to the Priviledg of an Equatable Representation—and not being favored with Gen. Bayleys Report are unable to pass any further Resolve upon said Question, it Being in our view foreign from the Prinsapel object in view under our Present Dispute With New Hampshire it being farther from our intention to Coalesse with any State without our Inviolable Wrights and Privileges are made first Certain and as to advise New Hampshire concerning extending jurisdiction—we look upon that to be a falacious Request—Calculated to Bring the Good people on the Grants into a Perpetual unrepresented situation that may be fattall to our Wrights and Liberties.”

According to the votes of the Convention, a proposal to New Hampshire was made in March, 1779, to extend her jurisdiction over the whole of the Grants on both sides of the river. The proposal met with ready acceptance on the part of the assembly; but in order to give time for due consideration, it was postponed till the next session. June 24, 1779, the assembly voted that they would lay claim to the whole of the New Hampshire Grants, so called, unless congress should erect Vermont into a separate state. At all events they would exercise jurisdiction as far as Connecticut river.

Of course this action on the part of New Hampshire created fresh alarm and anxiety on the part of Vermont. Her difficulties were still further complicated by the action of towns in the south-eastern portion of the state, who proposed to continue their allegiance to New York.

All these matters finally came before congress for settlement. They appointed a committee to visit the disturbed region, and report. A part of the committee came and made some inquiries, but seem not to have made any report. Congress heard, and considered, and delayed, and finally dismissed the whole subject for a time, and left all parties in doubt and confusion.

In July 16, 1779, a convention was called at Dresden (Dartmouth college), at which the town was represented by Nehemiah Estabrooks and Capt. Turner. What was done at that convention does not appear from any records.

December 22, 1779, the town voted a tax of two hundred pounds to defray the expense of an agent or agents to represent the circumstances of the people on the New Hampshire Grants before congress on the first of February, 1780. Congress failed to do anything to give relief to the people at that time, but later in the year gave good advice, cautioning the people against disorders, and enjoining patience till all parties were prepared for a hearing. September 9 seems to have been appointed as a time for a final hearing.

Meantime all parties were making appeals to congress, and new projects discussed. Among them was one from Dresden which seems to have been the birth-place of many projects, said to be the result of a convention held there. It is called the petition of the principal inhabitants on both sides of the Connecticut river, and is addressed to congress. It sets forth the desirability of annexing Canada to the United States, and represents

the project as feasible and not at all difficult.

At the same convention Col. Olcott, of Norwich, Vt., was appointed agent to represent the people on both sides of Connecticut river, from Charlestown, upward. The sentiment of the people in this region, on both sides of the river, at this time, seems to have been setting strongly towards union with New Hampshire.

In September, congress took up these questions, and, as usual, delayed any decision. All parties became impatient, nearly to desperation. Vermont was determined to maintain her independence and secure a recognition. Since all previous arguments had failed, a new move of diplomacy was made. She began to coquette with the British authorities, intimating that, as no place could be found for her in the Union, she might cast in her lot with her former sovereign. It is not easy to determine how far these intrigues were carried, but certainly to the very verge of discretion. They awakened the gravest suspicions of fidelity on the part of the Americans, and created great alarm. The British authorities were led on with confident hopes of regaining that important territory. They made liberal offers, were careful to treat all captives with great kindness, frequently sending them back to their homes to speak the praises of their lenity. There is little doubt that those raids of Indians and others, at this time, which made it necessary for Lebanon and the other towns to employ so many scouts, were another part of their policy. They designed to keep the inhabitants in such

a state of anxiety and alarm, to put them to so much trouble and expense in guarding themselves, as to discourage and weary them, and lead them to conclude that it would be best for them to make peace with their enemies, and so gain opportunity to care for their fields and homes. There is no doubt but that the Allens were the leaders in these negotiations.

To complicate matters still more, another movement was made to form a new state, originating this time in the southern portion of the grants on both sides of the river. After several preliminary meetings, a general convention of towns on both sides of the river was called, at Charlestown, in January, 1781.

This town voted, December 25, 1780, to accept of the motion made by the county of Cheshire. Voted, that Lieut. Elihu Hyde be a Delegate to attend the convention at Charlestown January next.

The convention assembled at Charlestown, January 16, 1781. Forty-three towns from both sides of the river were represented. All the parties interested sent agents to watch, guide, and control affairs, if possible, in their own interest. A large and able committee was appointed to prepare the business of the convention. That committee reported, January 17, in favor of a union of all the towns on the grants with the state of New Hampshire, a result which was expected from the tone of the preliminary meetings. The agents of New Hampshire "were much pleased with their success, and well enjoyed the night." The agents of New York were in no wise downcast, for it is suspected that there was a secret un-

derstanding between New Hampshire and New York that they would share the territory of Vermont between them, making the ridge of the Green Mountains the boundary of the two states.

But Vermont? It is manifest that this measure, if consummated, would be fatal to her interests. She could not afford to lose so many towns on her own side of the Connecticut. It was probable that many more towns would be persuaded to join the movement. Thus shorn of so much of her domain, she could present her claims to congress with little hope of recognition as an independent state. But what can be done to arrest the movement, or to turn it in her favor? It seems a hopeless task. But one of her ablest sons is present at that convention, watching with eagle eyes its proceedings. He has come prepared for all emergencies, for he has the certificate of a delegate in his pocket, though he has not presented it. His skill has never forsaken him; he never loses heart. He is equal to the crisis in the fate of his beloved state. He inspires a motion that the report shall "be recommitted, to be corrected and fitted for the press, as it would be a matter of public notoriety" and of great importance. The report is recommitted, and Ira Allen does not sleep much that night. What arguments he uses, what considerations he presents, what motives he presses, cannot now be known. But when, the next morning, January 19, at 10 o'clock, the report of the committee, "corrected and prepared for the press," is presented, behold, Vermont is substituted for New Hampshire, and union with the first state

instead of the latter state, is recommended! The report is adopted by a large majority, eleven delegates from eight towns east of the Connecticut, most of them members of the New Hampshire assembly, dissenting and protesting.

The secret of this marvellous change of front is undoubtedly this: Certain prominent men in that convention had never abandoned the scheme of the capital of a state somewhere on the Connecticut river. When they planned for a union with New Hampshire, they thought that they would so far extend her territory westward as to bring its centre to the Connecticut. Just then a suggestion is made to them that Vermont is willing to claim jurisdiction up to the line of Mason's Grant. That suggestion is made by Ira Allen. It is now a question of probabilities of the realization of their favorite scheme. New Hampshire has a capital already. Vermont has none, but is migratory. The large numerical majority of population in New Hampshire is in the eastern portion of the state, and they would resist the removal of the seat of government so far to the west. Vermont has no concentrated population: it is more numerous in the Connecticut valley than elsewhere. The balance of probabilities is with Vermont, and with her they would cast their lot.

Before the convention adjourned, they appointed a committee to treat with the Vermont assembly and arrange for a union, and then adjourned to meet at Cornish, N. H., Feb. 8, 1781, opposite to Windsor, Vt., where the assembly would be in session.

Feb. 10, 1781, Col. Elisha Payne presented to the Vermont assembly the request of the towns represented in the convention at Charlestown—Cornish to be received into union with that state. The assembly prepared the way for their reception by resolving that “in order to quiet the disturbances on the two sides of the river [Connecticut], and the better to enable the inhabitants on the two sides of the river to defend their frontier, the legislature of this state do lay a *jurisdictional claim* to all the lands, whatever, east of Connecticut river, north of Massachusetts, west of the Mason line, and south of latitude 45°, and that they do not exercise jurisdiction for the time being.” The latter is a saving clause, looking cautiously to future contingencies.

The terms of union were mutually agreed upon and confirmed February 22, 1781. By these terms the towns were to be received whenever they, by a majority vote, accepted them.

“At a town-meeting held March 13, 1781, The several Articles of Union, Agreed upon By the Assembly Com^{tee} of the State of Vermont & the Com^{tee} of Convention from the County of Cheshire and Grafton &c being Read in s’d meeting was agreed to, Nem. Con. & Voted that Col. Elisha Payne and Lieut. Elihu Hyde Represent the town of Lebanon in the Assembly of Vermont to be Holden in Windsor the first Wednesday in April next.”

Col. Payne had from the beginning been a leader in all these affairs, being a resident of Cardigan (Orange) until this time, when he came to East Lebanon, and built extensive mills there.

The following towns were formally admitted to union with Vermont at the session of the assembly at Windsor in April: Acworth, Alstead, Cardigan, Charlestown, Chesterfield, Claremont, Cornish, Croydon, Dresden, Enfield, Gilsum, Grafton, Gunthwaite, Hanover, Haverhill, Hinsdale, Landaff, Lebanon, Lempster, Lyman, Lyme, Marlow, Morristown, Bath, New Grantham, Newport, New Stamford, Orford, Piermont, Plainfield, Richmond, Saville, Surrey, Walpole, Westmoreland.

But the measure designed “to quiet the disturbances on the two sides of the Connecticut river” resulted in anything but quiet. New Hampshire did not see her domain rent from her without vigorous protests and action. In many of the towns there was a strong minority, who still clung to their former allegiance. As each state claimed jurisdiction over the same territory by the appointment of officers, institution of courts, and levying of taxes, collisions of a serious nature were inevitable. Vermont took possession of the records of the court of common pleas at Keene. New Hampshire protested and resisted. New Hampshire officers were arrested by Vermont officers, and each was rescued by mobs of his friends. Vermont was charged with exchanging British soldiers taken in arms for private citizens. New Hampshire complained that in her dismembered condition she could not comply with the requisitions of congress for soldiers and provisions. The minority complained that they were not allowed to express their sentiments at the polls, if in favor of New Hampshire. Some were threat-

ened and insulted, and forced to leave their homes and possessions because of their fidelity to New Hampshire. New Hampshire ordered the arrest of any person who took office under Vermont. Vermont imprisoned a New Hampshire sheriff. New Hampshire imprisoned a Vermont sheriff. New Hampshire ordered out the militia to release her sheriff. Vermont gave orders to Elisha Payne, as major-general of her forces, to call out her militia, and to resist force by force. Letters of remonstrance, protests, and threats passed between the governors. Affairs were in as disturbed a condition as can well be imagined, and could not continue so without injury to the parties concerned and to the whole country.

While some of these collisions were of a serious nature and threatened bloodshed, others assumed a comical aspect, as in the following detailed experience of Col. Hale, a New Hampshire officer. He had arrested a certain 'Squire Giles, who was rescued by the people at Charlestown. The sheriff shall tell the story in his own way: "They soon after held a Consultation for Taking and Carrying me to Bennington, but fearing that would not so well suite, they sent me their Judas to advise me as a friend to make my escape immediately to avoid Going to Bennington. I gave for Answer, if that was their intention I would Tarry all night. But in the morning I had a second message that they would be Ready for me in half an hour. I gave for Answer, that that would be time enough for me to take breakfast—which I then called for—and after

breakfast I had another message that if I did not make my Escape they would Catch me before I got three miles, for which I should be very sorry. I gave for answer that I should have the less way to come back—but that if I was not molisted I ment to set out for hom sou, but finding that all their stratigems would not Prevent my Taking breakfast and leaving the Town in an open and Publick manner they then Rallied all their forces that was Near at hand to the amount of about forty men and a Pretended deputy Sheriff at their head; but for a frunt Gard they Raised some of their most abeelist women and set forward with some men dressed in Women's apparill which had the good Luck to take me Prisoner, put me aboard one of their slays and filled the same with some of their principal women and drove off nine miles to Williams tavern in Warpole, the main body following after with acclamations of Joy—where they Regailed themselves—and then set me at liberty nothing doubting but that they had entirely subdued New Hampshire!" *Prov. Papers*, vol. x, pp. 481, 482.

Meanwhile all parties professed their willingness to submit to congress all matters in dispute between them. Congress took up the matter, appointed committees to investigate and report, discussed and delayed, balanced between opposing interests. By August 20, 1781, it had proceeded so far as to declare by resolution that before they could recognize Vermont as a state they must "explicitly relinquish all demands of land and jurisdiction on the east side of Connecticut river, and on the west side

of a line drawn twenty miles eastward of Hudson river to Lake Champlain."

The Vermont Assembly, sitting at Charlestown, Oct. 19, 1781, declares that they were determined "to remain firm in the principles on which they first assumed government, and to hold the articles of union inviolate, that they would not submit the question of their independence to the arbitrament of any power whatever; but they were willing at present to refer the question of their jurisdictional boundary to commissioners mutually chosen, and when they should be admitted into the American Union they would submit any such disputes to Congress."

The matter still lingered in congress, when early in January, 1782, Gen. Washington was prevailed upon to write a letter, unofficially, to Gov. Chittenden, of Vermont. In that letter Washington recommends a compliance with the requirements of congress in abandoning all territory east of the Connecticut and west of a line twenty miles east of the Hudson; that only on that condition is there any prospect that the state will be received into the Union. He appeals strongly to their patriotism not to embarrass the United States in their struggle for independence, burdened already to the utmost, and finally intimates the disagreeable necessity of coercion on the part of congress should the state continue to maintain their attitude towards the other states.

This advice was well received on the part of Vermont, and was effectual in composing the disputes about boundaries.

On the 19th of February, 1782, the Vermont Assembly being in session at Bennington, the whole matter of boundaries came up for consideration. Among other papers this letter of Washington was read, having evidently a strong influence on their minds. On the 20th February the Assembly, being in committee of the whole,—

Resolved, That in the opinion of this committee, congress, in their resolutions of the 7th and 20th of August last, in guaranteeing to the respective states of New York and New Hampshire all territory without certain limits therein expressed, have eventually determined the boundaries of this state.

And they voted to relinquish the claims to the territory therein mentioned. This action of Vermont virtually ended the great controversy so far as boundaries were concerned.

But the towns on the east of the Connecticut must be disposed of. Vermont did not hesitate; the union was dissolved in the absence of the members from the east side of the river. Dr. Belknap says, with admirable *naïveté*, "that when these members arrived and found themselves excluded from a seat in the Assembly, they took their leave with some expressions of bitterness."

Very likely that was the case: they certainly had some provocations for such expressions.

Probably Vermont was never very sincere in this union. Rather than lose her own towns in the movement towards New Hampshire, and see all her hopes of recognition as a sovereign state blasted, she consented to receive them, with more diplomacy than cordiality. Probably "honest"

Deacon Moses Robertson of Bennington unconsciously revealed the true feeling of many in Vermont when he said to Gen. Folsom and others, in an attempt to compose the dispute between the two states, "We never had it in view to take the east side of the river—only to get rid of them the first opportunity."

On the other hand, there is as little doubt that New York and New Hampshire were secretly opposed to the recognition of Vermont as a state; that while they were intent in keeping their own domains from being absorbed by her, they were quietly obstructing her recognition in the hope that they might eventually divide her territory between them.

Vermont had to wait till February, 1791, before she was admitted to the Union.

This sudden recession of Vermont from union with the towns on the east side of the Connecticut left those towns in a sad condition. They had made many sacrifices and been at much expense to secure this union. They hoped for peace and prosperity under it. To be thus summarily dismissed from it while the echoes of the most solemn pledges of fidelity on her part had scarcely died away was a sad blow to their expectations. With the burdens of the war pressing heavily upon them, with the distractions of a disputed jurisdiction, they had hitherto had little time and strength to devote to their own improvements in the surrounding wilderness. They hoped by this union to be released from one of these sources of trouble, but they are suddenly thrust back into their "state

of nature," with nothing but their town organizations to rely upon for peace and order. They had rejected the rule of New Hampshire, for good reasons, as they thought. Pride, if nothing more, would make it difficult for them to return to that state. There was nothing left for them but to wait and watch, taking their stand upon their town organization.

It is necessary in a complete history of the town to notice their action when they were without any state connections. Of course it was necessary to have certain officers besides their usual town officers. They therefore appointed their own justices of the peace. Many of the duties of courts they committed to their Committee of Safety. They voted that this committee should take acknowledgments of deeds.

It was necessary that they should have laws to govern them in their daily transactions. They had rejected New Hampshire and her laws; Vermont had rejected them. They naturally turned to a code with which most of them were familiar, and which had no smell of bitterness about it—the laws of the state which held their well remembered homes. Voted March 14, 1780, that the executive authorities of the town shall proceed in their several departments to pursue and conform themselves to the rules prescribed in the laws of Connecticut, especially in those acts that more immediately refer to the preservation of the peace and good order of the towns," &c.

Against this action of the town the following protest was sent to the authorities of New Hampshire:

State of New Hampshire,
County of Grafton,
March 31 1780

We, the subscribers, inhabitants of the town of Lebanon, who hold ourselves in duty bound to be league subjects of the state of New Hampshire, do hereby publicly remonstrate and protest against the illegal proceedings of the town of Lebanon viz: the town voting to pay no regard to the authority of the state of New Hampshire, and that they would yield no obedience to any precepts sent them from the authority of said state for raising men for the defence of the United States, or any otherwise

The town enacting laws in town meeting repugnant to the laws of the state and adopting the laws of Connecticut to govern themselves in open violation of the authority of the state of New Hampshire. Although they have unanimously acknowledged themselves under the jurisdiction of the state of New Hampshire by voluntarily confederating with said state, and the town, under pretense of authority, in a high-handed manner frequently stop men in the highway, rob them of their property even when they have a certificate from proper authority to pass unmolested, and stopping up the public highway by felling trees across the path so as to render it impracticable for travellers to pass, whereby travellers have been much injured and to the disgrace of the town. And many other illegal proceedings inconsistent in themselves and injurious to the public peace of the neighbouring towns.

To be communicated to the house forthwith

Saml Bailey	Phin. Wright
James Fuller	Jabez Baldwin
W ^m Downer	Joel Kilbourn
Joseph Tilden Jun	Charles Hill
Samuel Millington	James Jones
W ^m Wakefield [Jun.	W ^m Downer Jun
Nath. Hall Jun.	Elezer Robinson
Jesse Heath	Solomon Millington
Ebenezer Bliss	Gideon Baker
John Gray	

—State Papers.

From this it is apparent that there was not entire unanimity in the proceedings of the people; that New Hampshire had a portion of the inhabitants who continued loyal to the state.

Money was needed for public purposes,—for building roads and bridges, for the support of schools, for raising soldiers for the public defence. Often they were at their wits' end to know how to assess the necessary taxes, and still more puzzled how to collect them, since there was no authority back of their own upon which they could rely. Of course there were some disposed to take advantage of this state of things, and refused to pay their taxes and their debts. But they found means to enforce their payment. And yet we find them instructing their officers to exempt any who had placed themselves under the protection of the state of New Hampshire.

Let it be kept in mind that all these burdens of taxation for so many purposes were to be met by a depreciated currency, whose value was scarcely the same for two successive months. It was a hard problem how much money to raise in such a currency to meet their obligation, and they were obliged to make a bushel of wheat their standard. Much of the time they could raise no money that had any fixed value, and were obliged to receive their dues in grain and provisions.

Men who, under such circumstances, could fight such sturdy battles for their preference for state affiliation, who could continually raise and equip men for their defence, are worthy of all praise and honor. One other thing should be set down to

their credit. However defiant they were of state authority, whatever "expressions of bitterness" they uttered at their betrayals by Vermont, they were always loyal to congress. They heeded every command, they yielded to every requisition, which came to them from that sacred source.

The following letter, addressed to Col. Chase, indicates the position which they held :

Lebanon New Hampshire Grants

July 7 1780

Sir As this Town hath been Repeatedly Called Together on account of orders Rec'd from you for scouting and other service, &c we having Collected the Sentiments of the Town with Regard to Raising men to stand thus: that they acknowledge subordination to you as a Colo. of their own Choice and ever will obey you as such. But at the same time, think to obey you as having an authoritative Power from the State of New Hampshire is Derogative to the Birth Rite of Englishmen, it Being a Tax Laid on us for men without being Represented &c. Sir, we wish fore the future you would Be Pleased To send a Request To us. We shall own the Power we Committed to you We mean not to Sett up an Allter in Diffiance To the Public Cause, & be Please, sir, to excuse our simplicity and Except this with our Sincere obedience from your Humble Servants.

Simeon Peck	} Selectmen
Theop. Huntington	
Nath'l Storrs	

To Colo. Jona. Chase, Cornish

It was difficult in such circumstances to preserve peace and order. Some there would be, ready to take advantage of the lack of organized courts and state authority to punish offences. "Tippling houses," I judge, gave the fathers a great deal of trouble, from the frequent mention of them upon the records, and ordi-

nances passed to regulate them. Yet, through their Committee of Safety they were able to control the disorderly elements. The people were determined to sustain their committees, and did sustain them, and there was very little serious disorder.

Having no place of records, they experienced great inconvenience in the preservation of their deeds and other papers. Early in the war, one Fenton, the probate officer for Grafton, whose letter to the people of Grafton county has already been given, was suspected, probably with just cause, of too much friendship towards the king. The demonstrations against him were so violent that he fled from his home, leaving the important papers in his office in great disorder. Many of them were either carried away or destroyed, causing great perplexity and trouble among the people.

An old deed from Jane Hill, widow of Charles Hill, alludes to this event, reciting in a preamble: "& as said will was Lodged in the Judge of Probate of wills Office, by said Judge's order (viz John Fenton Esq.), who has absconded himself and carried off or mislaid said will, so that it cannot be found, by reason of which the afore said estate has not yet been settled and there are several creditors who have demands on said estate, who want to have their accompts settled; in order for which is an absolute necessity of disposing of some of said lands to answer the just demands of said creditors, wherefore she, the said Jane as the sole Executor of the said last will and testament," &c.

The earlier deeds were recorded in

the town, the acknowledgment being taken sometimes by a justice of the peace and sometimes by the Committee of Safety. Among those by whom these acknowledgments were taken, are the following: John Wheatley, J. P., Nehemiah Estabrooks, Chairman of Committee of Safety, Francis Smith, J. P., Plainfield, O. Willard, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for Cumberland county, Province of New York, Vermont, Bela Turner, J. P., Beza Woodward, Dresden, Peter Olcott, Assistant, Dresden, Elihu Hyde, J. P., Eleazar Wheelock, J. P. Many of them are destitute of any acknowledgment. A large number were made and executed in Connecticut.

It is amusing to read the headings of these acknowledgments, showing as they do the changes in the connections of the town. State of New Hampshire, Grafton County, Lebanon; Province of N.H., Grafton County, Lebanon, on the New Hampshire Grants; State of Vermont, Lebanon; State of Vermont on the Grants east of Connecticut River; State of Vermont, territory east of Connecticut River; State of Vermont, Windsor County, Lebanon. One officer, determined to be right one way or the other, writes Lebanon, State of Vermont *alias* New Hampshire.

The following incident belongs to this period, and shows the spirit of the people towards those who sought to take any advantage of the peculiar condition of things when they had no state connection. A certain man had misappropriated some articles of property. Though often requested to return them, or pay for them, he refused to do either, relying upon

the fact that there was no authority to compel either restoration or payment. In the middle of the night his dwelling was entered by persons to him unknown, inasmuch as they were disguised, who took him out of doors and requested him to make restitution of certain property. He declined to do so. They were prepared for such a refusal. They set him on a horse of excessively lean anatomy, and proposed to take him to Charlestown jail. He still refused. They set out towards the Connecticut river, blowing horns and conchs. Now in a humble dwelling on the river road a married couple were taking their rest. The noise of the horns and conchs awoke the wife. In the confusion of her mind before she was fairly awake, the first thing she thought of was the trumpet of the angel summoning the world to judgment. With vigorous thumps upon the ribs of her unconscious spouse, she exclaimed, "Husband! husband! wake up and put on a clean shirt, for the day of judgment has come!" The culprit, finally convinced that "honesty was the best policy" for one in his situation, agreed to do what was just, and was returned to his house.

The above is the traditionary account of the affair. The following, recently found among the state papers, is a formal representation of the same affair to the state authorities:

Lebanon, N. H. July 27 1779.

To the Hon^{ble}. Mesheck Weare and the Hon^{ble}. Council of the State of New Hampshire—Gentlemen

Your petitioners desire to inform your honors of a late disturbance in this town against all Law, both Humane and divine,

and in defiance of the authority of the State. A number of men went to the dwelling house of Mr. James Jones in the evening of the 22^d inst. and by force and violence took him from his bed and bound him on a horse with his face to the horse's tail, and he was obliged to ride in that manner four or five miles to a tavern, they following him with bells, horns &c. at the tavern they abused him in a most shocking manner with words and blows, then returned about half a mile, and made a halt and abused him as before, even threatening with death till he was obliged to comply with their unreasonable demands Your petitioners are very much threatened if we say anything against such unreasonable conduct, therefore we pray your honors to take the matter into consideration, and afford us such assistance as your wisdom shall think best.

Jesse Heath
Samuel Bailey
Charles Hill.

For some time after the dissolution of the union with Vermont, the town remained independent. They were not ready to return to their allegiance with New Hampshire,—not until they could make acceptable terms with that state.

Aug 12 1782. Query whether they will raise the nine men sent for by the State of New Hampshire to join the Continental Army? Resolv'd in the Negative

Whether they will raise one man for the Defence of the Frontiers to serve as a soldier till Nov. next? Resolv'd in the Negative

Whether they will Raise the sum of £914-13-4 Demanded by the State of New Hampshire? Resolved in the Negative

Whether they will choose one or two men to sit in Convention at Concord in the aforesaid State to assist

in forming a constitution for s'd State of New Hampshire? Resolved in ye Affirmative

Chose John Wheatley to Represent the town of Lebanon in s'd Convention for the purpose aforesaid

The sum demanded by New Hampshire was arrears of taxes. This they declined to pay, on the ground that they did not belong to that state, and also because all this time they had been raising and paying soldiers at their own expense.

They were willing, however, to send a delegate to the Convention for forming a new constitution, because some of the provisions of the constitution under which the state had been acting since the Revolution was one of the "grievances" which had first alienated them from New Hampshire. If things could be made better for them, they were willing to "assist."

But apparently affairs did not proceed to suit them, for at a meeting, September 24, 1782, they voted to recall their representative, chosen to represent the town in convention at Concord in the state of New Hampshire. Ten days later they reconsidered this last vote.

By November the town had received the constitution and appointed a committee to examine and report upon it. November 26, 1782, they voted to recall their representative from the convention, the proposed constitution not appearing satisfactory to them.

The town, after many delays, after conventions of other towns held at Hanover, after sending agents to the assembly, after remonstrances and petitions, finally took its place as a town in the state of New Hampshire.

THE BULOW PLANTATION.

CHAPTER IX.

After Shepard had left the boat, Tristan and Homer, resuming their oars,—having muffled the row-locks,—exerted their best muscle in long, steady strokes, and propelled the light craft swiftly over the waters of the winding stream. Mile after mile they left behind, and at length came to the outlet of Smith's creek. A grove of tall palmettos surrounded the junction of the creeks, rendering still more obscure the watery path. Tristan had often before, in happier moments, traversed it, and under his guidance the boat was soon in Smith's creek, environed by the open marsh. As they approached the bridge they once more resumed their oars as paddles, and silently glided under its friendly shadow.

While waiting for the appearance of the old hunter, the party were deeply impressed by the solemnity of their surroundings. The silent forest in their rear, the wide expanse of marsh in front of them, the distant roar of the surf on the beach, and the imminent danger from the Indians they had left behind but had again approached, kept them in silence for a long time. At length a whispered conversation began by Helen's remark:

"Do you think that my father can hold the sugar-house against the Indians?"

"Oh, yes," answered Homer, "with the force he has he can hold the fortress against every Indian in Florida."

"But for my carelessness, Clarence,

I might be with him now, and not have led you and Signor Hernandez and Isabella into so much danger!"

"You have no reason to regret your actions save in the result," said Tristan. "I certainly anticipated no danger from your short stroll. Did you, Capt. Homer?"

"Of course not, or I should not have gone after game. My place was by the side of my relatives and friends."

"We heard your alarm," said Isabella, "but the Indians were all about us. I screamed, partly from alarm and partly to warn the garrison!"

"No one could help it, I am sure," remarked Helen, "to see those fierce looking men spring from the very ground close by one! I did not expect to live a minute."

"But how did you escape those warriors whom I saw dashing over the causeway towards you?" asked Isabella.

Homer related his adventures up to the time when he rejoined his friends.

"I cannot blame the old hunter for his animosity to the Indians," said Tristan, as Homer repeated the sketch of Shepard's life as he had received it, "but I do not understand why he wishes us to go in this direction, instead of keeping down the Halifax river to New Smyrna."

"I do not know his reason, but he has one," replied Homer; "everything he does seems directed by a reason that is almost instinct."

"Well, he will be here soon, and I think we should keep perfectly quiet

now, for we may attract some one to us whom we do not care to meet," said Tristan.

So they fell into a long silence. Presently the quick, cat-like tread of many feet overhead sent the blood back to their hearts, for they knew a party of Indians were hurrying over. The sound was as quickly lost, and they felt a respite for a moment. Soon another step was on the bridge, and in a moment a dark form dropped from the bridge into the water at their side.

"It is all right," he whispered, and climbing aboard, Shepard took one of the oars.

"We must hurry up," he continued, and reach my cabin before daylight, if possible."

An hour's swift, steady paddling under the shadow of the heavy woods on their left brought them to the lake at the haul-over, near where Homer had first encountered the hermit hunter. Passing across this, their guide directed the boat into the run where his dug-out was sunken, and assisted the ladies on to the fallen log, Tristan and Homer following. He requested them to remain until his return, and pushed his boat back into the creek.

After an absence of some duration, he appeared wading up the centre of the run, with the water to his waist, and, stepping on the log, led the way toward his cabin just as the daylight began to lighten the eastern sky.

"If you should happen to meet a bear on this track, you need not fire or be startled, for he is a friend of mine: I raised him from a cub. He goes to the run at this time for clear water."

A moment later a large black bear

came toward them, sniffed at the legs of the hunter, whom he did not seem to recognize at first, and then passed by the party on his way to the stream.

"That bear," continued Shepard, "is the humanest kind of a friend. I keep him tame by kindness, but don't allow too much familiarity. I will tell you more about him when we get to my den."

They came soon to the swamp, and as there was but a few inches of water the ladies declined any assistance, and, wading bravely through, they came to the hummock.

"Here you will be safe, I think, from the pursuit of the Indians, as we have left no trail after us to guide them. My bear track is the only approach to this retreat I ever use from the creek or from the pine barren. The bear will return shortly, and I can use him if any savages come spying in this direction. I expected your arrival here yesterday, and prepared bread and meat for you and some cold coffee. After your breakfast, I think you had better get all the sleep you can, for we shall take a long tramp to-night."

The cabin they now entered might as well have been called a den as a house, for it was very small and low, about one half of the interior height being under ground. The exterior wall consisted of four or five courses of palmetto logs; the roof was shingled with long slabs of split-pine. A bed in one corner, raised a little above the flooring, served the hunter as a place of rest. It looked very tempting to the ladies, although covered with rough army blankets, for the two nights and one day of excitement had greatly wearied them.

After a frugal meal, the ladies were glad to accept the rude hospitality offered them, and were soon lost in the forgetfulness of sleep. Weariness, or sympathy with their lady companions, soon induced the gentlemen to follow their example, especially when Shepard threw on the flooring a couple of buck-skins and some rolls of otter-skins for pillows, and invited them to sleep.

"If there is any cause," he said, "I will give you notice. I do not anticipate any, or I would not let you remain here."

So the four tired, exhausted wanderers were for a time forgetful of alarms, escapes, and pursuits, Indians, and all other troubles, while the sleep of innocence and good digestion refreshed their minds and bodies.

Taking an author's privilege, we will leave the cabin and return to the castle, just as the sun is rising above the tree-tops.

During the latter part of the night the Indians had been prowling about the fortress, but as no attack was anticipated, the order was given not to fire unless provoked, and although every man remained at his place in the castle, not a shot was fired. An armed armistice seemed to be tacitly understood and respected. With the morning light not a trace of a dead or wounded Indian could be seen.

The party in the hall were assembled at breakfast, sad at the absence of their four friends, yet rejoicing at the result of the late combat.

"Captain Smith," said Antoine, "I have already shaken you by the hand and asked your pardon for my rudeness last night, but I want to ac-

knowledge and thank you for your judgment and skill in guarding the entrance. If your clear head had not been at our service, we should not have been in need of breakfast this morning."

"We all did our best, Mr. Hernandez. I could not stand by and see my wife made a widow and my boys orphans without doing my best to prevent it. I can't stand the sight of blood, and the very thought of the fearful trap I was setting for those red men made me faint and sick. I was very glad to have Mr. Pedro take my place on the top of the stockade, for though I knew the job had to be done, I felt too sick to scald those half naked and daring Indians, for they are brave men, although misguided. I sometimes think my weakness at the sight of blood is from the fact that my grandfather was a Quaker."

"I do not see a dead Indian this morning," said Colonel Bulow, "but from all accounts, numbering the fifteen on the parapet, there must have been over fifty of them killed."

"Nearer a hundred, sir!" answered Antonio.

"Allowing that there are only fifty," resumed the colonel, "from my promise to the hands I am indebted to them for a thousand acres of land, and have got so many tenants for life on my hands. Were it not against the laws of the state, I would give them their freedom."

"You forget, sir, that this is not the state of South Carolina," said Antonio. "The laws of this territory, as I understand them, do not forbid such a transaction; but I think it would be better for them for

you to remain their nominal owner. A freedman does not have much chance in Florida, or anywhere else that I know of."

"Will you have them informed after breakfast, Antonio, that the promise shall be carried out to the letter?"

"I will do so with pleasure, for they will fight better for their own land."

"Now that my daughter and nephew are both sacrificed, I have not much regard for land or negroes. I think I shall return to Charleston if my fears are realized. This country will be hateful to me forever. Four of my dearest friends gone in a day!"

The morning had found Turner and Tarr, with their two comrades, in the southern tower, the latter stretched in sleep on the hard floor.

"Now own up, Tarr. Your forte is now with the rifle! You can handle your sheath-knife, though, like a man!"

"How much will you take, Mr. Turner, to keep dark about that Indian trick?"

"How much will you give?"

"I will willingly give half I earn this winter."

"Now I call that a fair offer. I shall not ask as much as that. Let me see, you did nobly afterwards. I will call it square if you promise to treat when we strike Belfast or Castine, on our return. Of course I can't forget it, but I won't mention it out of the family."

"Oh, you will count Frank in?" said Tarr, with a groan, referring to his brother.

"Well, I will not, if you very much dislike it," said Turner, reassuringly, with a smile.

"I do. I'd rather anybody would know it than him."

"Come here a minute, will you, Tarr," said Turner, who was looking out over the parapet for the moment. "What do you call that over there in the centre of the roof?"

"An arrow."

"What is an arrow out there for, and where did it come from?"

"I will get it, and see."

"What good will that do?"

"None, I guess; but I will get it, anyway." So opening the door, Tarr crawled out to where the arrow lay, and returned with it in his hand.

"I will keep this to remember last night by," he continued. "But what do you suppose these leaves are tied on for?"

"Let me see! Four little green leaves, and ahead of them one large oak leaf. Let me take this down to breakfast, and I will return it sure. It may mean something. Perhaps Mr. Hernandez may understand it."

So during breakfast, Turner had sat in silence, thinking as well as eating. And, as Colonel Bulow made the remark, "Four of my dearest friends gone in a day!" a flood of light seemed to be thrown on the subject of his arrow.

"Look here, Colonel Bulow," he cried, laying the arrow on the table. "This may mean something. This arrow was on the roof overhead this morning, and here are four little leaves fastened to the shank, and one large one."

"Let me examine it," said Antonio. "I think I can translate it, coming as it did. It means that some old fellow has got our friends together, and is leading them off. It can't be an

Indian, for neither Tristan nor Captain Homer could or would be taken alive."

"Then it must be some friend," cried Colonel Bulow, roused from his apathy.

"Undoubtedly," answered Antonio; "but who can it possibly be?"

"Some very brave man," answered Maud, "to return and inform us after they were safe."

Just then John Tarr came down the steps from the tower, and, approaching the party, said,—

"There is a big Indian coming this way from the woods to the right of the orange trees, Colonel Bulow, and he has got a white cloth tied to a stick."

"Is he armed?"

"No, sir, I think not."

"You watch him; and if he means no harm you will not fire. He may want a talk."

Advancing to the aperture over the entrance, Colonel Bulow then opened the heavy oaken blind; and as the Indian advanced near to him, waited for him to speak.

Close by the Indian paused, and seeing the dignified old man, thus addressed him:

"You are the chief of this stone house. I am Osceola, chief of the young men of the Seminoles. We have sworn a great oath to destroy every plantation and burn every house in Florida outside of St. Augustine. You are a brave chief, and have brave men with you. We attack you, and lose more braves than in a great battle with the palefaces. You are stronger than we, and wiser, but you can never plant these fields again while the red-man is free. What are

your negroes in the open plain, compared with my brothers? I have taken your two paleface maidens. Now listen to me. My warriors must hasten away. This stone house must be destroyed. Surrender the place to me. You shall have a safe transit to St. Augustine with your friends and your negroes. Your maidens shall await you there. Refuse, and no man ever leaves your castle alive. I have spoken."

After a pause, during which Colonel Bulow seemed to be revolving the subject, and Osceola waited with a native dignity, the colonel spoke:

"I have heard your words, Osceola, but I cannot trust them. My daughter and her friend have passed from your hands this night. They are safe. You promise us safety, and your words I believe are true; but you cannot speak for the hundreds of your followers who have lost brothers and fathers and friends in this conflict. When a proper escort comes from our army to conduct my party to a place of safety, I shall give over this place to be a wilderness until the last Indian is swept from the territory of Florida. We are prepared for a siege of twelve moons, if necessary. I have spoken."

The Indian calmly turned about and retraced his steps, and was soon lost to view in the forest.

After breakfast Captain Smith went to the basement, and while some of the sailors fished up the hinges and iron work of the door from the outside of the stockade, he was directing the blacksmith how to frame a compact iron door to replace the one that had been destroyed during the night. The work went on rapidly, willing

hands rendering efficient aid, and the fire in the forge continually blazing. In a few hours the handy sailors, accustomed to handle great anchors, had hung the massive door, and once more it was barred with iron bolts. The doors of the towers were also strengthened, and at last Captain Smith declared the place impregnable save from artillery.

That day the larger number of the Indians disappeared. History tells us of their path of rapine and blood. Leaving about fifty braves, who still environed the fortress and kept up an intermittent fire on open port-holes, the main body of the Indians swept like a sirocco down on the defenceless plantations along the Halifax river, above and below New Smyrna.

Fairbanks, in his admirable history of Florida, thus gives a general statement of their course :

“During the ninth of January, 1836, sixteen extensive sugar plantations in the neighborhood of New Smyrna, employing from one hundred to two hundred negroes, were entirely destroyed, with all their buildings and improvements. The country was desolated in every direction, and many of the settlers,—men, women, and children,—were ruthlessly massacred. The Indians made it literally a war to the knife.

“On the seventeenth of January, Major Putnam went to Tomoka in command of two companies of militia. They encamped at Dunlawton, and were attacked by a superior force of Indians under King Philip, and compelled to retreat.”

Before the close of day Colonel Bulow saw the flames break from his

beautiful mansion, and had to stand inactive by and see the home he had counted on for his old age swept entirely away, only a few of the groined arches of the basement withstanding the destroying demon. The cottages of the hands, one after the other, fell in a heap of ashes, and naught remained of the late charming retreat save the sugar-house and the bare, brown fields. The garrison were aware of the retreat of the gallant militia along the King's road from the distant discharge of musketry, and feared that deliverance was yet far in the future, as the firing became more and more remote. The watchfulness and alertness of the besiegers could at any time for the ensuing month be tested by displaying a dummy on the parapet. Even this trick at last became evident to the Indians, who reserved their fire for *bona-fide* men and women, who casually appeared at casement or battlement.

The negroes seemed to suffer most from the confinement; but games were instituted among them, such as running and jumping, and the judicious distribution of prizes. The women became wonderfully proficient in the pleating of dry palmetto leaves into articles of use and ornament. They used up a large portion of the stuff designed for bedding, for hats, baskets, and mats, which the household servants, learning how to make from Maud Everett, communicated to the idle field-hands.

Thanks to the skill of Mr. Bernard Romans, the water supply and drainage of the building were perfect, and so no more sickness than usual visited the castle.

The Tarr brothers recovered the sailors' chronic complaint, and did some tall grumbling and growling at the length of the cruise; but were quieted by the mention of good pay and leave to abandon the craft when desirable. Antoine Hernandez and Maud Everett were thrown very much together, and their very extremes of

style,—the one a manly brunette, the other a feminine blonde,—seemed mutually to attract each the other.

During this protracted siege we leave this little garrison, who now felt much confidence in the safety of their friends from the omen of the arrow, and return to the party we left sleeping in the hunter's cabin.

[To be continued.]

HON. WILLIAM SIMPSON,

DELEGATE FOR ORFORD AND LYME.

Upon the organization of Grafton county by the John Wentworth administration in 1773, William Simpson, of Portsmouth, was made sheriff. He was a native of that town, who had been engaged for many years in his early life as commander of a vessel engaged in the West India trade. He is named in the "Prov. Papers" as colonel, but what entitled him to that mention does not appear.

His first residence in this county was at Plymouth, though he had large landed interests at Orford. At this time, also, he joins in a petition to the assembly for relief from taxation at Orford to sustain a church to whose tenets he did not subscribe. He states in this paper that he is attached to the Church of England. In the reorganization of the county government by the Revolutionary Congress of New Hampshire in 1775, Col. Simpson was not continued in his office. Mr. Jotham Cummings, who was subsequently an officer in the Revolutionary army, was appointed to the shrievalty. The reasons for a change are not given. In the case of Col. John Fenton, the judge of probate and clerk of courts, the

occasion of the taking off is well known. Perhaps Mr. Simpson did not desire to continue in the office.

He soon removed to Orford, where he had his residence for a long term of years, though his death, when he had reached old age, occurred in his native town. Orford was divided into factions for and against the New Hampshire provisional government during the whole war period. In vols. 9 and 10 "Provincial Papers" (Bouton), and in vol. 3 "Town Papers" (Hammond), there is a great amount of literature emanating from Orford, and shedding light on the position of the two parties in that town. Col. Simpson's antecedents were such that we should expect to find him identified with the New Hampshire party as against the Vermont faction. The record, however, does not disclose his attitude. He did not take service in the military organizations of that period. The only mention of his name on the records refers to settlements for supplies furnished by himself or by the town, for which he was an agent after the war.

His most important public service

was in the year 1788, in which he was a member of the constitutional convention, casting his influence and vote in favor of ratification of the federal constitution. He was in the same year elected to the executive council for the northern district. From this time on he was conspicuous as a public officer and man of affairs at Orford.

He established the first ferry in the town limits, under grant of a purchase from the general court. He is described as a man of dignified and commanding bearing.

Orfordville, N. H., April 27, 1888.

Hon. A. S. BATCHELLOR, Esq. :

DEAR SIR: Your letter to my friend Trussell, making inquiries as to Col. Wm. Simpson, has been placed in my hands by our new town-clerk, Mr. Geo. W. Lamprey, for answer, which I herewith enclose, as follows :

Col. Wm. Simpson's name first appears on our town records November 26, 1770, but he seems to have had a home here previous to that date. He was one of the board of selectmen here chosen March, 1771, also 1778, 1784, 1785, and 1798.

He was chosen to represent this district (Lyne, Orford, Piermont, &c.) March 27,

The following account of the discovery of a Testament in a bale of cotton is taken from Dr. S. A. Green's "Groton Historical Series" (No. XIV, p. 32) :

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN A BALE OF COTTON.

I have lately seen a copy of the New Testament that was published at Groton, in the year 1846, by Alpheus Richardson. It was found, during the summer of 1860, in a bale of cotton at the Penacook Mills in Fisherville (now Penacook), New Hampshire. The question naturally arises, How did the book get there? Slavery then prevailed at the South where the cotton was grown; and perhaps some poor negro

1787, also 1788 and 1796, in the general assembly, and perhaps other years.

He was chosen delegate to attend the convention to sit at Exeter, February 2, 1788, with only the following in the way of instructions :

"Voted. It is the desire of this meeting that Col. Simpson our Delegate in behalf of said town ratify and confirm the Constitution of the United States as recommended to Congress the 17th Sept 1787 by the Federal Convention"

Col. Simpson was much in public business here previous to 1800. Was chosen on committees for various purposes and at various times, and as moderator at town-meetings. Our old records are in such a confused condition that it will be a matter of some difficulty to learn at what time he ceased to be taxed here. I have been unable to do so as yet, but will examine further. I have, however, the impression that towards the last of his life he was not possessed of much property upon which to be taxed.

If you desire other and further information as to Col. Simpson, I will say that a grandson of his resides at Piermont, who might give it.

Our records show that he was a candidate for senator in 1792; also for councillor in 1794-1798; also for county register the same year.

Very truly yours,

EPHM. B. STRONG.

left it in his basket,—but this is all conjecture. The little volume now belongs to Miss Lilian Lawrence Richardson, of Jamaica Plain, a daughter of the late William Henry Richardson, who was a son of the publisher. The following is a copy of the title-page: THE | NEW TESTAMENT | OF OUR | LORD AND SAVIOUR | JESUS CHRIST, | TRANSLATED OUT OF | *THE ORIGINAL GREEK*; | AND WITH | THE FORMER TRANSLATIONS DILIGENTLY | COMPARED AND REVISED. | *Stereotyped by Luther Roby, Concord, N. H.* || GROTON, MS. PUBLISHED BY A. RICHARDSON. 1846. 16mo. pp. 254.

A letter from Fisherville, on the fourth page of the "Boston Daily Journal," September 3, 1860, mentions the finding of this stray volume.

LANDMARKS IN ANCIENT DOVER AND THE TOWNS WHICH HAVE SPRUNG THEREFROM—Continued.

By MARY P. THOMPSON.

PLUM SWAMP. This swamp is in the Durham Point district. A part of "Plumb Swamp" was sold John Ambler, July 12, 1714, by John, son of Thomas Bickford. November 17, 1718, John Rand sold Francis Mathes thirty-one acres of land south of John Ambler's, bounded east by the bay, and extending up towards the woods near y^e plumb swamp, which land was called by the name of "Rand's plantation." The name of Plum Swamp is still given to a tract owned by Mr. Stephen Rand, in the rear of his pleasant residence overlooking Little Bay.

Plum Swamp, Caulley's Marsh, Long Marsh, Broad Marsh, and Mohari-met's Marsh, succeed each other from Little Bay to the bounds of Lee.

POOR TOWN. This name is given on Holland's map of 1784, to a district in Somersworth, below Hurd's Pond.

PUDDING HILL. The hill which has borne this name for a hundred years at least, is in Madbury, east of the railway station, on the back road to Dover, and commands an extensive and beautiful view of the surrounding country. A branch of the Davis family of Oyster River settled on this hill at an early day. "Samuel Davis of Pudden Hill in Madbury," is mentioned towards the close of last century as marrying Judith Tuttle (born 1762), granddaughter of Ensign John Tuttle, who was killed by the Indians, May 17, 1712. Their descendants still reside on this hill.

Many Indian traditions are connected with Pudding Hill. Two men

in early times were harvesting grain on the Davis land, when some Indians stole in between them and their muskets, which lay on the ground while they were at work. Catching a glimpse of their foes, the men started, one for Field's garrison and the other for Woodman's, with the Indians in pursuit. Both got safely into garrison, and the signal guns, fired almost at the same instant, showed they arrived at the same time.

Near Pudding Hill, at the south-east, lived an unmarried man named Pearl, alone in his cabin. The Indians set fire to the dwelling, and he was burned alive. This was no doubt the Nicholas Pearle, who, according to Rev. John Pike's journal, was slain by the Indians in the daytime, August 10, 1706, "at his Cave some miles above Oyster River, where he dwelt night and day, winter and summer, from the last breaking out of the war, thō twas in the very wake and way where the enemy used to pass."¹

RAGG'S POINT. This point is on the Newington shore of the Pascataqua river, below Bloody Point, but the name is no longer in use. It is mentioned June 25, 1737, when Josiah Downing sold Jonthan Battishill land in Newington by y^e Main River at a certain point called by y^e name of *Betel's Point*, or *Raggs Point*, between Capt. John Downing's land and the land of Samuel Rawlins. Jeffrey Raggs's name is on the Dover rate-list of 1648, and "Jaffrey Ragge" is spoken of in the Portsmouth records of May 20, 1651.

¹ Belknap calls him Wm. Pearl.

ROCK ISLAND. This island is in the Pascataqua river, off the Durham shore, beyond Goat Island. It was one of the links in the Pascataqua bridge, built in 1794. It now belongs to Mr. Frink, of Newington.

REDDING POINT. This point is a little above Hilton's Point, on the west side. It is mentioned as early as 1652. August 3, 1666, a highway was ordered to be laid out to Redding Poynt. Deacon John Hall, of Dover, February 1, 1685-'86, gave his son Ralph half his marsh near Redden Point. John, son of this Ralph, conveyed to Nicholas Harford, February 21, 1721-'22, four acres of marsh and upland on the west side of Dover Neck between two points, commonly called by y^e name of Hilton's Point and Redding Point.

"Thaddens Riddan" is mentioned in the Portsmouth records, April 5, 1652. No doubt the same as Redden or Redding. And May 17, 1652, is the following entry: "Mr. Theados Riddan is chosen clarke of the courte."

ROCKING-STONE. The rocking-stone at Durham Point was once so noted as to attract many visitors, and be mentioned among the natural curiosities of the state. It is a large block of granite weighing sixty or seventy tons, and was formerly so poised on another rock that it was visibly swayed by the wind. Unfortunately it was dislodged from its position several years ago by some mischievous boys, and could not be replaced. The rock itself is still to be seen on the farm of Mr. Brackett Edgerley.

There are many of these logan stones in Cornwall and Wales, where

it is supposed they are under the protection of fairies, who avenge heavily the overthrow of one of them. It would be some satisfaction to be assured this was the case with the offenders who overthrew the Durham rocking-stone, but the writer is utterly ignorant of their fate.

ROCKY POINT. The writer, in the article *Broad Cove*, gives the name of Rocky point to what is now called Bean's point. This seems to be an error. At all events the Rocky point of the present day is at Carter's Rocks, which, in fact, constitute the point, for they are only separated from the shore at high tide. Their name is derived from Richard Carter, who acquired land at Pine point as early as 1648. Valentine Hill, one of the most enterprising of the early pioneers at Oyster River, lived at Rocky point in 1660, in which year his dwelling-house there, no doubt at his request, was, by vote of the town, included within the line of division as belonging to Oyster River. This point now belongs to Mr. Valentine M. Coleman, a descendant of the above Valentine Hill.

ROLLINSFORD. This township, which was separated from Somersworth July 3, 1849, was so named from Judge Ichabod Rollins, a prominent man at the Revolutionary period, of a family too well known to require any notice here.

ROLLINSFORD HILL. In an interesting sketch of Rollinsford, by Mr. A. W. Pike, mention is made of a delightful drive across this hill through Quamphegan, along the winding road to St. Alban's Cove, and further on through Sligo towards Eliot bridge, and finally back to-

wards Dover by the so called "Gulf road."

ROYALL'S COVE, otherwise Ryall's. This cove is on the upper shore of the Pascataqua river, below Cedar Point. It was probably so named from "Teague Ryall," or, to give him a more Christian appellation, Thaddeus Royall, who was at Oyster River at an early day. ✕ It is mentioned July 5, 1643, when Valentine Hill of Boston had the grant of a neck of land extending from Stony Brook cove, on the upper shore of Oyster river, to the head of the creek at Royall's cove. John Shapleigh of Kittery, and Sarah his wife, July 20, 1699, resigned, in favor of Joseph Smith and John Meader, all claims to the neck of land granted Valentine Hill in 1643, extending from the head of Ryall's cove to the head of a cove opposite Thomas Stevenson's.

SALMON FALLS. These falls are in the Newichwannock river. They are mentioned under this name as early as 1658, in which year Thomas Hanson had 100 acres of land granted him "neir the saman fall." Ralph Twombly's hundred acres "neir the saman fall" is also spoken of the same year. And Major Richard Waldron, in a letter of Nov. 8, 1675, speaks of "Samon faull." (See *N. H. Prov. Papers*, I, 356.) Many salmon were to be found in the Newichwannock and Cochecho rivers before the erection of mills. The Dover authorities of 1644 ordered the first salmon of the season to be given to the minister of the parish.

Belknap gives the name of *Salmon Falls river* only to that part of the stream above the lower falls at Berwick.

Judge John Tuttle, in his will of 1717, speaks of his "right att the Middle fall, lying between two mills, on the west side of Salmon Fall river."

Oct. 8, 1727, Benjamin Mason of Dover (son of Peter), conveyed to Thomas Hanson a quarter part of "y^e new mill upon Salmon falls river, on that part of y^e river commonly called by y^e name of the *Great Falls*, distinguished and known by that name, built in y^e year 1727, joining to the old mill, or near to it, with a quarter part of all the privileges, and y^e dam thereto, with y^e falls, y^e falls and water, and water courses thereto belonging," etc.

PYNE COVE. Mentioned in 1661. The Pendleton grant of 240 acres, conferred that year, began at Kenny's Cove, below James Rawlin's, and extended down the river-side 80 rods to Pyne Cove, and thence 480 rods into the woods to the edge of the *Pitch-pine plains*. This cove, of course, was below the limits of ancient Dover. The *Gore* in the Pitch-pine plains of Newington is spoken of Feb. 14, 1723-24, when Wm. King¹ sold his portion of it to John Downing. The other owners at that time were Mrs. Elisabeth Vaughan, Mrs. Margaret Mayret (previously Mrs. Vaughan), Mrs. Abigail Shannon, and Capt. Nathan Gerrish.

SANDY BANK. This place is mentioned in Hugh Donn's grant of 1664,

¹ The writer, under *Canney's Creek*, supposes the name of "Kinge's Creek," given it in the Mass. records, to be a misprint. (*N. H. State Prov. Papers*, I, 222.) The latter name, however, may have been given it by the settlers at Strawberry Bank, from Richard King, who, as early as 1649, owned Clampering island, now Leach's, not far below. William King, who owned part of the Gore, was probably his son or grandson.

and again October, 1717, when John Footman sold "Joseph Duedy" twenty acres of land on the north side of Lamprey river, beginning at a hemlock by the river side, "at a deep gully at a place called Sandy bank." This land had been given John Footman by his grandfather, "Philip Cromeele" (Crommet or Cromwell). Joseph Duda, blacksmith, Nov. 28, 1743, sold John Crommet two acres at Hugh Dun's, between Crommet's pasture and Duda's swamp. Sandy Bank is near Hook Island falls. The gully above mentioned is still to be seen, and not far off is a large swamp now owned by the Yorke family.

The Joseph Duda here spoken of married Rebecca Adams. In a deed of 1712 he signs his name "Joseph Dowdy" (see *Adams garrison*). In another of 1716 he writes it "Joseph Duda." Joseph Duda's name is on the muster-roll of Capt. James Davis in 1712. The Rev. Hugh Adams, of Oyster River, Nov. 10, 1717, records the baptism of Joseph Doody, Rebecca his wife, and Benmore and Susanna, their children. Sept. 18, 1726, he baptized Temperance Dudey, infant of Joseph Dudey. Joseph Duda was the son of Philip, who appears to have first lived in that part of Exeter which is now Newmarket. The name of "Philip Duday" is signed to a petition from the people of New Hampshire to the Massachusetts government, Feb. 20, 1689-'90. Dec. 30, 1738, Philip Duda of Arundell, York Co., Maine, for thirty pounds, conveyed to his son Joseph Duda, of Durham, blacksmith, fifty acres of land in Exeter, granted said Philip Feb. 25, 1698. Philip signs with a mark in both instances.

Rebecca, the first wife of Joseph Duda, left at least five children. April 8, 1756, Benmore Duda, Susanna (Duda) wife of Francis Durgin, Nicholas Duda, Trueworthy Durgin, and Mary Duda his wife, and Zebulon Duda of Newmarket, children of Joseph Duda of Durham, blacksmith, and Rebecca his wife, deceased, for ten pounds conveyed to their uncle, Thomas Bickford of Madbury, and Esther (Adams) his wife, lands at Caley's marsh (Caulley's marsh at Durham Point), and in Madbury, which belonged to the estate of their grandfather Adams. Joseph Duda died before Dec. 25, 1751, on which day his widow Hannah (his second wife) testified as to the correctness of the inventory of his estate, in which is mentioned his shop, anvil, sledge-hammer, dwelling-house, barn, and thirty-two acres of homestead land.

Nicholas, son of Joseph and Rebecca Duda, was born about 1730. He seems to have been married at an early age. The Rev. John Adams, of Durham, Jan. 13, 1754, records the baptism of Deborah, daughter of Nicholas Doody. This Nicholas was apparently the first to change his surname to Durell. He was the grandfather of the late Judge Durell. (See the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, April, 1888.) The first time the name appears so written is in a deed from Nicholas Durell of Durham to Benjamin Richards of Rochester, Feb. 14, 1754, but it continued to be called and generally written Duda at least half a century later, as many people still recollect. The name of Benmore Duda (brother of Nicholas) is on the Durham rate-list of 1778. In

Ben More Duda, corporal, in war of 1755.

that of 1787 it is written Benmore Dudy. In 1788 it is Benmore Durril. In 1789 it was first written Benmore Dudy, then the surname was half effaced and Durril substituted. It is Benmore Dudy again in 1791, after which it disappears.

Nothing appears in the early records to justify the assertion that the Duda family came from the Isle of Jersey, much less that it was of Norman extraction. Doody is still a well known name in Ireland, especially in Kerry. It is derived from the ancient O'Dubhda, signifying dark complexioned, and is now variously written as Doody, Dowd, and O'Dowd, etc. The last form is a name dear to every reader of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair."

SANDY BROOK. This brook rises in the Long Marsh, Durham, crosses the highway to the Point at the foot of Cutt's hill, and empties into Oyster river. In the division of Robert Burnham's estate, April 28, 1762, it is called "*Cutt's brook*." The mouth is known as Burnham's creek.

SANDY POINT. Two points of this name are mentioned in the early records. Dec. 6, 1654, Thomas Beard of Dover, and Mary his wife, sold to Richard Waldron for forty shillings three acres of land on Dover Neck, granted said Thomas by the town of Dover April 4, 1642, "bounded by land that was in the possession of Thomas Wiggins on y^e south side, in the swamp towards Sandy poynt." This point was on the Newichawan-

nock, at one side of Pomeroy's Cove, where Major Waldron had a dock.

A Sandy Point of greater note is on Great Bay, at the lower side of the mouth of Squamscott river, where the name is still retained. This is in Stratham, and, of course, beyond the bounds of ancient Dover, but it is mentioned in connection with the early settlers of Dover. Near this point may be traced the cellar of the house built about 1650 by Capt. Thomas Wiggins, of Bloody Point celebrity, the so-called governor of Pascataqua, and the constant friend to Massachusetts Bay. He died here in 1657. Part of the large tract of land he acquired on this shore is still in possession of his descendants, who are proud of their origin.¹

SARAH PAUL HILL. This hill formed part of the old Chesley lands on the upper side of Beech Hill, and was so named from Sarah, wife of Paul Chesley, who, during a long widowhood displayed great force of character and a taste for litigation. She was called Sarah Paul to distinguish her from "Sarah Limmy," the widow of Lemuel Chesley, and daughter of Samuel Smith. They are both mentioned in the Durham rate-list of 1778. At the foot of this hill is the "*Sarah Paul Spring*," the source of Stony brook, which empties into Beard's creek.

SCHOOL-DISTRICTS. The school-districts of Dover are thus enumerated in 1790: 1. *Centre district.*

¹ The writer, driving a few miles from Durham village not many weeks since, stopped at a farm-house with a pleasant veranda, looking off towards Wednesday Hill and the beautifully rolling lands along Lamprey river, and asked the owner to what Wiggins family he belonged. "Well," he replied with a twinkle of satisfaction, "people in old times used to call us the *Sandy Pint* Wigginses, but I do u't know why, unless we came from some place of that name." He had lost the *Point*, but not the pride, of descent. It was evident he descended from the Stratham Wigginses, which on further inquiry proved to be the case.

2. *Dover Neck*. 3. *Littleworth*.¹ 4. *Toll-end*.² 5. *North side, Garrison Hill*. 6. *Long Hill*, from R. Kimball's to N. Varney's.³ 7. *Fresh Creek*.⁴ 8. *Black Water*.⁵ 9. *Back River, south end*. 10. *Back River, Mast road*.⁶

The school-districts in Durham are mentioned in the town records of 1794 as follows :

1. *Falls, 1st North district* (that is, in Durham village). 2. *Falls, 2d North district* (i. e., the district around Buck's hill). 3. *Falls, South district* (Broth Hill). 4. *Lubberland*. 5. *Point district*. 6. *Packer's Falls*. 7. *District below Jones's Creek*. (This is called "*Back River district*" in 1799). 8. *District above Wm. Spinney's*. (This was called the "*Mast Road district*" in 1797.)

SHAD FALL. Apparently the same as Packer's falls. John Goddard, who died about 1660, owned 100 acres of land "*above the shad fall*," adjoining John Woodman's land. One half of this tract was, May 4, 1736, conveyed by his nephew, Abraham Bennick, of Durham, gentleman, to Benjamin, son of said Abraham, beginning at "Woodman's south-east corner bound tree, standing on y^e side of Lamperel river," thence extending down the river 130 rods to "a little island in y^e river *above ye second falls*." (See *Packer's Falls*.)

The Woodman land referred to above was a grant of 100 acres to John Woodman, Nov. 10, 1658. It

became the homestead of his great grandson, Joshua Woodman, who had it perambulated June 15, 1765, "beginning at a white oak by Lamperil river."

SHANKHASSICK. The Indians gave this name to Oyster river, at least the lower part. It is so called in Edward Colcord's deposition in 1668 concerning the "Wheelwright Purchase." (*N. H. Prov. Papers*, I: 137.) The meaning of the word is uncertain. The Indian word *sunkhaze*, not dissimilar, according to one definition, signifies a stream emptying into another, and *auke*, whence *ick*, means a place. According to another definition *sunkhaze* means *dead water*. The first syllable, however, may be derived from *chesunk*, which, Judge Potter says, means a wild goose.

SIMON'S LANE. This name is given to an old road through Horn's woods, in the Lubberland district, now impassable for the most part except on foot. Perhaps it derived its name from Michael Symonds, who was taxed at Oyster River in 1666, and the following year married the widow of John Goddard, of Goddard's Cove; or from Joseph Simons, who, Feb. 8, 1727-28, married Elizabeth, daughter of Elder James Nock. In 1733 Joseph Simons and Elizabeth his wife conveyed to Samuel Smith all their interest in the estate of their honored father, James Nock, deceased.

SLIGO. According to the history

¹ *Littleworth* is between Dover city and Barbadoes pond.

² *Toll End* is above *Littleworth*, adjoining the *Cochecho* on the south side. The house of John Hamm, Jr., at Toll-end falls is spoken of March 4, 1701-2.—*N. H. Prov. Pap.*, II: 363.

³ "*Long hill road*" is mentioned in the road-surveyor's warrant of 1810 as crossing *Reyner's brook*, at the bridge (east of *Sunken island* in the *Cochecho*).

⁴ *Fresh Creek* empties into the *Cochecho* on the east side, not far above the mouth.

⁵ *Blackwater brook*, which gives the above district its name, flows through the upper part of Dover and empties into the *Cochecho* on the Rochester side.

⁶ This is the mast road from Madbury.

of Rockingham and Strafford counties, the district of Sligo, on the western shore of the Newichawannock, was so named by the Stackpole family, the first members of which came from Sligo, Ireland, and settled in that vicinity. James Stackpole's house "below *Sligo garrison*" is mentioned in 1709. Sligo now forms part of Rollinsford. The name itself is derived from the Irish word *Silgeach*, which means a shelly river, or a place where shells are deposited.

SMITH'S ISLAND, mentioned on Emerson's map of 1805, is on the upper shore of Great Bay, and is now owned by the heirs of the late Valentine Smith of Lubberland.

SOW AND PIGS. Rocks so named, visible at low tide, lie off Bald Head on the Newington shore.

SPRUCE HOLE. This place is mentioned several times in the Durham records. July 2, 1740, it is called "the spruce swamp." March 24, 1752, a road was laid out, beginning on the north side of the mast path by the spruce hole, so called, and running south-west across Little river above John Dam's land. May 31, 1763, a road was laid out, beginning at the south side of the spruce hole by the mast path, and extending across Lamprey river through the Hook land to a highway near Thomas Yorke's that led to Newmarket. This Spruce Hole is on Lee hill, at the north side of Mast road, behind the town hall; but the spruce trees have entirely disappeared, and the place is no longer noteworthy.

Another Spruce Hole of much greater interest is in Durham, near the Lee boundary, and forms part of the old Laskey farm, now Mr. John

Bartlett's. It is somewhat difficult of access, being surrounded by dense woods and almost impenetrable thickets, but is well worth the trouble of visiting. It is a remarkable bowl-like depression in the ground, and covers five or six acres. The direct depth from the level above to the bottom of the bowl must be a hundred feet. The sides are very steep, and were once lined, and still are, in part, with spruce trees, which impart a peculiar solemnity to the place. The bottom of the bowl is a quaking bog, covered with a bed of thick, soft moss, from which the water oozes at every step. Here grow a variety of orchids, the sundew, the side-saddle flower, and other curious plants, and it is the haunt of multitudinous insects, whose hum on a summer's day alone breaks the solemn stillness of this solitary spot. In the centre is a dark pool, said to be unfathomable, concerning which there is a tragical legend. Unfortunately, the destruction of most of the spruce trees, and other profanations, have greatly injured this sanctuary of nature and marred its singular beauty.

This is perhaps the spruce swamp in which Mrs. Dean and her daughter were left by the Indians while gone to complete their destructive work, July 18, 1694. According to Belknap she was carried up the river about two miles, and left in a swamp under the care of an old Indian, from whom she managed to escape. Moses Davis, in his account, says she was above the spruce swamp when he espied her, and he thought it a mistake about her being hidden there. But he doubtless referred to the spruce swamp near his lands (now

belonging to Mr. Albert Young, about a mile from Durham falls, which is of far less remarkable character, and by no means so suitable for a hiding-place.

SQUARE SWAMP. Mention is made June 26, 1765, of a tract on the north side of Wheelwright's pond, at the head of Durham, containing all the common and undivided land in the swamp commonly called and known by y^e name of Square swamp.

St. ALBAN'S COVE, sometimes found incorrectly written St. Albion's, St. Albane's, etc. This cove is on the western shore of the Newichawannock, below Quamphegan falls, and was so called as early as 1652. It was no doubt named by the early Tuttlés of Dover, who came from Great St. Albans, Hertfordshire, Eng., and owned land and mill-privileges at Salmon Falls. The name, of course, was originally derived from the great proto-martyr of England. It is sometimes called *Style's Cove*.

STARBUCK'S POINT. Apparently the same as Fabyan's point, on the Newington shore. Mentioned May 30, 1721, when Mary, relict of Thomas Pickering, and her three sons, James, Joshua, and Thomas, conveyed to John Fabins of Newington a tract of land commonly called Starbuck's Point, lying upon the Great bay, with the salt marsh adjoining. This name, no doubt, was derived from Edward Starbuck, who was at Dover as early as 1641, and had a grant of land on Great bay in 1643. He was an "elder" of the church, but became somewhat heterodox in his religious opinions, and finally removed about 1659 to Nantucket, where he died Feb. 4, 1696-'97, aged 86. Among his de-

scendants may be mentioned Rear Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin.

STEPHEN'S POINT. This name, now discontinued, was once given to the rocky point on the Newington shore, at the lower side of Broad Cove. It is mentioned June 6, 1701, when a road was proposed "from Mr. Harrison's (at Fox Point) to Broad Cove freshett, and so to the highway from Bloody poynt road to Stephen's poynt or Broad cove," as should be thought fit.

Henry Langstar or Langstaffe, Sept. 8, 1703, conveyed to his daughter Mary fifty acres of land "a little above Bloody Point, commonly called by the name of Stephen's point, otherwise *Stephen Jethro's point* formerly, right over against Hilton's Point," bounded east by land that was formerly Joseph Trickey's, and west by a cove commonly called Broad Cove.

The next transfer of this land reveals a curious bit of family history, well worth copying from the Exeter records: "Mary Langstar of Bloody Point, June 20, 1713, well knowing that a marriage by God's grace is intended and shortly to be had and solemnized between Eleazar Coleman of said place to the s^d Mary Langstar, and considering that s^d Mary, being about y^e age of 63 years, and the said Eleazar about 28 years, and she may the better be taken care of in case she lives to any great age, and for divers other good and just causes, conveys to him fifty acres of upland called Steven's Point, otherwise by y^e name of Stephen Jether's point, a little above Bloody point, right east by Broad cove. Also land on Little Bay, beginning by a creek in Broad

cove, and running up y^e Little bay as far as Dumplin cove."

If this marriage ever took place, the bride must have died soon after. The Langstaffes seem to have laid claim to her property, and three years later still spoke of her as "Mary Langstar;" but finally her nephew Henry, attorney of his father, John Langstar, of the town of Piscataqua, Middlesex county, New Jersey, resigned to Eleazar Coleman Nov. 26, 1716, all claim to the lands given the latter by his aunt, Mary Langstar, deceased.¹ Stephen's point is now called *Bean's point*, from the present owner.

STEPPING-STONES ROAD. This road is north of Wheelwright's pond, in Lee. It is so called from a range of stones that once gave a footing across the marshy land and the channel of Oyster river, which is here a mere brook just issuing from its source. Mention is made in 1812 of land bounded on one side by the "Stepping stones road." There seems to have been another stepping-stones road or path across Peter's marsh between Dover and Rochester, from which a road was ordered to be laid out March, 1730-'31, extending to the highway between Indigo hill and Salmon Falls.

STEVENSON'S CREEK, otherwise **STIMPSON'S.** This is the first inlet on the lower side of Oyster river below the old parsonage lands. John Goddard, June 26, 1664, sold Wm. Williams, Sr., forty acres on the south side of Oyster river, "butting upon a creek commonly called Stimpson's Creek," bounded on one side by Stony

brook, and on another by the meeting-house lots. Williams sold this land to Joseph Field June 18, 1674, and Zacharias Field, brother of Joseph, conveyed it to John Davis, son of Moses, Dec. 11, 1710. John Drew's will, of Jan. 31, 1721, mentions his salt marsh on the west side of the mouth of Stevenson's creek, joining the parsonage lands. The name was derived from Thomas Stevenson, who had land below this creek as early as 1643. Stimpson is a corruption of Stevenson. Joseph Stimson's name is on the Dover rate-list of 1666. In that of 1667 he is called Joseph Stevenson. This creek is now called Mathes's creek.

STONY BROOK. There are several brooks of this name in Durham. One issues from the "Sarah Paul spring," above Beech hill, and is fed by the marsh below and other springs along the way—at least seven in number—and finally empties into Beard's creek, south of Woodman's garrison. This stream is called Stony Brook in 1660, when John Woodman had a grant of twenty acres on the north side of it. This brook, in a flood, often swells to a considerable size where it intersects the road to Madbury. At this point it is now usually called *Ballard's brook*, from a late owner of adjacent land.

Another Stony brook is mentioned Aug. 14, 1654, when Valentine Hill conveyed sixty acres of land to John Davis, on the north side of Oyster river at the mouth, the western bound of which was "Stony brook cove." This brook is again mentioned Sept. 30, 1678, in a controversy between

¹ Eleazar Coleman married, March 1, 1717, Anne (Nutter, it is supposed), a near relative of Mary Langstaffe.

Ensign John Davis and Joseph Smith as to their bounds. It was agreed that the dividing line should begin at a hemlock tree at the head of "y^e cove by Stony brook, and so run north-east and north to Matthew William's grant." This brook is now almost dried up, but the little cove is still to be seen. It still forms, after 238 years, the dividing point between the Smith land and that of Ensign John Davis, now belonging to Mr. J. S. Chesley.

Another Stony brook empties into Mathes's creek, formerly Stevenson's, on the south side of Oyster river. It is repeatedly mentioned in the early records. For instance, June 6, 1659, Wm. Williams, Sr., bought of John Goddard a neck of land between Stony brook and the meeting-house lot. A fourth Stony brook is in the Packer's Falls district. It rises in Moharimet's marsh, formerly so called, and empties into the north side of Lamprey river below Sullivan's falls. A Stony brook empties into the Cochecho river on the west side. It is mentioned Dec. 30, 1734, when Edward Ellis conveyed to John Mackelroy thirty acres of land in Dover, beginning at y^e lower end of a brook called Stony brook, and running along by Cochecho salt river to William Thompson's fence, and along his fence to Samuel Alley's land, thence to the road from Jabez Garland's, and along this road to the lower end of Stony brook, above mentioned.

STONY HILL. This hill is mentioned May 13, 1719, when John Carter sold John Downing, Jr., a farm in Newington at a place commonly called by y^e name of Stony Hill, lying upon y^e right hand of y^e road y^t leads

from Bloody point ferry to Newington meeting-house. It is doubtless the same as *Nimble hill*, mentioned March 20, 1703-'04, when Zachariah Trickey conveyed to John Downing ten acres of land at Bloody Point, bounded west by said Downing's land on Nimble hill. This hill is south-east of the old Adams mansion, and is now owned in part, if not wholly, by Mr. James Hoyt.

STYLE'S COVE. This name is sometimes given to St. Alban's cove, on the Newichawannock shore. Samuel Stiles of Somersworth is mentioned in a deed of June 9, 1733.

SULLIVAN'S FALLS. This name is now given to the lowest falls in Lamprey river within the limits of Durham, but Gen. Sullivan's privilege no doubt extended along the rapids to the falls above, to which the name of "Packer's" is now confined. He acquired this mill-privilege Sept. 4, 1770, when John Shepard of Nottingham, and Susanna his wife, for the sum of 260 pounds, conveyed to John Sullivan sixty acres of land adjoining Lamperell river on the south side, at a place called the second falls, with all right and title to said second falls.

According to Holland's map of 1784 Gen. Sullivan had four mills along this part of the river. His "mill at Packer's falls" is spoken of as early as December, 1774, when Eleazar Bennick or Bennet, of the Fort William and Mary expedition, was in his employ. And he had a fulling-mill at Sullivan's falls as late as 1793.

SWADDEN'S CREEK. This is an inlet from Great Bay on the Newington shore, near the Greenland line. It is

the upper boundary of the land granted to John Pickering of Portsmouth, February, 1655, part of which is still in the possession of his descendants. The name, no longer in use, was no doubt derived from Philip Swadden, or Swaddon, of the Dover Combination, who was on the Newichawannock as early as 1633. A stream of fresh water empties into this creek, which is now known as *Swan Island creek*, from the island of that name, not far from the shore.

TEAM HILL, otherwise **TEEM**. This hill is mentioned several times in the Dover and Durham records, as Feb. 22, 1720-21, when a road is spoken of "beginning att a place called Teem Hill," and "crossing the long marsh to the road that leads from Oyster River falls to Lampereel bridge." This hill is at Durham Point, where the common is. Several roads centre in this vicinity, and in the day of ferries across the river to Fox point, and across the bay to Furber's point, the number of vehicles that met on this hill doubtless gave it its name.

THOMPSON'S POINT. This point, on the west side of the river Cochecho, between the mouth and the narrows, derived its name from William Thompson, who was in Dover as early as 1648, when "Thomson's point house" is mentioned. His name is given as "William Tomson, Blo. Poynt," in the rate-list of 1658. He had a grant of land beyond Cochecho log swamp in 1656, but his land on the upper neck in Dover was acquired still earlier. This point is mentioned Dec. 10, 1653, when a highway from Thomas Canney's house into the woods towards Tomson's Poynt is spoken of as above Job Clement's land, which was

on the west side of Fore river. A lane from Parson Reyner's land to Tomson's point is mentioned in 1675. Thomas, "oldest son and rightful heir of the late Thomas Canney, Jr.," and his wife Grace, conveyed to his brother Samuel, Aug. 12, 1703, 45 acres of land in the tenure of said Samuel, adjacent to Thompson's Point, and next to Henry Tibbet's land. Joshua Canney, son of Samuel, conveyed to John Gage, Dec. 17, 1745, a tract of land extending to the mouth of the Cochecho river, and westerly on said river to Thomson's point, then northerly by said river to a place known by the name of *Long Creek*. It joined Gage's land on the south. The land at Thompson's Point was sold by Wm. Thompson, second of the name, Aug. 3, 1736, Wm. Tomson of Dover, husbandman, sold Samuel Alley his homestead land, whereon he then dwelt, the same that formerly belonged to his father Wm. Tomson of Dover, deceased. This land was bounded partly by the Cochecho, east by Samuel Davis's land, south-west by John McElroy's and by Samuel Alley's. (See *Stony Brook*.) William Thompson, senior, appears to have owned land in Kittery, where he died in 1676.

A Thompson's Point on the Kittery shore is mentioned in a deed from Katharine Hilton to Samuel Treworthie in 1664: "I grant all my neck or tract of land situated above Sturgeon's creek in the township of Kittery in piscattay river, formerly called Thompson's point, now known by y^e name of Treworthy's point, lying between two creeks, w^{ch} neck or tract of land I bought of Mr. Roules¹ y^e Indian."

¹This was no doubt Rowles, the Sagamore of Newichawannock, mentioned in the Wheelwright deed.

TICKLE POINT. This point is mentioned as a part of the "Franklin Propriety," in a deed from Drew to Drew in 1801, and is, of course, on the upper shore of the Pascataqua. It was once popularly known as "Tattle Point." The abutments of the old Pascataqua bridge can still be seen on this point.

TOM-HALL BRIDGE. This bridge spans the Tom-Hall brook, on the highway from Durham village to Madbury, a little above the Boston & Maine Railroad. This part of the road, laid out in 1818, is often called in the Durham records the *Tom-Hall road*, or route, to distinguish it from the old road over Brown's hill.

TOM-HALL BROOK. This brook rises south of Beech hill, and empties into Huckins brook a little above the head of Beard's creek. It received its name from Thomas Hall (grandson of Deacon John Hall, of Dover), who, not far from the year 1700 had a grant of land "at y^e brook at y^e head of Jonathan Woodman's land."

TORR GARRISON. A garrison was built at the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century by Benedictus Torr,¹ but was burned down by the Indians soon after. Another was then erected, which stood opposite the present residence of Mr. Simon Torr. When taken down some years ago a part of the timbers were used in constructing the present barn. It stood, of course, within the limits of modern Dover.

TRICKEY'S COVE. This cove is mentioned March 5, 1713, when John Downing sold Samuel and John Shack-

ford part of a neck of land on the south side of Trickey's cove, and at the north-east of a little cove between said neck and Steven's point. The bounds of this tract, which amounted to sixteen acres, began at a birch tree near Downing's land and ran to a rock in or beside a little brook above said Trickey's dwelling-house, then extended east along by the land of Zachariah Trickey, Senior; north to a pine stump in a little gully near y^e point, and west to the lands of Rebecca Trickey and the parsonage. This neck is now called *Zackey's Point*, otherwise *Orchard Point*. It is called *Trickey's Point* Ap. 7, 1713, when Zachary Trickey sold Samuel and John Shackford 3½ acres at a point of land commonly called Trickey's point, between Bloody Point and Stephen's Point, with the dwelling-house of said Trickey, etc. The "gully" above mentioned is now called *Coleman's creek*.

Trickey's cove is between Knight's Ferry² and Trickey's Point, otherwise Zackey's. It received its name from Thomas Trickey whose name is on the Dover rate-list of 1648. He died before May 19, 1682, on which day his three daughters, Deborah, Lydia, and Sarah, with the consent of their husbands William Shackford, Richard Webber, and Joshua Crocket, conveyed to their brother, Zachariah Trickey, all their right and title to their father's plantation, on which he lived before his decease. And Elisabeth, widow of Thomas Trickey, June 16, 1680, "out of natural affection and parental love and respect to her

¹ The writer, in the note to *Randall's Garrison*, inadvertently numbers Torr's among the garrisons built by her direct ancestors. Benedictus Torr was, however, only a remote uncle.

² This was Trickey's ferry, afterwards Knight's.

beloved son Zachariah," resigned all right, title, and interest in her plantation and to the ferry belonging to said plantation.

TURNPIKE ROAD. The First New Hampshire Turnpike Road properly belongs to this list, as one of its termini was in Durham, at Pascataqua bridge. It was the first turnpike road incorporated in this state. The act was passed June 16, 1796. Nathaniel A. Haven of Portsmouth issued proposals for its construction Oct. 3, 1800, and the work proceeded rapidly from that time. This road is thirty-six miles long, and extends through Durham, Lee, The Two Mile Streak, Nottingham, Northwood, Epsom, and Chichester, to the Concord upper bridge over the Merrimack.

The first toll-gate above Pascataqua bridge was just above Jones's Creek, and in operation in 1803, if not before. The second was a little below Durham Corner. The town, unwilling to endure such an obstruction to travel, took measures to remove these gates in 1817. The third gate was at the crossing of the Mast road. This was removed about ten years later. There was no other within the limits of Durham.

TURTLE POND. This pond is in Lee, above the mansion of Mr. Charles Thompson, between Oyster river and Wheelwright's pond. A record of 1735 speaks of it as near the highway that leads from y^e Mast road to Newtown mill. According to a local tradition the battle of Wheelwright's pond began at Turtle pond. Turtle pond is often mentioned in the early grants and deeds. Ensign John Davis of Oyster River, in his will of May 25, 1686, makes the following

bequest: "I do give to my son John Davis the six score acres of land I had by a town grant, situate and lying and being at Turtle Pond in Oyster River."

This John Davis, Jr., was killed by the Indians July 18, 1694, together with his wife and several children. His house was also burnt, and two daughters were carried into captivity. One of these, according to a constant tradition in Durham, became a nun in Canada and never returned. If the other daughter was ever redeemed she must have been the Sarah who inherited at least half her father's land at Turtle pond, and also his homestead on the south side of Oyster river, between the Burnham lands and Durham falls, now owned in part by Mr. Ffrost. October 16, 1702, Jeremiah Burnham was appointed administrator of the estate of John Davis, late of Oyster River, and guardian of his daughter Sarah Davis.

Sarah Davis became the wife of Peter Mason, and seems to have resided at her own homestead. Feb. 18, 1726-'7, Peter Mason sold James Stevens, inn-keeper, thirty acres of land granted by the town of Dover, April 11, 1694, to John Davis, who, he says in the deed, was "y^e father of my wife Sarah Mason, formerly Sarah Davis." Her mother appears to have been the sister of Jeremiah Burnham, her guardian. Peter and Sarah Mason, July 1, 1728, resigned in favor of Joseph Smith all right, title, and interest in the estate of their grandfather Robert Burnham, especially the hundred acre grant from the town of Dover not yet laid out. April 29, 1736, Peter and Sarah Mason conveyed to their loving son-in-law Will-

iam Randall¹ and his wife Hannah, their daughter, and to their son William Randall, Jr., sixty acres of land on the south side of Turtle pond.

Sarah Mason was a widow April 6, 1747, when she conveyed to Benjamin Bickford all her right to thirty acres on the west side of the way to Little river. She seems to have inherited the Davis longevity, for she was still alive Sept. 26, 1771, when she sold John (afterwards General) Sullivan thirty acres of her homestead on the south side of the highway from the parsonage house to Durham Point.

TUTTLE'S CREEKS. This name is sometimes given to the *Three Creeks* in the Back River district, from John Tuttle, who owned the land adjoining as early as 1642. His son, Judge John Tuttle, in his will of Dec. 8, 1717, speaks of his land, marshes, and thatch-ground, adjacent to the three creeks on the west side of Back river. In a deed executed by the latter in 1701 he speaks of a point above these creeks as "*Hoope Hood's Pointe*, so called." This point is on Back river, the north side of the Three creeks. In the *N. E. Hist. Gen. Register* of 1866 it is otherwise called "*Hopewood's Point*." The name is derived from a famous Indian chief of this region, named Hope Hood, son of Robin Hood, whose ferocity to the white settlers in Kittery and Newington show how truly he merited the name of "that memorable tygre" which Cotton Mather gives him. According to a local tra-

dition he was killed in this vicinity in 1690, and buried on this point, which only four years later certainly bore his name. It is a charming solitary spot, embowered by the wild grape, which runs from tree to tree, where the groans of the Indian warrior are still to be heard from time to time among the moaning branches.

TWOMBLEY'S BROOK. This is a popular trout stream that winds down from the hills of Somersworth, and, shortly after uniting with Rollins brook, empties into Fresh Creek. When this brook comes to the Rollins woods, it expands and dashes wildly over the rocks with romantic picturesque effect. The name is derived from Ralph Twombley, who owned land between Quamphegan and St. Alban's Cove as early as 1659.

TWO-MILE ROAD. This thoroughfare, mentioned in the Durham records of last century, is an old road in Lee that extends to and across the Two-mile Streak. This Streak was a slip of land two miles wide at the head of ancient Dover, granted in 1719, and confirmed in 1722, to the proprietors of the iron works at Lamprey river "for their encouragement," and to supply them with fuel. In 1747 there were sixteen families and two garrisons on this Streak. Though really a part of Barrington, it is marked out on Holland's map of 1784 as a separate territory. The Durham records of April 14, 1757, speak of land in the "Two Mile Streke," adjoining the head line of

¹ William Randall was the brother of Capt. Nathaniel Randall of Randall's Garrison. He is mentioned January 21, 1712-'13, when Richard Tozer, Jr., out of "natural love and affection," gave each of his nephews, Richard and William Randall, five acres of land in Kittery; and that same day their father gave each of them thirty acres more of a neighboring tract. This was the Richard Tozer who married Elizabeth, daughter of Elder William Wentworth, noted for her heroism in the various Indian attacks at Salmon Falls. She was thrice taken captive and carried to Canada.

Durham, owned by Theodore Atkinson, Mark Hunking Wentworth, and Mrs. Mary Osburne.

The Rev. John Adams of Durham, in his church records of the middle of last century, speaks more than once of administering baptism at "y^e Two Mile."

The First N. H. Turnpike Road is spoken of in 1800 as laid out across the Two Mile Streak.

UNITARIAN POND. This little pond was formed by enlarging the bed of Coggswell's springs behind the Unitarian place of worship in Dover, from which it derives its name. These springs were so called from Col. Thomas Coggswell, a Revolutionary veteran, who formerly owned this land. They fed the brook that once ran along Washington street, sometimes called Coffin's brook.

WADLEIGH'S FALLS. These were the uppermost falls in Lamprey river within the limits of ancient Dover. They were originally granted by the authorities of Massachusetts Bay to Samuel Symonds of Ipswich, together with 640 acres of land, which he took possession of June 3, 1657, in the presence and with the consent of Moharimet, the Indian sagamore of this region. Robert Wadleigh acquired possession of these falls and had a saw-mill here as early as April 21, 1668, and in 1669 his right was confirmed by a grant from the town of Dover of the "uppermost falls in Lampereel river, commonly called y^e Ileland falls." They are again called "the upper falls in Lamprey river" in a survey of the Dover bounds in 1701. "Wadleigh's saw-mill" is spoken of in 1739.

Bartholomew Thing conveyed to

Joshua Brackett of Stratham, March 7, 1733-'34, 59 acres of land at "a place called Wadly's ffalls, otherwise Symonds grant."

Wadleigh's Plains are mentioned in the Durham records, Dec. 25, 1761. They are in the vicinity of the falls. *Wadleigh's Way* is frequently spoken of. It led from the mill to Newmarket. In 1757 25 acres of land were laid out to Benjamin Smith on the south side of Wadley's Way. June 26, 1765, a road from the Spruce Hole to Wadley's road is mentioned.

WAKEHAM'S CREEK. This name was given to the creek below Drew's Point, on the lower side of Oyster river, from Edward Wakeham, who, May 2, 1695, bought "Giles's old field, lying between two creeks." He was still living here July 25, 1715, when "neighbor Wakeham" is spoken of in a petition from James Langley that a road might be laid out from his place to the highway, as he was penned up by Bartholomew Stevenson. Edward Wakeham and his wife Sarah were admitted to the Oyster River church October 18, 1719. Their son Caleb Wakeham, July 8, 1757, sold Samuel Smith his "homestead plantation" of thirty-two acres, beginning at Wakeham's creek and running along Oyster river to the land of Valentine Mathes. January 8, 1759, Samuel Smith conveyed this land to Benjamin Mathes. It is now owned by Mr. Jonathan Carr.

WALDRON'S PLAINS. These plains are west of Dry Hill in Dover. An old copy of the *Dover Sun* announces that the Second Regiment, under Col. Sam'l Dudley, will parade on Waldron's plains October 13, 1822.

WATSON'S POINT. This point, mentioned by Whitehouse, is on the west side of the river Cochecho, between the Gulf and the Narrows. It no doubt derived its name from Jonathan Watson, who established himself at the "Upper Neck" as early as 1675.

WEDNESDAY BROOK. This is a stream of clear, sparkling water that rises at Wednesday hill, in Lee, and goes winding toward the east,—“a marvel of crookedness,”—fed on its way by several springs of remarkable purity—one in particular of mineral qualities, which, perhaps, give lustre and tone to its waters. It crosses the road near Mr. Geo. Chesley's, where it is a favorite watering-place for horses, and empties soon after into Oyster river.

This brook is mentioned November 13, 1713, when Joseph Davis¹ conveyed to Job Runnels three score acres of land “on the west side of Wensday Brook.” And October 12, 1737, a highway was laid out from “Wensday Brook” to Joshua Woodman's land, which was in the direction of Packer's falls.

WEDNESDAY HILL. This hill is in Lee, between Durham and Lee hill. There is nothing in history to justify the assertion that it was so named from a battle of the early settlers with the Indians on a Wednesday. According to another tradition it was so called by the early land-surveyors, who, at work in its vicinity on that day, suspended their labors to eat their lunch on the top of this hill. Thirty acres of land at Wednesday hill were granted Capt. Nathaniel

Randall, as stated in the division of his estate, April 25, 1750.

WELSH COVE, otherwise **WELSHMAN'S.** This cove is on the Newington shore of Little bay, between Furber's point and Dame's point—now Joshua's. It still retains its ancient name. Anthony Nutter of Welshman's cove is mentioned in 1663, and William Furber of Welch cove is spoken of in 1696. The origin of the name does not appear, but several of the early settlers of New Hampshire were from Wales. Gov. Vaughan himself was of Welsh descent.

WENTWORTH GARRISON. “Ezekiel Wentworth's garrison” is mentioned March 6, 1710-'11, as beyond Ebenezer Varney's corner, on the way from the Cochecho to Quamphegan.

WENTWORTH SWAMP. This swamp is spoken of in the old records as on the upper side of Indigo Hill.

WHEELWRIGHT'S POND. This pond is between Lee Hill and Newtown, and is noted for an encounter with the Indians, July 6, 1690, known as “the battle of Wheelwright's pond.” It is said to have taken place on the south-east side. Our scouts came upon the Indian trail near Turtle pond, and two companies, under Captains Wiswall and Floyd, drove the enemy to the borders of Wheelwright's pond, where, after several hours' fighting on a hot July day, three officers and twelve privates were left dead on the field, with seven others who were wounded.

In the accounts of this battle one item is omitted, of special interest to the people of Durham, within the

¹ This was no doubt the Sergeant Davis who aided his brother, Col. James Davis, in defending the Davis garrison in 1694.

ancient limits of which this encounter took place: James Smith, a volunteer from Oyster River, died of a surfeit produced by running to join Capt. Floyd's company—a rare instance of a man's voluntarily hastening to take part in a battle. His widow, the daughter of Ensign John Davis, and two of her sons, were killed by the Indians July 18, 1694.

The *two islands* in the middle of Wheelwright's pond are mentioned in Bartholomew Stevenson's will of April 22, 1718, in which he gives his son Joseph five acres of marsh, granted him by the town of Dover, on the south side of this pond, "against two islands." These islands are seldom visited except by those who go there to fish for perch and pickerel, or to gather the fragrant pond lilies which grow in profusion around their shores.

Wheelwright's pond has its outlet in Oyster river, which rises on the upper side. Its name, derived from the Rev. John Wheelwright, founder of Exeter, attests the ancient claims of that settlement to lands along the Oyster river.

WILEY'S CREEK. This is an inlet from Little Bay, on the Durham Point shore, between the present lands of Mr. John Mathes and Mr. Jeremiah Langley. It received its name from Thomas Wille or Willey, who had a "breadth" of land on the upper side of this creek before July 17, 1645. (See *Bickford's Garrison*.) This creek is mentioned by name as early as Nov. 2, 1686, when a road was laid out from Wille's creek to Oyster River falls.

Willey's Way in Newtown, mentioned in 1733-'4 as leading to the head of the town of Durham, is no

doubt the same road spoken of March 18, 1757, when it was ordered that the highway from Thomas Wille's land into the highway above Newtown mill should be changed and come out upon the line between Durham and The Two Mile Streak. Thomas Willey's house was on the north side of the road coming from Madbury. There was a *Willey's bridge* in Newtown, mentioned in the laying out of a road in 1740 from another road that led to Willey's bridge. It was probably across Oyster river. *Willey's mill* in Nottingham is spoken of March 8, 1757, when Samuel, son of Samuel Wille, sold one eighth part of it to David Glass.

WILLIAMSVILLE. This name is given by Whitehouse, on his map, to a small district on the east side of the river Cochecho, near the "upper mill-dam." It was so called from John Williams, who was the agent of the first cotton factory in Dover, which was established at this dam by a company incorporated Dec. 15, 1812. Dr. Quint calls him "the father of the Dover manufacturing prosperity."

THE WINE-CELLAR ROAD. This name is given to an old road in Durham, extending from the Long Marsh road across Horn's woods, where it meets Simon's Lane. It is derived from a natural cavity in the rocks, where the wood-choppers used to deposit their rundlets of cider and other "refreshers" to keep them at a desirable temperature. Mention is made December 26, 1743, of a highway leading "from Wormwood's" into Horn's Woods, along the Edgerly land.

WINGATE'S SLIP. This landing-place on the west side of Back river

was the terminus of the Mast road from Madbury. It is mentioned March 24, 1728-'9, in the laying out of this road, and again April 6, 1756, when John Drew sold land to Rebecca Kook on the south side of y^e mast way running down to Winget's Slip.

WOLF PIT HILL. This hill is mentioned in early times as on the west side of Beard's creek, and apparently below Stony brook.

WOODCHUCK ISLAND. This island, so called on Whitehouse's map, is in the Cochecho river, below the mouth of Fresh Creek. It now belongs to Mr. Henry Paul.

WORSTER'S ISLAND. This island, mentioned in the Dover records, is in the Salmon Falls river, near the present boundary line between Somersworth and Rollinsford. It was probably formed by deposits from Worster's brook, the mouth of which is directly opposite, on the Berwick side. The name is derived from Moses Worster or Wooster, who, in early times, owned land and water privileges in this vicinity. July 2, 1709, he conveyed to Timothy Wentworth a part of his privilege in Wooster's river. Nov. 16, 1738, Moses Stevens and his wife Hannab (the latter was a Thompson of Durham) sold Worster's island to Paul Wentworth for twenty pounds. It then contained $3\frac{3}{4}$ acres. Paul Wentworth, in his will of 1747, gives it to his nephew Paul Brown. It now belongs to the Great Falls Manufacturing Company.

ADDENDA.

ALLEY POINT. This point, so called on Whitehouse's map of 1834, is on the east side of the river Cochecho,

above the Narrows. Samuel Alley owned land on the Dover Upper Neck early last century. In 1729 he signed a petition for a separate parish in the north-east part of the town, afterwards Somersworth. In 1736, he bought William Thompson's homestead, below his own land, which was bounded in part by the Cochecho.

ASH SWAMP. Mentioned March 2, 1747-'48, when John Gray¹ sold Samuel James Stevens a tract of land in Durham, beginning at a white oak on the north side of Ash Swamp. This land was sold August 22, 1750, to Jonathan Thompson, Jr., whose descendants still own it. This Ash Swamp is on the upper side of Little river, between Lee Hill and Nottingham.

A bridge over *Ash brook* is mentioned in the Durham records of 1753 and 1754; and "Ash Swamp-bridge" is mentioned several times between 1755 and 1763. This brook is the outlet of Ash swamp. It crosses the road from Lee Hill to Nottingham near Mr. John Thompson's, and empties into Little river.

Other Ash swamps are spoken of in the early records. Israel Hodgdon's land at Ash Swamp, originally granted to William Thompson above *Nock's marsh*, is mentioned February 22, 1720, as beginning at the river (Bellamy) leaving a highway four rods wide between Nock's old bound and Thompson's fifty acres. This swamp is called *Cochecho log swamp*, March 17, 1658-'9, when William Thompson's fifty acre grant was laid out to him beyond it, with Thomas Nock's land on the south-east, and Bellamies Bank freshet on the south-

¹ John and George Gray are mentioned as trained soldiers on the south side of Oyster river, in 1732.

west. Moses Wingate, Sept. 12, 1752, bought of Nathaniel Hanson twenty acres in "*Cochecho swamp* or Ash swamp," which land Hanson had by inheritance.

Robert Evans of Mendon, Mass., sold Joseph Meder of Dover, June 5, 1711, sixty acres of land granted his father Robert Evans, Sr., in *Cochecho swamp*, on the south side of the way that goeth to a place commonly called Barbadoes. This land was conveyed to John Hanson in 1713. *Nock's marsh*, on the western side of Dover, is a part of the old *Cochecho* or Ash swamp.

March 23, 1702, eighty acres were laid out to Paul Wentworth at *Great Ash swamp*. This was between the river *Cochecho* and Salmon Falls.

There is an Ash swamp in South Newmarket, still called by this name.

BAGDAD. This name has been given for the last three score years or more to a corner east of Brown's hill in Durham; not for anything oriental in the scenery, or in the style of architecture of the buildings, or any magnificence of sentiment among the residents. On the contrary, at the time this corner received its name it was notable for its squalor, and poverty, and lowness of morals, and the name was, perhaps, given by some rural philosopher, who found it as good a place to moralize in as Mirza did on the high hills of Bagdad, where he went to muse and moralize on the condition and fate of humanity. And here, as on Mirza's hills, there is a "long hollow valley" beneath, in the depth of which courses Huckins brook, along the upper side of Buck's hill.

Some say, however, that the name

of Bagdad was given by the boys of this corner, who had been reading the "*Arabian Nights*," and the name so tickled the popular fancy, by the very force of contrast, as to be at once universally accepted.

BANTOM'S POINT. This point, according to Whitehouse's map, is on the west side of the river *Cochecho*. It derived its name, perhaps, from "*Ambrous Bantom*," who belonged to Capt. Thomas Millet's company in 1740—probably the same as Ambros Bampton, on the list of Capt. Tristram Coffin's troopers the same year.

BARNES'S ISLAND. This little isle is at the mouth of Stony Brook cove, not far above the mouth of Oyster river. It now belongs to Mr. J. S. Chesley. It is referred to July 5, 1643, when Valentine hill had a grant of land extending "from a creek over against Thomas Stevenson's, at Oyster river, that hath *an island in the mouth of it*, to the head of that creek in Royall's cove," etc. The present name was given it early this century by the boatmen on the river, who left one of their mates, nick-named "*Capt. Barnes*," on this island, and he was forced to swim ashore. It is sometimes called *Bodge's island*.

BECK'S POINT. This point, on Fore river, the east side of Dover neck, is evidently the same as "*Beck's slip*." It is spoken of July 2, 1718, when William Parker, of Portsmouth, sold Nicholas Harford four acres of land, beginning at y^e river side, at a landing-place commonly called Beck's point, and from y^e point west by the highway to y^e high street, and down this street to Samuel Haines's land, thence down to y^e Fore river." See *Beck's slip*.

BICKFORD'S POINT. This name is given to Durham point Aug 15, 1754, when the highway from Bickford's point to Durham Falls is mentioned.

BLACKWATER WOODS. Mentioned Nov. 11, 1739, when William Allen, of Dover, conveyed to Edward and Samuel Allen land in "y^t part of y^e s^d town commonly called and known by y^e name of Blackwater woods." This, of course, was in the upper part of Dover, near Blackwater brook, a tributary of the Cochecho.

BOOM. There was a boom across Lamprey river in early times, as well as on the Cochecho. Dec. 15, 1712, the town of Dover voted to give twenty-five pounds for building a boom over Lampereel river. A tract of twenty-five acres adjoining this part of the river then belonged to Philip Chesley, who sold it to Joseph Duda, reserving for himself four rods for a highway from y^e country boom over Lamper river on the north side, down to the mill, and one fourth of an acre adjoining said mill, for landing logs.

Before this boom was built, there was a ferry across the river. In 1671 Philip Crommet was licensed to keep a ferry across Lamprey river, at the rate of two pence for each person, and six pence for man and horse.

BROAD COVE. A cove of this name, on the Lubberland shore, is mentioned July 17, 1705, when Roger Rose, of Portsmouth, conveyed to John Smith land, house, salt marsh, etc., previously John York's, beginning at Goddard's creek, a little above York's marsh, and extending towards the south-east to a tree on Broad cove. This cove is again spoken of April 19, 1756, when Elea-

nor (Stevenson) McCalvey, widow, whose mother was apparently a Footman, renounced in favor of Joseph Footman all claims to a tract between Footman and Pinder's lands, extending along a channel to a great rock near the head of Broad cove. It appears to be the same as *Needham's cove*.

The name of Broad cove is often given by boatmen to the basin of water between Dover point and the old Pascataqua bridge, though strictly speaking it only belongs to that portion of it between Fox point and what is now called Bean's point.

BROAD MARSH. This marsh is between Long marsh and the moat. It is mentioned May 17, 1705, when Sarah Nutter, "widdo of Anthony Nutter, late of Dover, deceased," and their sons, John, Hateuil, and Harry, sold Roger Roase (Rose), then of Portsmouth, 128 acres between Lamperell river falls and Oyster river falls, laid out to said Anthony Dec. 1, 1662. This land began at the north-east end of an island, evidently the Moat island, and included "all the Broad Marsh at y^e end of y^e Long marsh," except two acres at the head of it laid out to Thomas futtman. The whole tract included fifty acres of upland granted Hateuil Nutter, father of Anthony, in 1643, and sixty acres adjoining, afterwards given Anthony, on the south-east side of his marsh, extending to a "hollow near the lower end of the moat," and up that hollow to the head of another marsh (no doubt Moharimet's).

BUCK'S HILL. This name is given to a hill in Durham, a little east of Huckins brook, on the way from Bagdad to the Back River district.

CAMPIN'S ROCKS. This name, which has been given for more than two hundred years to a ledge that projects from the right bank of the Cochecho, at the Narrows, below the city of Dover, was perhaps derived from Clement Campion, who owned land at Strawberry Bank at an early day. *Campion's neck*, above *Christian Shore*, Portsmouth, is mentioned in 1656. His house is spoken of in 1652, as opposite *Furson's island* (so called from Thomas Ferson), afterwards *Knight's island*, from Roger Knight,¹ but now known as *Noble's island*, from a more recent owner. This island is near the right bank of the Pascataqua, a little below Cutt's cove. (See Hackett's *Portsmouth Records*.)

No Campions or Campins appear in the early rate-lists of Dover.

CARTER'S BROOK. This brook, called in early times *Broad cove freshet*, and now *DeRochemont's creek*, empties into Broad cove a little west of Carter's rocks, Newington. It is mentioned June 13, 1839, when Cyrus Frink sold Wallis Lane a small tract of land, beginning at Rocky point, at Carter's brook, and extending towards the site of Coleman's mill, whence it follows the brook to a marked rock, then runs south to the road from Pascataqua bridge to Portsmouth, east by this road to *Carter's lane*, and thence to the first bound. This land was sold Mr. F. W. DeRochemont in 1842, whence the present name of the brook.

Carter's lane, above mentioned, is an old road laid out about 1740. It is the Western boundary of Mr. Valentine M. Coleman's land.

CLAY POINT, on the east side of Dover Neck, is spoken of in 1669 as between Thomas Roberts's lot and Parson Reyner's land.

CLEMENT'S POINT. This point is at the mouth of Back river, on the west side, where Job Clement, "the councillor," had land granted him in 1652.

COCHECHO LANDING. Dover Landing is called by this name Feb. 11, 1751-'2, when John Loughton agreed to deliver a certain quantity of white pine boards at Cochecho landing.

DANIEL'S BROOK. This is a branch of Crummet's or Long creek, Durham. Eliphalet Daniel, in 1810, owned land near Great Bay, west of this creek.

DIRTY GUTT. George Brann sold John Downing, March 10, 1703, land near a place called Dirty Gutt, not far from Bloody point, granted him in 1694.

DIRTY SLOUGH. William Leathers, Jan. 9, 1721, gave his son, Thomas, a tract of land on the north-east side of the way that leads to Beech hill, at y^e place called the Dirty Slough. This is a gully a little west of the "Tom-Hall road," on the road to Beech hill.

DUMPLING COVE. This cove is on the Newington shore, between Fox point and Dame's point (now Joshua's point). Oct. 27, 1704, Henry Langstar gave his daughter, Mary, all his land on Little bay, beginning at the mouth of a creek in Broad cove and running up the Little bay as far as Dumpling cove, which land had been granted him by the town of Dover July 9, 1652. And Sarah Levett, of Portsmouth, March 15, 1721, sold forty acres of land to the Rev. Joseph

¹ Roger Knight does not appear to have been related to John Chevalier of Knight's Ferry.

Adams, of Newington, at Dumpling cove, bounded on the west by the river that runs into Great Bay, and south by Mr. John Damm's land. The latter is now owned by Mr. Joshua Pickering, and part of the Adams land, adjoining, by Mr. Gee Pickering.

FALLS HILL. The hill in Durham village on which the Congregational meeting-house now stands is repeatedly called by this name in the records of last century. May 25, 1736, Nathaniel and Valentine Hill sold Thomas Pike, Jr., of the bury New-town, three acres on the west side of Falls hill, bounded northerly by the mast way, and westerly by the way leading towards y^e spruce swamp and little mill (Chesley's mill). May 23, 1751, Deacon Hubbard Stevens, of Durham, sold Moses Emerson,¹ of Haverhill, Mass., a quarter of an acre of land, with a dwelling-house on it, on the west side of a hill called by the name of Falls hill, lying between the country path (the road to Madbury) and the mast path, which land said Stevens bought of Nathaniel Hill. Here, at a later period, stood Ballard's tavern, now owned by Mr. Hoitt.

Both of these tracts originally belonged to Valentine Hill's grant of 500 acres, which comprised all the land from Durham falls, including the greater part of the site of the present village, to the western boundary of the land now owned by Mr. Benjamin Thompson.

FERRIES. *Clark's ferry*, on the

Cochecho, is spoken of Feb. 26, 1730-'31, when a road was ordered to be laid out thereto, along by Ephraim Tebbett's.

Pearl's ferry, across Back river, from John Parell's (Pearl's) house to Sergeant Drew's landing-place, is mentioned March 13, 1722-'23, when a license therefor was granted said Parell.

FOOTMAN'S ISLAND. Thomas Footman, in his will of Aug. 14, 1667, mentions his house, with eighty acres of land adjacent, and the "island laying against the house." It is on the Lubberland shore.

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK. This creek, mentioned in 1656, is the first inlet above the mouth of Back river, on the western side. Perhaps it derived its name from Henry Frenchman, who was taxed in Dover as early as 1665. A John Frenchman, "smith," is on the Portsmouth rate-list of Sept. 24, 1681. Nicholas Harford conveyed to Samuel Emerson, March 20, 1711-'12, land on the west side of Back river, near Frenchman's creek, which land had been bought of Moses Davis, to whom it was granted in 1701. It was between the land of Thomas Layton and the land Samuel Emerson bought of Joseph and Thomas Hall, Dec. 18, 1700. May 17, 1714, Thomas Laiton sold Samuel Emerson the eastern portion of his land at Back river, beginning at *Rocky Hill* and extending to the Nicholas Harford land at the west. These tracts became the homestead estate of Capt. Samuel Emerson, and

¹ Moses Emerson was appointed commissary in the Revolutionary army in 1775. His second wife, a Taylor, was a great granddaughter of Gov. Winslow of Massachusetts, and a near relative of Gov. John Taylor Gilman's mother, of Exeter. She died in Durham, and lies buried in the Thompson burial-ground, among the ancestors of the present writer. Mr. John Emerson Winslow Thompson is one of her descendants.

remained in the possession of his descendants about 175 years. The buildings, with part of the land, now belong to Mr. Mark Chase. Capt. Emerson, a direct ancestor of the writer, was a native of Haverhill, Mass., and a brother of Hannah Dustin, famous for her escape from the Indians in 1697. He married Judith, sister of Col. James Davis, who, after her marriage, was for several years a captive among the Indians. Capt. Emerson removed, early last century, to Oyster River, where he was appointed one of the first deacons of the church, April 3, 1818, the Sunday after its organization, and his wife was the first person admitted as a member, that same day. He was ordained "Elder" Nov. 16, 1721. The grave of Samuel Emerson,—captain, deacon, and elder,—and that of his wife, Judith, may still be seen near the residence of his descendant, Deacon Winthrop S. Meserve, of Durham.

GILES'S CREEK. This creek, the first below Stevenson's, on the south side of Oyster river, is mentioned May 26, 1719, when James Davis, son of Moses, and Mary his wife, daughter of Bartholomew Stevenson, sold James Langley fifteen acres of land granted Joseph Stevenson March 19, 1693-'4, beginning at an oak tree near the highway that goeth from a creek called Giles's creek, thence E. S. E. to a pine tree by the pen.¹ This name, now discontinued, was de-

rived from Matthew Gyles, who was taxed at Dover in 1648. He died before June 30, 1668, when his estate was divided between Richard Knight and Matthew Williams. It was afterwards acquired by William Pitman, whose son Francis, May 2, 1695, sold it to Edward Wakeham, under the name of "Giles's old field." (See *Wakeham's Creek*.)

GREAT MARSH and LONG MARSH are mentioned December 3, 1745, when Jonathan Young of Dover conveyed to his son Jonathan a tract of land at *Blind Will's Neck*, at or near two marshes called the Long marsh and Great marsh.²

HILTON'S POINT, otherwise DOVER POINT. This point is described by Belknap as "a high neck of land between the main branch of the Piscataqua and Back river, about two miles long and half a mile wide, rising gently along a fine road, and declining on each side like a ship's deck. It commands an extensive and variegated view of the rivers, bays, adjacent shores, and distant mountains."

Some writers distinguish the Point from the Neck. In early times they were separated by a low huckleberry swamp, which was laid out as an "ox pasture" in 1652, and formed part of the common lands which were divided among the inhabitants of Dover in 1732. The "Ox pasture in Hilton's Point swamp" is spoken of in Judge Tuttle's will of 1717. It is also mentioned, with other places on Dover

¹ Several "pens" are mentioned in the neighborhood of Durham Point and Lubberland. A tract of four acres called "the Pen", on the north side of the road to Durham Point, originally part of the parsonage land, was May 3, 1832, conveyed to Valentine Mathes by Robert Mathes.

² *Blind Will's Neck* is a point of land in the south-west part of Rochester, near the Dover line, formed by the junction of the Cochecho and Isinglass rivers. It was here that a friendly Indian sagamore named Blind Will was killed, in March, 1677, having been sent with a scouting-party by Major Waldron to watch the movements of some hostile Indians, who suddenly fell upon the party and killed the greater part.

Neck, June 26, 1716, when John Hall conveyed to Thomas Kenny one right in *y^e ox pasture* on Dover Neck, with all the privileges thereto pertaining; and one share in *y^e calves pasture* on Dover Neck, lying between land running from *y^e low street* to *Nutter's slip* and *Pinckham's spring*,¹ bounded by *y^e Back river* on *y^e west* and with *low street* on *y^e east*, with all the privileges and appurtenances belonging thereto, as granted by the town of Dover to his grandfather John Hall.

There was not only a *Low street* on Dover Neck in early times, but also a *High street*. October 7, 1713, Ensign Joseph Beard (son of Joseph, and grandson of Thomas Beard) renounced in favor of his uncle, Ralph Hall, all claim to his father's land on Dover Neck, bounded south by the lane from *High street* to the *back cove*, west by the lane formerly called *Dirty lane*, etc. Judge John Tuttle, in his will of December 28, 1717, gives his grandson, Nicholas, land on the east side of Dover Neck, between *High street* and the (Fore) river.

Back cove, above mentioned, is also spoken of Jan. 25, 1704-'5, when Richard Pinkham sold Ralph Hall the original homestead of his grandfather, Thomas Layton, bounded east by *y^e low street*, south by the lane to *Back cove*, and west by *Back river*.

The name of *Hilton's Point* was derived from Edward Hilton, who made a settlement here in 1623. The aborigines called it *Wecanacohunt*, otherwise *Wecohamet* and *Winnichannahat*.

HOOKE MARSH. Mentioned May 30, 1738, when John and Sarah Giles sold William Dam land on "the southwest

side of *y^e Hook marsh*, beginning at a hemlock tree near *y^e place* called *y^e Goosbery marsh*." This is, of course, in Madbury, below Bellamy Hook.

HORNE'S HILL. Mentioned in 1834, when it is related that the Strafford Guards of Dover, returning from the inauguration of Gov. William Badger, were met at Horne's hill by Captain Moses Paul and a cavalcade of citizens, who escorted them into town. This hill is on *Sixth street*, at that time called the "new upper Factory road," and afterwards "Brick street," from a brickyard where is now Snow's tenement house. The Horne lands, acquired at an early day by William Horne from Elder Edward Starbuck, to whom they had been granted in 1643, lay along both sides of this hill, extending at the west to the river *Cochecho*. Before the *Cochecho* railroad was built, the intervalle on this shore was used by the Dover military companies for target practice, with Horne's hill for a background. The river at this place was long used by the Free Will Baptist Society for the rite of immersion, the bank being low and the water shoal. It is now a favorite bathing-place.

HURD'S GUT AND COVE, otherwise **HERD'S** or **HEROD'S**. These are mentioned July 5, 1700, when Thomas Tibbetts of Dover and Judith his wife conveyed to George Huntress all his salt marsh (about two acres) on *y^e east side* of the creek running out of *y^e gutt* commonly called by the name of *Herd's Gut* into the great bay, bounded by John Dam on the west, northwest by said creek, and so to *Herd's cove*, with the privilege of the flats from the lower point of the marsh at

¹ This seems to be the spring which Dr. Quint calls "Hall's spring."

the creek's mouth on a S. S. W. direction into the bay. This was part of the tract conveyed to George Huntress, December 13, 1699, by James and John Leitch (Leach), who in the deed speak of it as "land in Portsmouth at great bay, at a place called by y^e name of *Harwoods cove*," on the north side of George Walton's land, which tract had been granted their father James Leitch by the town of Portsmouth.

Thomas and Ephraim Tebbets, Dec. 2, 1735, conveyed to John Nutter of Newington a tract of marsh (four acres) in Harrod's cove in Great Bay, bounded on the upper end by the marsh of Deacon Moses Dam, west by the marsh of Anthony Nutter, deceased, and easterly upon "y^e crick that runs between y^e marsh of Christopher Huntress" and the premises then conveyed, with the thatch-bed adjoining, running over to "y^e loor paint [lower point] of y^e salt marsh formerly sold to s^d Huntress."

Anthony Nutter and Sarah his wife, June 25, 1664, conveyed to Thomas Roberts (in exchange for land at Welshman's cove) a parcel of marsh in Great Bay in Dover, in a cove usually called by the name of Harrod's cove, bounded by y^e mouth of a *small trench* (Herd's gut), and so upon a strait line down to y^e middle of a *small island* betwixt y^e marsh of John Dam (senior) and y^e s^d marsh of Anthony Nutter.

Thomas Roberts, in his deed of land at Welshman's cove in exchange for this marsh, speaks of the latter as "lying in y^e Great Bay in a certain cove usually called by y^e name of *Hard's cove*, and bounded by y^e mouth of a small trench, and so upon a

straight line down to y^e middle of a small island, etc.

The only cove on this part of the Great Bay shore into which empties a brook with a little island at the mouth, is Loughton's cove, where at high tide a small island is to be seen, formed by the creek and bay.

The writer, in the foregoing pages, supposes this to be the Hogsty cove of former times, and Herod's cove to be the cove above Furber's Point; but unless they were different names for the same cove, Hogsty cove must be the next cove below. As Nutter's marsh on Great Bay is stated in 1651 to be at the great cove there (Hogsty) above Long point, between the marsh of Thomas Loughton and the marsh of John Dam, there is some reason to suppose Hogsty cove the same as Herod or Herd's. Some say, however, that Long Point at the lower side of Hogsty cove was the present Thomas point, and in favor of this the old Bickford place near this point is indicated. See *Herod's Cove*, *Hogsty Cove*, *Long Point*, etc.

JONAS BINE'S CREEK. This name is given, Oct. 10, 1653, to what is now known as Bunker's creek, in Durham.

LOG HILL. This was a common name, in former times, for a hill in the neighborhood of a saw-mill, from which logs could be rolled down to the water-side. There was a log hill at Gerrish's mill, in Madbury, another at Durham Falls, and one was laid out near the second falls of the Cochecho, March 4, 1703-'4. Francis Pitman, Oct. 11, 1704, sold "Eli^e Marrett" (or "Eli de Marrett," as the name is otherwise twice written in the deed of conveyance) forty acres of land on the north-west side

of Logg hill, on the north-east side of the path going to Madberries, which land had been granted said Pitman in 1694.

MEADER'S NECK. This neck of land, on the upper shore of the Pascataqua, in Durham, is between Royall's cove and the mouth of Oyster river. It includes Cedar point and Tickle point. Franklin city was laid out on this neck.

MIDDLE POINT BROOK. Mentioned May 12, 1736, when Timothy Tebbetts conveyed to Howard Henderson six acres of land laid out to said Tebbetts in 1736, where he then dwelt, at or near "Middle pinte Brook," in Dover.

MOHARIMET'S HILL, otherwise Hicks's. This beautiful hill at Madbury corner, wooded to the very summit, is now generally known as Hicks's hill, but was formerly called Moharimet's, from an Indian chief of the seventeenth century. (See *Moharimet's Marsh* and *Wadleigh's Falls*.) Charles Adams, of Oyster River, had a grant of 100 acres of land at the foot of Moharimet's hill, in 1656, one half of which he conveyed, March 11, 1693-'4, to his daughter, Mary, wife of William Tasker. Derry Pitman, Jan. 1, 1723-'4, sold Eli Demerit, Sr., thirty acres of land on the south-west side of Moharimet's hill. Col. James Davis, in his will of Oct. 18, 1748, gives his sons, James and Samuel, twenty acres of land on the north-west side of Maharrimet's hill.

The name of Hicks's hill was derived from Joseph Hicks, who, early last century, acquired the greater part, if not all, of this hill, and erected a garrison on the eastern side, traces of which can still be seen.

April 15, 1718, John Underwood, of Newcastle, and Temperance, his wife (granddaughter of John Bickford of Oyster River), conveyed to Joseph Hix 100 acres on the east side of Maheramet's hill, originally granted John Bickford by the town of Dover. Joseph Hicks is called "captain" in the rate-list of 1758. He married Sarah, daughter of Col. James Davis, who outlived her husband, and died at the age of ninety-one. Letters of administration were granted on her estate Jan. 14, 1794. She and her husband lie buried at the foot of Hicks's hill, at the east. A large part of this hill is still owned by their descendants, among whom may be mentioned the Kingman, Miles, and Young families.

MOUNT PLEASANT. This elevation is in Dover, between Pine Hill cemetery and the river Cochecho.

OTIS HILL. Land in Cochecho woods, back of Otis's hill, is mentioned in Job Clement's will of Oct. 8, 1716. It was so named from Richard Otis of Dover, ancestor of the present writer, whose garrison, destroyed by the Indians June 28, 1689, stood on the brow of this hill, near what is now Milk street. Central avenue crosses this hill about half way between Cochecho river and Garrison hill.

OYSTER POINT. This name is given to the point at the mouth of Bunker's creek, at the upper side, in a grant of land to James Bunker and William Follett, Oct. 10, 1653.

PERRY'S HILL. This hill is in Madbury, near the Freetown district. The name is derived from an old resident, whose cellar may still be traced.

STYLE'S COVE. A name sometimes given to St. Alban's cove. Samuel Stiles, of Somersworth, blacksmith, deeded land to James Kielle June 9, 1733.

WIND-MILLS. A highway from Hatevil Nutter's to *Vincent's wind-mill* (Newington) is spoken of in 1741. There was also one at Back river, in early times, called *Drew's wind mill*.

VARIOUS LANDMARKS. Several localities in Dover and vicinity are mentioned in the will of Tristram Heard, of this place, dated April 18, 1734. He gives his son John thirty acres of land "above *Faggotty bridge*."¹ To his daughter-in-law, Jean Hayes, wife of Benjamin Hayes, one half (on the east side) of his sixty-acre lot at *Scatterwitt*.² To his daughter, Elizabeth Knight, eight acres at *Fresh marsh*, at *Winkol's pond*, in Dover.³ To his grandsons, Joseph Knight and Tristram Warrin, thirty acres at a place commonly called *Dead Water*.⁴ He also mentions his thirty acres between *Blackwater bridge*⁵ and the *Pitch-Pine plains*, and his mill privilege and land at *Squamonogonick*,⁶ or at *Norway plains*,⁷ in Rochester.

CORRECTIONS. Antipas Boyes, mentioned in the article *Barbadoes*, was the son-in-law of Valentine Hill. And

¹ See *Dry Hill*.

² *Scatterwitt*. A district adjoining the Cochecho on the east side, where the county farm now is.

³ Perhaps this was the marsh in the upper part of Dover that extended to Winkley's pond in Barrington. Capt. John Winkol's house, at Salmon Falls, was attacked by the Indians, March, 1689-90.

⁴ Where was this *Dead Water*? The boatmen of modern times give this name to the upper side of the Pascataqua, next to Back river district.

⁵ See *Blackwater woods*.

⁶ *Squamonogonick* is a well known part of Rochester, now generally called *Gonic*, as in Whittier's line,—

"From swift Quamphegan to Gonic fall."

⁷ *Norway Plains*. A level tract in the heart of Rochester, around the site of the present village, said to have been so named from the Norway pines that covered it. A James Noraway, however, is mentioned in 1696 as a soldier under Capt. Tuttle, of Dover.

Nicholas Follet, who commanded a brigantine to Barbadoes in 1692, though undoubtedly a near relative of the Follets of Oyster River, appears to have been of Portsmouth.

Meserve's garrison, at Back river, has recently been taken down.

The name of *Teague* or *Teige* (see *Royall's Cove*) is probably a variation of the Irish *Tadhg*.

It should be remarked that the orthography in the foregoing "Landmarks" varies according to the old records in which mention is made of places and people.

LUBBERLAND. It has been kindly suggested to the writer by the author of "*New Castle, Historic and Picturesque*," that the name of Lubberland may have been derived from some old tale of English folk-lore, brought over by our early settlers, and he refers to the use of the name in Ben Jonson's "*Bartholomew Fair*" by John Littlewit: "Good mother, how shall we find a pig if we do not look about for 't: will it run off 'o the spit into our mouths, think you, ~~or~~ in as Lubberland, and cry, wee, wee!"

This Lubberland must be the "*Lob's pound*" of the poets, mentioned by Massinger and the author of "*Hudibras*," or the fold of Phouka or Pouka, the Irish Puck. Puck

himself, in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," is addressed as "Thou lob of spirits!" Grimm tells us of a German sprite, whom he calls "Good Lubber." Lob's pound seems to be a place or condition into which one is led by a kind of enchantment or *diablerie*, worthy of Milton's "Lubber-fiend." It is an enclosure round which the fairies dance, as sung by Lyly in the "Maydes' Metamorphosis,"—

"As we frisk the dew doth fall:
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about goe wee, goe wee."

The shore of Lubberland is indeed a fit place for elves to trip it merrily by pale moonlight, and the waters of the Great Bay look enchanting enough to free all who would breast its current from every vestige of dull mortality.

JESSE JONSON.

By W. A. WALLACE.

Jesse Jonson, senior, of Enfield, was from Hampstead. His first purchase of land was in 1778, and afterwards he became the proprietor of a large portion of the township. He spent several years in Enfield, erecting mills and clearing his lands before he made a permanent home for his family at the outlet of East pond. He died March 11, 1800, aged about sixty-eight years.

Hon. Jesse Jonson, junior, eldest son of the above, was born in Hampstead in 1762. In 1779, then in his seventeenth year, he walked to Enfield by the blazed path through the wilderness, to assist his father in looking after his interests. Of his boyhood we have no particulars; but the early age at which he went into business, and the zeal and activity with which he pursued it, would indicate that he never was a boy—early and almost ripe manhood overtook him in youth.

The year after he became of age, he was appointed a justice of the peace, an office he held until death called him, thirty-two years after-

wards. He was proprietors' clerk thirty years, a land surveyor all his life, the town's first magistrate and representative, judge of probate, judge of the court of common pleas, in 1813 nominee of his party (Democratic) for congress. One of the successful candidates at this election being Daniel Webster.

He was also a member of the constitutional convention of 1792 from the classed towns of Enfield and Canaan. Inquiry has been made as to the instructions given him by the people of those two towns. Diligent inquiry has failed to discover them. It would seem as if "instructions" to a man so prominent in public affairs from his youth up, where opinions upon all subjects of public interest were openly expressed, and in whose judgment, integrity, and good sense the whole people had confidence, would hardly need instructions as to his votes.

He lived in honor and respect among the people he had largely benefited, until September 23, 1816, when he died at the age of fifty-four years.

PEMBROKE ACADEMY.

From the first, New England has been noted for her regard for the intellectual welfare of her people. Not to be behind others, the people of New Hampshire early made provision for the mental and moral instruction of their children. In 1647 the first law establishing town-schools was enacted. In 1693 an act was passed requiring the different towns to raise money, by assessment on the inhabitants, for building and repairing school-houses, and for providing a school-master. In 1719 every town of fifty householders or upwards was required to provide a school-master to teach children to read and write, and every town of one hundred householders to have a grammar school, kept by "some discreet person of good conversation, well instructed in the tongues."

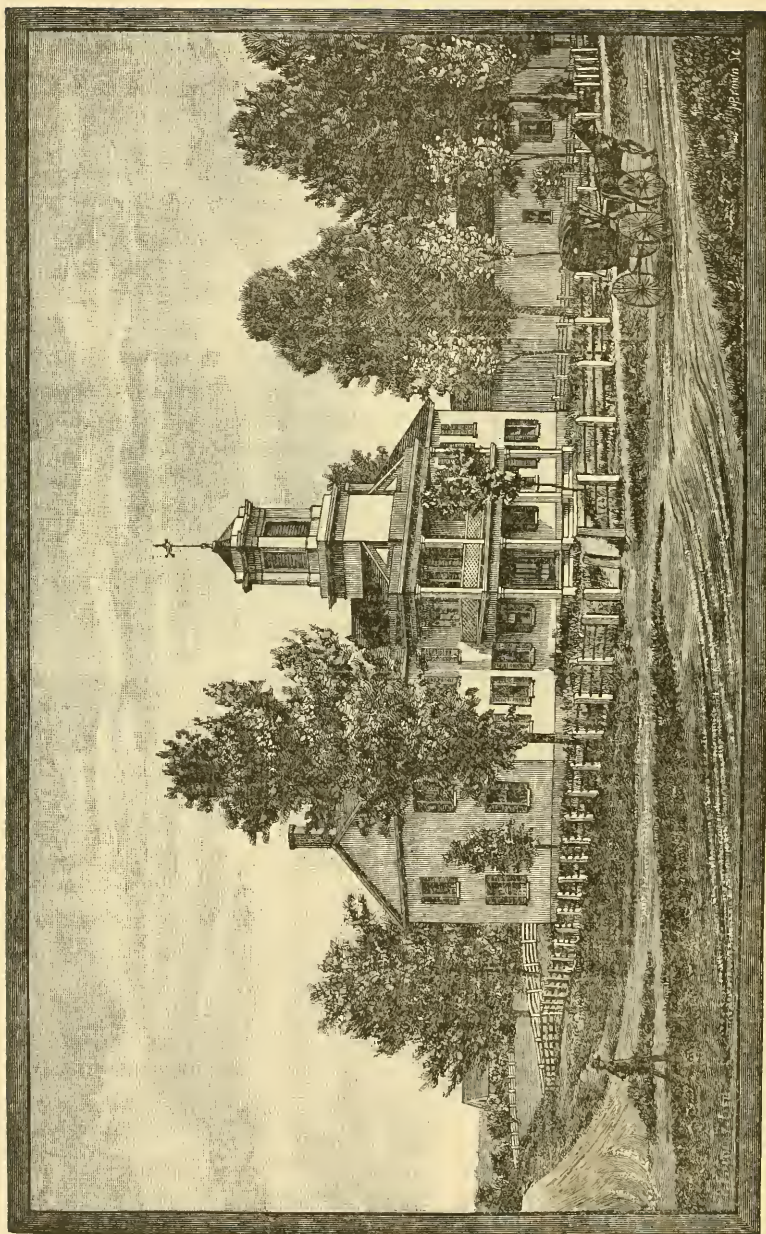
In 1805 the district system was established. In 1807 the assessment for school purposes was increased, and the law requiring grammar schools to teach Latin and Greek was repealed. From that time laws have, with great frequency, been passed regulating educational matters. The act repealing the law requiring towns to have instruction given in Latin and Greek was probably owing to the fact that previous to this time nine academies had been incorporated. Whatever may have been the influence operative in the abolition of such instruction, it is evident that the class of work attempted by the grammar schools was now left to the academies. It appears, then, that very early was

felt the need of a classical education; and so the same spirit which had originated the previous enactments, led to the founding of institutions of higher grade. In accordance with the law, referred to above, there was in this town a grammar school, the house being located on land between the dwelling-house of Mr. William Fife and the Ferry road, so called, there being but one house to accommodate the people of Suncook and Pembroke Street. Thus early in the history of Pembroke was evinced a desire to give to its youth a higher education. It was about this time (1807) that there came to Pembroke three men, who, no doubt, had the shaping of the academy,—Dr. Abel Blanchard, Rev. Abraham Burnham, and Boswell Stevens, Esq.

Dr. Blanchard was born in Wilton, October 10, 1782. At the age of seventeen he was clerk in a store in Concord, where he remained two or three years. He afterwards studied medicine in Concord. In October, 1805, he commenced practising at Pittsfield. Here he showed an interest in education, as he conceived the idea of establishing an academy. He made certain proposals to the town, but they were rejected. In 1808 he removed to Pembroke.

Rev. Mr. Burnham was born in Dunbarton, November 18, 1775; graduated with honor at Dartmouth college, in the class of 1804, and was ordained pastor of the Congregational church in Pembroke, in 1808.

Boswell Stevens, Esq, was born in Pomfret, Connecticut, in 1782; grad-



PEMBROKE ACADEMY.

uated at Dartmouth in the same class with Rev. Mr. Burnham, and established himself in the practice of law in Pembroke in 1807.

Fortunate, indeed, was it for Pembroke that three such men as these should become identified with its interests. Dr. Blanchard did not possess a vigorous constitution; his health began to fail him about the year 1817, and his death occurred March 15, 1818. It appears that during his last illness he had conversation with Mr. Burnham about the disposition of his property, and that it was at Mr. Burnham's suggestion that, in his will, which was dated January 15, 1818, Dr. Blanchard, after making bequests to his friends (he was unmarried), left the residue of his property to found a "public school or academy in Pembroke."

The school was incorporated June 25, 1818, as *Pembroke Academy*, although it has for many years been called "Blanchard Academy." The first board of trustees, appointed by Dr. Blanchard, consisted of Rev. Abraham Burnham, Boswell Stevens, Esq., Daniel Knox, Esq., John H. Merrill, Timothy Barnard, Dea. Moses Haseltine, William Haseltine, Capt. Jacob Elliot, and Rev. Jonathan Curtis.

In his will Dr. Blanchard expressed the desire that the people of the town raise funds adequate for the erection of a suitable school building. On the Fast day subsequent to Dr. Blanchard's decease, Rev. Mr. Burnham preached a sermon from the text, "Behold I have set before you an open door, and no man can shut it," and a subscription at that time was taken amounting to eight hundred dollars.

The foundation was laid during the month of October, 1818, and the building was dedicated May 25, 1819, Rev. Jonathan Curtis, of Epsom, preaching the dedicatory sermon. This building was changed to its present external form in 1841; in 1816 the interior was remodelled, and from time to time it has been repaired, and at present writing is in fair condition.

The school was opened May 26, 1819, under the instruction of Mr. Amos W. Burnham, afterwards pastor of the Congregational church at Rindge, and Miss Frances Newell, with an attendance of forty-eight students. In this way was instituted a school, which, with varied success, has never failed to open its doors regularly to welcome those who have sought instruction. Its stated object is "for the purpose of improving the rising generation in science, morality, and religion; also for the education of youth in the English, Latin, and Greek languages, writing, arithmetic, and other branches of literature commonly taught in the public schools." The aim of the trustees and teachers has been to carry out the object of the founder. It ought to be said that Rev. Dr. Burnham ever looked upon the institution as his child. He was president of the board of trustees from the establishment of the school until his death, in 1852.

We give below the names of the principals, with the years of their service.

1819. *Rev. Amos W. Burnham,
D. D.

1819. *Rev. Thomas Jameson.

1820. *Hon. John Vose.

* Deceased.

1831. *Rev. E. D. Eldridge.
 1833. Hon. Joseph Dow, A. M.
 1837. *Isaac Kinsman, A. M.
 1840. *Charles G. Burnham, A. M.
 1844. *Jonathan Tenney, PH. D.
 1849. *Nathaniel Hills, A. M.
 1851. Rev. Silas M. Blanchard.
 1852. John W. Ray, A. M.
 1853. Rev. John D. Emerson.
 1855. Rev. Henry L. Boltwood.
 1857. *William K. Rowell, A. M.
 1858. Rev. Silvanus Hayward.
 1859. *Charles H. Stanley.
 1860. *Charles G. Burnham, A. M.
 1861. Rev. S. L. Blake, D. D.
 1862. James H. Mills.
 1863. Isaac Walker, A. M.
 1868. L. R. Leavitt.
 1869. L. P. Blood.
 1870. *William H. Hubbard.
 1871. William M. Sawin.
 1872. Martin W. Hoyt, A. B.
 1873. Isaac Walker, A. M.

Of the living, Hon. Joseph Dow resides in Hampton, at the age of 80 years. Rev. S. M. Blanchard lives in Hudson. Rev. John W. Ray is a resident of Minnesota. Rev. John D. Emerson is pastor of the Congregational Church at Kennebunkport, Maine. Rev. H. L. Boltwood is principal of the high school, Evanston, Illinois. Rev. Silvanus Hayward is pastor of the Congregational church, Globe Village, Massachusetts. Rev. S. L. Blake, D. D., is pastor of the Congregational church in New London, Connecticut. James H. Miles is connected with the Boston & Albany Railroad, Boston, Massachusetts.

It has a long list of gentleman and lady assistants, of whom we will mention the late Rev. E. B. Foster, D. D., and Hon. Amos Tuck; also

Hon. J. W. Patterson of Hanover, Hon. L. D. Stevens of Concord, Hon. John Swett of San Francisco, California, and Hon. John B. Sanborn of St. Paul, Minnesota.

Of those who were once scholars, Noah Martin, Benj. F. Prescott, Natt Head, Charles H. Bell, and Moody Currier have been governors of New Hampshire; B. F. Butler, governor of Massachusetts; Simon Brown, lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts; Enoch W. Eastman, lieutenant-governor of Iowa; Benning W. Jenness, Moses Norris, Byron M. Cutcheon, members of congress.

We could mention, were it wise, a large number who have been state senators and representatives, judges, physicians, clergymen, and teachers. In fact, its alumni have graced all the walks of life.

The fund left by Dr. Blanchard at the present time amounts to \$2,300. This has been increased as follows:

In 1836 Hon. Boswell Stevens, of Pembroke, left a legacy of \$1,000. In 1865 Mrs. Mary T. Wilkins, of Suncook, widow of the late J. H. Wilkins, Esq., a former treasurer of the board of trustees, made a donation of \$1,000. In 1866 Mr. John C. Knox, of Pembroke, a former trustee, made the academy residuary legatee;—there was received \$2,544. In 1874 Mrs. Betsey Whitehouse, of Pembroke, made a donation of \$1,000, and in 1877 left, by will, \$2,000. In 1880 Samuel P. Langmaid, Esq., of Somerville, Massachusetts, a native of Chichester, left, by will, \$5,000. In 1885 Hon. Asa Fowler, of Concord, a native of Pembroke, left, by will, \$1,000. In 1887 Miss Sarah P. Knox, of Pembroke,

a former student, agreeably to wishes expressed by her sister, the late Elizabeth A. Knox, who also attended school at the academy, made a donation of \$4,000, to be known as the "Elizabeth A. Knox Fund." There was also received from the estate of the late Sarah J. Moore, of Pembroke, \$500, according to a provision of the will of her late husband, McConell Moore, another former student, who died in 1878. In 1885 there was bequeathed to the academy several thousand dollars by Mr. Guy T. Little, of Bismarek, Dakota, who attended school at the academy, but the institution has not yet come into possession of the legacy.

The library, though not as large as it should be, is receiving additions, several volumes having been purchased lately by the scholars; others contributed by friends and former students.

A room in the academy has been set apart as an art gallery, in which are already several portraits and photographs of the alumni. There is already the nucleus of a collection of such curiosities as will be useful in illustrating the customs and manners of former days.

The students publish monthly, during term time, a school journal, called the *Academician*, devoted to the interests of the school.

The present condition of the school

is encouraging and its future hopeful. The sixty-eighth annual catalogue (1886-'87) gives an attendance of 180 for the year, and the attendance during the winter term of 1887-'88 has been the largest winter term for several years. It has three courses of study—Classical, Academic, and English—fitting students for college as well as for a business life. Since 1877 classes have regularly graduated.

In 1863 the board of trustees was so changed as to include the friends of the People's Literary Institute and Gymnasium, an institution which had existed from 1841, and for some years was a rival of the old school. Since this change there has been a union of sympathy and effort in the support of the academy.

Its present board of trustees is as follows:

Hon. William Haseltine, president.
 George P. Little Esq., secretary.
 Solomon Whitehouse, treasurer.
 Hon. Aaron Whittemore.
 William Thompson, Esq.
 Martin H. Cochran, Esq.
 Trueworthy L. Fowler, Esq.
 Henry T. Simpson, Esq.
 George O. Locke, Esq.

Its instructors are,—

Isaac Walker, A. M.
 Miss Mary E. Rowe.
 Miss H. Augusta Boomhower.

OUT OF THE PAST.

BY C. JENNIE SWAIN.

A faint wild breath from wind-blown hills ;
 The air with breath of heather fills ;
 It were as if a presence stole,
 In spectral shadow, o'er my soul.
 And yet some faded sunbeam strays
 Across my path, and softly lays
 The fragrance of a wild rose wreath,
 Borne from dim purple hills of heath.

My weary heart grows young to feel
 The wooing scents around it steal.
 I cross the boundary of the years,
 And but a step the waste appears ;
 I follow up through heathy ways,
 To reach the haunts of other days ;
 I bask in summer's restful calm,
 And breathe her air of buds and balm.

The dear old days come back again
 With song and flowers and summer rain ;
 The humming-bird and brown bee sips
 From twinkling stars of buttercups,
 As by the daisies' bed I pass,
 Brushing the dew-drops from the grass ;
 While down the darkening vale I hear
 The kine-bells tinkling, sweet and clear.

I linger where across the wall
 A wild rose lets its star-sprays fall.
 A form was on the other side,
 Where I the sweetest blossoms spied ;
 Seeking, my tender heart was pained
 To see with gore a dear hand stained :
 "Take every royal rose you see,"
 I cried, "and leave the thorns for me!"

Long years have passed, and from my face
 The furrows all the dimples chase ;—
 I mark how stormy nights have cast
 Their shadow o'er the happy past ;

How all the way the thorns have pressed
My pillow, robbing it of rest.
And yet my heart is blest indeed
Beyond the common way or need.

I do not wish to-day to share,
Old friend, with you your roses rare ;
If I from thorns your flowers might free
No earthly joy so rich could be.
Life soars exultant over fate ;
Its burdens are a feather's weight,
If I, dear heart, your griefs have borne,
When thorns my bleeding heart have torn.

O faint wild breath of heath and rose,
From pastures where the violet grows,
My heart grows strong life's ills to bear
Because your breath is on the air,
And by the flowers I would not take,
Claiming the thorns for love's sweet sake,
I take with trusting heart to-day
Each cross, from which I turned away.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

This number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* closes the First Volume of the New Series. During the year the editor and publisher has put through the press a History of New Hampshire (a book of 724 pages, illustrated with 75 wood cuts and 33 steel engravings, which is now ready for delivery at the price of \$3.00 in cloth ; \$3.25 in cloth, gilt top, uncut ; \$4.00 in Russia ; \$4.50 in half morocco or half calf ; \$6.00 in full morocco). He has given 408 pages of reading matter in the magazine, an average of 34 pages each month. In the hope of increasing his subscription list he has carried a large number of first volumes of the new series. These he will dispose of to new subscribers for the year 1889 for the sum of \$3.00 each, including the subscription for 1889. The books will be bound in plain and substantial cloth bindings, neatly lettered. He would respectfully ask the many old friends and patrons of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* to help along the good work by advising their friends and neighbors to take advantage of this offer.

As a special favor he would also ask the friends of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, immediately upon the receipt of this number, to forward to him their subscriptions for the year 1889.

The very few who are in arrears will confer a material and lasting favor if they remit at once the amount of their indebtedness to

JOHN N. McCLINTOCK, *Concord, N. H.*

BOOK NOTICES.

LIFE OF GEN. WALTER HARRIMAN.

We have received from the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, the life of General Walter Harriman, by Amos Hadley. The book is a valuable addition to the history of the state, written in a graceful style, and fitly commemorates the life and public services of the subject, a man distinguished as a soldier, a writer, an orator, and a statesman. As a piece of biographical work it is destined to become a classic; and the family and friends are to be congratulated upon the thoroughly scholarly way in which the memoirs were collected, arranged, and edited. Aside from the life of Walter Harriman, the book gives the political history of New Hampshire since the organization of the Republican party. While eminently fair in treating Gen. Harriman's political opponents, the work is done by an author who sympathized strongly with Gen. Harriman's course in political and public life.

BELL'S HISTORY OF EXETER.

By courtesy of ex-Governor Bell we have received a copy of his History of Exeter, recently published. It is a volume of 556 large pages; is neatly printed and elegantly bound. It is a work of great historical value, and Governor Bell is entitled to great credit for the manner in which he has written it. It is arranged in chapters which are grouped in topics, which is much better than the old style of histories. The topics are Municipal, Ecclesiastical, Military, Educational, Industrial, Biographical, Miscellaneous, Genealogical. Mr. Bell says that his chief aim in preparing the work was to make it useful; from an examination of it we should say he has been eminently successful; no man was better qualified to do the work, by education and by literary taste. In the book are several illustrations, the frontispiece being a fac-simile of Exeter "Combination" drawn July 4, 1639, and re-subscribed April 2, 1840; a plan of Exeter Village in 1802; Exeter with its sub-divisions; plan of the township of Exeter in 1802.

This book is a model for the historian who shall write the history of Dover as it

ought to be written. We hope that Dr. Quint will take the hint and complete his voluminous memoranda of Dover as nicely as Governor Bell has that of Exeter.—*Dover Enquirer*.

The book can be ordered through E. C. Eastman Concord N. H.

THE INDEPENDENT.

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of subscribing for a family weekly newspaper of the first class—such, for instance, as *The Independent*, of New York. Were we obliged to select one publication for habitual and careful reading to the exclusion of all others, we should choose unhesitatingly *The Independent*. It is a newspaper, magazine, and review, all in one. It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural a financial, and a political paper combined. It has 32 folio pages and 21 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics, or profession may be, no matter what the age, sex, employment, or condition may be, *The Independent* will prove a help, an instructor, an educator. Our readers can do no less than to send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of its merits more critically. Its yearly subscription is \$3.00, or two years for \$5.00.

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Among the many improvements made in the old reliable NEW ENGLAND FARMER, since it was purchased by Mr. George M. Whitaker, the addition of a poultry department has not been the least. The *Lowell (Mass.) Journal* says,—

"Some of the most sensible poultry literature we have read for a long time we find in the NEW ENGLAND FARMER under the name of A. F. Hunter. Mr. Hunter evidently knows what he is talking about, and he dispenses sound common-sense to his readers."

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